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THE
Poetical Miscellany,

Consisting of great Variety of

ODES,		TALES,
EPISTLES,		FABLES,
PASTORALS,		EPIGRAMS, &c.

Many of which are Originals.

Chas. To which are added, *Monro*
Some select Effays and Letters *1780*
in PROSE.

Never printed before.

By the AUTHOR of the PROGRESS
of PHYSICK.

The SECOND VOLUME.

*Variety we still pursue;
In Pleasure seek for something New.*

SWIFT.

*All that the Fair approve is sweet,
And all is Sense that They repeat.*

PRIOR.

L O N D O N:

Printed and sold by R. WHITWORTH, at the *Feathers*,
in the *Poultry*; J. WARCUS, at the *Indian-Queen*,
facing the *Mansion-House*; W. HEARD, at the *Philo-*
biblian Library, Piccadilly; and R. RICHARDS, the
Corner of *Barnard's-Inn, Holborn*, 1754.

THE Poetical Miscellany,

Containing a great Variety of

ODES, EPIC, & PASTORALS,
EPIGRAMS, &c.

Many of which are Originals.

Some of which are added,

Some select Poems and Letters



By the AUTHOR of the PROGRESS
of PHYSICK.

THE SECOND VOLUME.

SWITZ.

Will be the first of the series.

Paris.

L O N D O N.

Printed and sold by J. W. WATSON, at the Theatre,
in the Strand, near the Theatre, at the Theatre,
at the Theatre, at the Theatre, at the Theatre,
at the Theatre, at the Theatre, at the Theatre,
at the Theatre, at the Theatre, at the Theatre,



T H E

Poetical Miscellany, &c.

*To the AUTHOR of the following POEM
Occasion'd by reading the SECOND EDITION
of it, enlarged and improved.*



WHILE in thy *Verse* such rival *Graces* meet,
That all, but *Mævi*us, own the *Work* com-
pleat ;

While *Sense* and *Harmony* for *Praise* contend,
Now most the *Poet* charms, and now the *Friend*;

2 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

To raise our *Wonder* more, our *Joy* prolong,
Th' aspiring *Muse* resumes her sacred *Song* ;
Apollo blest'd the more exalted *Strain*,
And bid *Perfection* crown his fav'rite *Plan*.



* *To the said* A U T H O R.

On concealing his Name.

FOR vain *Applause*, while *Others* tune their *Lays*,
You hug the *Merit*, but reject the *Praise* :
How gen'rous thus such *Favours* to bestow,
And hide the *Source* — from whence such *Favours*
flow !

* Both *These* were writ by Persons *unknown* to the *Author*,
and publish'd in the *London Magazine*. November 1743.

THE

T H E
P R O G R E S S
O F
P H Y S I C.

Tantæ molis erat ——— VIRG.

——— *operosa* parvus

Carmina fingo. HOR.

THE

PROLOGUES

OF

PHYSICS



T O

J. B A I L L I E †, M. D.

And one of the

PHYSICIANS to St. George's Hospital.

S I R,

WERE the following *Composition*
equal to the *Subject*, it wou'd
need no *Apology*. The *Progreſs* of an Art,
whence you hourly derive ſo many *Bleſſings*

B 3

on

† The *Gentleman*, to whom the following *Poem* is here
dedicated, was *Phyſician* to the *Engliſh Army*, in *Flanders*,
and

on your *Fellow Creatures*, wou'd be the most acceptable *Present* I cou'd make you; but in the *Conduct* of It, I am very sensible how much I wanted the *Assistance* of One, whose *Taste* of the *Belles Lettres* is no less remarkable, than his *Knowledge* in the *Materia Medica*.

Amongst all its Faults, That which you will soonest *discern*, and (I fear) with most Difficulty *excuse*, is the short *Digression* wherein I have endeavour'd to do *Justice* to your own *Merit*, who are not more *studious* to *deserve* Applause, than *shy* of receiving

and died of the *Spotted Fever* at *Ghent*. December, 1743. soon after the *Second Edition*, in *Folio*, was published.

— Cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
Incorrupta Fides, nudaque Veritas,
Quando ullum invenient parem?
Multis Ille bonis flebilis occidit;
Nulli flebilior quam Mihi —

HOR.

ing It. But give me leave to say with
Horace to his Friend *Lollius* —

* *Paulum sepultæ distat inertiae*
Celata virtus —

Though for want of his *Curiosa Felicitas*, I
 cannot add, without too great an Air of
Vanity,

— *non ego Te meis*
Chartis inornatum filebo.

And yet, Sir, whatever *Defect* there may be
 in the *Manner* of this *Address*, I have taken
 due Care that the *World* shall find no *Fault*
 with the *Object* of It.

B 4

As

* *Hor. Car. Lib. 4. Od. 9.* —

As your *Moments* are *precious*, I shall *detain* you no longer than just to assure you, that next to your *Approbation* of the *Piece* in general, what I covet most is your *Pardon* for the *Liberty* I have taken to *mention* you in It so much to your *Advantage*, who am,

S I R,

Your most Oblig'd Friend,

And Faithful Humble Servant,

&c. &c.

THE



T H E

A R G U M E N T.

MEDICINE *artless and simple — much older than Physic exercis'd as an Art. — That, and a new Train of Diseases introduc'd after the Flood, by Luxury. — Its Beginning rude. — Sprung up in the Eastern Nations. — Grounded upon the suppos'd Influence of the Stars. — Studied and practis'd by the Magi. — Hence It pass'd into Ægypt, where the Priests still had the chief Exercise of It. — Their Cures, &c. inscribed on the Pillars and Walls of their Temples. — Particular Branches of the Science studied by particular Persons. — Hence transplanted into Greece, but not brought to any great Degree of Perfection till Hippocrates's Time, who first made Physic rational. — A short Digression, by way of Encomium on J. Baillie, M. D. — Physic next travels into Italy — brought*

brought into Disgrace by Quackery, &c. -- Galen, at length, explains every thing by the rigid Doctrines of the Peripatetics. --- Did a great deal of Mischief, as well as Service, to this noble Art. --- Much blam'd for This, but commended for the Pains he took with a View of improving Medicine. --- Physic lost with other Arts and Sciences when the Goths, &c. over-ran Europe, but revived amongst the Arabs, after some Ages, tho' Galen's Errors still predominant. -- Chymistry, the first great Improver of this Science, distinguish'd from Alchymy, an Art as old as Tubal Cain. --- Another short Digression on the Vanity of hunting after the Philosopher's Stone. --- The wise Use Mr. Boyle made of Chymical Experiments. --- An Encomium upon him. -- Another on Sanctorius. -- The Discovery, or Demonstration of the Circulation of the Blood by our Countryman Harvey, fixes Physic on a more certain Basis than ever. -- That, and Experimental Philosophy, afterwards carried to so great Lengths by Mr. Boyle, brought the Art nearer to Perfection in this Island, than can justly be boasted of by any other Nation. -- Surprising Discoveries in Anatomy and Botany. -- The several Authors of 'em just mention'd, and compared. --- Physic, at length, fixes her Empire in Britain, which concludes the Whole.



THE
PROGRESS of PHYSIC.

LONG ere Physicians knew the *Healing Art*,
Disease to quell — or ease the aching Heart —
* *Med'cine* arose — at first by *Heav'n* design'd,
With balmy Wing to shield, and bless Mankind:
In ev'ry Field some wholsom Simple grew,
Its Use each ruder Clown and Peasant knew;
Which, cull'd with Care, the wish'd Assistance gave;
Not prompt to kill — if impotent, to save —

From

* The Injuries and Vicissitudes of the Air — the Nature and Qualities of Foods — the Violence of external Bodies — the Actions of Life — and lastly, the Structure of the Human Frame, must have render'd some Diseases, and consequently Medicine, as old as Mankind, tho' much chang'd, and complicated in After-Ages.

12 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

From *Trees* — from *Plants* — the easy *Cure* was
sought,

And, from the murm'ring *Rill*, Health flow'd un-
bought.

The friendly, limpid *Draught* — the temp'rate
Meal,

Ne'er ask'd the *Aid* of *Bolus* — or of *Pill* —

With equal *Force* their vig'rous *Pulses* beat,

No *Cordials*, then, to raise th' *extinguish'd Heat* ;

No frantic *Mirth* — nor *Melancholy*, then —

Heav'n's sharpest *Curse* upon the *Sons of Men* !

To calm a *Fever's* Rage, no *Arts* were try'd,

Till, haply, of the * *Doctor* — *Patients* dy'd —

Feebly, the *Limbs* no slacken'd *Nerves* sustain'd ;

Hereditary Health — and *Vigour* reign'd.

But

* 'Tis hoped the *Faculty* will not resent this little *Stroke of Sa-
tyr*, and one that follows, since they are not level'd at the *Science
Itself*, but the *Abuse* of It — At *Quacks*, not regular *Practisers*.

But say, my *Muse* ! these happier Ages past,
How *Sickness* and *Disease* broke in at last —
From *Man* to *Man* how *Plagues* unnumber'd spread,
When *Physic* rear'd her *Scientific Head*.
Such *Ills* combin'd, what *Mortal* can endure ?
How *Few* out-live the *Sickness* — and the *Cure* ?

Not long the *Flood* had left the Face of *Earth*,
And lost *Mankind* receiv'd a second *Birth*,
Ere *Lux'ry* rose — with *Sickness* in her *Train* —
And all the frightful *Family* of *Pain* :
Nature's spare *Wants* forsook the homely *Board*,
With mad *Profusion* see each *Table* stor'd !
Invention labour'd to *debauch* the *Treat*,
And *whet* the jaded *Appetite* to eat :
Intoxicating *Wines*, henceforth, began
T' inflame the *Blood*—not cheer the *Heart* of *Man* :
Hence

14 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Hence *Gout* and *Stone* afflict the *Human Race*;
Hence lazy *Jaundice* — with her *Saffron Face* —
Palsy, with shaking *Head*, and tott'ring *Knees* —
And bloated *Dropsy* — the stanch *Sot's Disease*!
Consumption pale, with keen, but hollow *Eye*,
And sharpen'd *Feature*, shew'd that *Death* was nigh—
The feeble *Offspring* curse their crazy *Sires*,
And, tainted from his *Birth*, the *Youth* expires.

First, thro' the *East*, in social League, we find
The sage *Physician*, to the *Priesthood* join'd —
Physic, alone, the Rev'rend *Magi* knew;
Its first *Inventors* — and *Corruptors* too —
On *Stars*, and *Planets*, the rude *Art* they found,
And tread, *inglorious*! on *enchanted Ground*;
Nor dar'd the healing *Med'cine* to apply,
If * *Saturn* glanc'd with a *malignant Eye*.

To

* The *Chaldæans* were the first *Astronomical Observators*, and are suppos'd to have built their *Notions* of *Physical Matters* upon
Astrolo-

To *Ægypt*, next, *Physic* directs her *Flight*,
There prun'd her *Wing*, and blest'd a clearer *Light*;
O'er her fair *Face*, no artful *Veil* was thrown,
Nor only, from huge *Volumes*, was she known,
On * *Marble* sculptur'd — and the faithful *Stone*:
Recording *Temples* now at once insure
The Leech's *Fame* — and propagate the *Cure*.
Nor *each*, to ev'ry *Branch*, as yet applies —
But *This*, the *Heart* cou'd cure — and *That*, the *Eyes*;
The ulcer'd *Limb* Some only knew to *heal*,
While *Female Patients* blest'd *Another's Skill*.

Here flourish'd long the *Pharmaceutic Arts*,
Which *Commerce*, ever-bounteous, next imparts

To

Astrological Grounds — either the *Influence* of a particular *Planet*,
or of some *Tetular Dæmon*, were still consider'd --- Hence this
Superstitious Practice, with the *Science Itself*, was deriv'd to the
Ægyptians. ---

* See *Wotton on Ancient and Modern Learning*, P. 107.

16 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

To ancient *Greece* — but slow their *Progress* still —
Rude and *imperfect*, yet, the *Medicinal Skill* :
 When lo! *Apollo's* fav'rite *Son* arose,
 The *Depths* of *Physic* studious to *disclose* ;
 * *Hippocrates* — who with a purer *Ray*
 Beam'd on his *Followers* a brighter *Day* :
 By *simplest* *Methods*, *slow* indeed, but *sure*,
 Who first prescrib'd the *Diætic Cure* :
 Hence stubborn *Chronits* dwindled by *Degrees*,
 And *Food* grew *Health* — that late was the *Disease* ;
 The *Fever's* *Rage*, obedient to *subside*,
Life's purple *Current* pour'd a gentler *Tide* ;

Honey

* Being a Master of *Experience* as well as of *Analogy* and *Reason*, and withal vers'd in pure *Philosophy*, he first made *Physic* *rational*, and laid the *Foundation* of the *Dogmatic Medicine* which has since obtain'd -- He press'd no *Hypothesis* into his Service, as may be seen in his Book of *Diseases*, *Affections*, &c. -- He first started the Doctrine of *Critical Days* in *Diseases* ; for which, (when *Polytheism* was in Vogue,) they were ready to take him for a *God* -- 'Tis certain none of the *Physicians* of *Old Greece* follow'd any *Theory* -- of whom *Baglivi* says : *Quod nos per Leges Theoriæ, id Illi solâ mentis perspicacitate, longo Usu confirmatâ peragebant.*

Honey and *Milk* the sole *Specifics*, then,
 The mild *Decoction* — and the cool *Ptisan* —
 From *Nature's* Source he drew unerring *Laws*;
 Such *Baillie's Practice* now — such * *Sydenham's* was.

O *Baillie*! if these *Numbers* reach thine *Ear*,
 Accept this *Tribute* — as Thyself *sincere* —
 Forgive the *Muse*, officious thus t'employ
 Those *Hours* of *Health* you help her to enjoy:
 How *Few*, like *Thee*, such diff'rent *Virtues* blend,
 And mix the *True Physician* — with the *Friend*?
 In whom thy *Classic Taste*, and *Learning* join,
 T'instruct, t'adorn — to polish and refine —
 How *Few*, like *Thee*, with kindred *Sorrow* melt,
 And weep those *Evils* which they never felt?

Balm

* *Artis nostræ Ornator & Ornamentum, qui sepositis Opinio-
 num Commentis ad Observationes prorsus se dedit, & a primâ Æ-
 tate ad Extremum usque Senium cum Naturâ cohabitavit. — says
 a Learned Foreigner. —*

18 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

Balm to my Woe — and Comfort in Distress!
Living, I'll love Thee — and shall, Dying, blefs.

Such was the *Medic Art* — O *Shame* to tell
 What yet the faithful *Muse* must now reveal!
 Nurs'd long in *Græcian Climes* with tend'rest Care,
 She *Westward* fled — and breath'd a * *Roman Air*:
 But soon, alas! her new-blown *Honours* fade,
 Her rising *Lustre* base *Impostors* shade,
 By *Roman* † *Misfaubins* — and † *W——ds* betray'd.
Rome had her *Quacks* — for such all *Climes* produce —
 The *Bane* of Science — and its worst *Abuse* —

No

* *Pliny* says the *Romans* had an *Aversion* to *Physicians*, and their *Art*, till *Archagatus* came from *Greece* to *Rome*, where he practis'd *Physic* and *Surgery* with *Reputation* — in the Year of *Rome* 535. — However, 'tis certain the *Art* was sunk very low in the *Opinion* of the *Romans* before that Time, by the *Roguery* and *Ignorance* of *Quacks*. — None but *Freed Men*, &c. practis'd for a long Course of Years. —

† Two Eminent *Quacks* of the present Century.

No *Mede* — no *Hulfe* was then — the Art to save —
It sunk — detested by the *Wise* and *Brave*.

Galen, at length, review'd the sacred *Plan*,
And to collect its scatter'd *Parts* began;
Greedy of *Fame*, digested 'em with Care —
Well were it, had his *Labours* ended there —
But boasting clearer *Lights*, he tack'd to *These*
Strange *Humours* — *Elements* — and *Qualities* —
Confounding, thus, the * *Coan Master's Rule*,
With the rude *Cant* of *Aristotle's School*:
Of *Observation* left the fruitful *Fields*,
For the wild *Waste* that † *Speculation* yields:

C 2

A

* *Cos*, or *Coos*, an *Island* in the *Archipelago*, where *Hippocrates* was born. Hence so called. —

† *Si excipias* (says a learned Author) *Paucos illos Observatores, qui Casus & Historias Medicas ad vivum prout, ab ipsâ Rei Naturâ procedebant, describendo, Medicinæ Pomœria summoperè ampliaverunt; ea quæ Reliqui adjecere, falsam Theoriam, & hujusmodi Ineptias spectantia; turbarunt potius, impediveruntque illius Progressus, quam indicarunt, aut promoverunt.* —

20 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

A Fairy-Land — and a neglected *Shore* —
No *Æsculapian Sage* ere trod before —
Experience, now, held but the *second Place*,
And *Truths*, best founded on her solid *Base*.
No more — O sad *Reverse* ! in *One* we view
The watchful * *Nurse*, and wise *Physician* too —
Subtle t'*explode* — as artful to *invent* —
By Midnight Lamps a *Galen's Hours* were spent,
Some fav'rite *System* anxious to *maintain*,
The monstrous *Child* of his prolific *Brain*.
By dark *Solutions* to out-strip the *Wife*,
And ere the *Race* was run — to snatch the *Prize*.

Thus far the *Muse*, reluctant, dares to blame
Whom † *sixteen Hundred Years* have giv'n to *Fame* ;
Pleas'd

* In *Hippocrates's Time*, and after, the most eminent *Physicians* watch'd almost *Day* and *Night* by their Patients *Bed-Sides*, and stuck close to *Observation*. — Whence called the *Clinic Sect*. —

† He flourish'd in the Time of *Trajan*, and three succeeding *Emperors*. — He wrote 15 *Volumes*, besides *Notes*, on *Hippocrates* — and died at *Rome*, *Anno Dom.* 140. —

Pleas'd she proceeds — still ardent to commend —
Foe, to his *Faults* — but to his *Worth*, a *Friend*.

If unknown *Worlds* of *Med'cine* to explore,
T'expound their *Virtues*, and increase their *Store*;
In search of *Truth*, if any Praise it be,
To drain the *Mines* of deep *Philosophy*;
Of known *Effects* to trace the hidden *Cause*,
And scan by Rules of *Art* wise *Nature's* Laws;
By *Envy's* self the *Debt* shall sure be paid,
And latest *Honours* dignify his *Shade*.

What Time the * *Gothic Swarms* forfook their
Hive,
Learning no longer cou'd the *Shock* survive;

C 3

Of

* After the *sixth Century*, the Arts were not only extinguish'd,
but almost all *Memory* of 'em lost till the *Ninth*, from which, to
the *Thirteenth*, *Medicine* was vigorously cultivated by the *Arabs*
in

22 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

Of *Human Art* no *Traces* we descry,
Art's fairest *Fruit*, and *Learning* wither'd lie :
Defac'd — o'erthrown — and mingled with the
Dust —

The labour'd *Column* — and the breathing *Bust* —
Chaos return'd — all *Peace* and *Order* fled —
O'er *Customs*, *Language*, *Laws*, thick *Night* was
spread.

Till, (as some long-lost *Stream* renews its *Source*,
Which *under-ground* pursu'd its mazy *Course*,)
Science, again, to happier *Climes* restor'd,
Unveil'd her *Charms* — and was again ador'd.

The fable *Night* of *Ignorance* withdrawn,
From blest'd *Arabia* broke the chearful *Dawn*;

Of

in *Asia*, *Africa*, and *Spain* — Who applying Themselves particularly to the Study of the *Materia Medica*, and its *Preparations*, and to the Operations of *Chirurgery*, render'd both more just and copious at the same time — and yet *Galen's Errors* became now more predominant than ever. —

Of *Med'cine* lo ! the long uncultur'd *Field*
 Began to *smile* — and a new *Harvest* yield —
 On *Afric's* settled, and *Iberia's* Shore,
 The *Saracens* reviv'd the *Art* once more :
 But *Galen's* *Errors* choke the wholsom *Soil*,
 Obstruct its *Progress* — and confound their *Toil*.

Next *Chymistry*, which long in *Embrio* lay,
 Started new *Lights* — and smooth'd the thorny *Way* :
 Not, as of old to * *Alchymy* confin'd,
 Nor knew t'*enrich*, alone, but *blest* Mankind :
 Long had she learnt t'*extract* the shining *Ore*,
 But *Med'cine* now confess'd her *healing Pow'r* :

C 4

Strange

* *Alchymy*, as contra-distinguish'd by some *Writers*, from *Chymistry*, consisted in *refining Metals*, and extracting them from their *Ores* — This *Art*, older than the *Flood*, is ascrib'd to *Tubal Cain*, Gen. iv. 22. — It is but of late that *Chymistry* has been applied to *Preparations of Medicine*, and extended to *Plants, Animals, Minerals, &c.* Mr. *Boyle*, the most Eminent for *Observations* and *Discoveries* of this sort — *Paracelsus, Stachenius, and Van Helmont* carried it to such a length, as to render *Medicine* almost wholly *Chymical*.

24 The POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Strange *Worlds of Wonder* open'd to the *View*,
And *Old Discov'ries* were confirm'd by *New*.

But *Man* still restless, impotent, and vain,
With Thirst of *Knowledge* fir'd, and sordid *Gain*,
Knows not to *stop* — nor whither to *extend*
His bold *Research* — still curious to no *End* —
How *Things* are *made* — is not his narrow *View* —
He must be *wiser* yet — and *make* them *too* :
Like *God himself*, *Creative Pow'r* employ ;
Not *wonder* only — and with *Thanks* enjoy.

See, by his *Fires* the *sooty Artist* sweat,
To pass th'Eternal *Bound* by *Nature* set,
Milled by *Aristotle's* dazzling *Light*,
For *Transmutation* labour *Day* and *Night* !
In quest of *Mountains* of imagin'd *Wealth*,
His *Fortune* dissipate — his *Time* — his *Health* :
From *Motion*, *Matter*, taught that all *Things* grew —
What cannot *Motion*, giv'n to *Matter*, do ?

As

As easy, sure, when *This* and *That* combine,
 To forge the glitt'ring *Mass*, as to refine.
 Vain *Reas'ner* ! the fantastick Search give o'er,
 Or first — go — analyze the painted *Flow'r* —
 If long intent to sep'rate and compound,
 To pay thy *Toil* a gen'ral *Flow'r* be found,
 The *Grand Elixir* Thou may'st hope to boast,
 Nor find, in search of * *Gold*, thy Labour lost.

Not

* According to *Aristotle*, *Epicurus*, &c. — *Gold* and *Sand* are at bottom but one and the same *Matter* — The *Chymists* thought they had found out that *Salt* — *Sulphur* — and *Mercury* — with a few other *Ingredients*, (about which They are not as yet agreed) were the immediate *Elements* of all *Bodies* ; but that there was in reality a *Primitive Matter*, which took all Sorts of *Forms* — that consequently nothing remain'd to be done, but to work upon that *Primitive Matter*, to present It with fit *Moulds*, and to give It a certain *Turn*, to have — *Gold* — *Jewels* — and the *Elixir Salutis*. This *Study* has been well defin'd to be — *Ars sine Arte*, *cujus Principium est mentiri* — *Medium laborare* — & *Finis mendicare*.

Not so a *Boyle* his useful Hours employ'd ;
 The *True Philosopher's* unerring † *Guide* —
Boyle, for no *Systems* anxious to contend,
Experiment, the *Means* — and *Truth*, his End —
 Who wak'd to *Life*, and into *Action* brought,
 The *Child of Fancy*, slumb'ring but in *Thought* :
 Who *Chymic Aids* to *Physic* best apply'd,
 Nor boasted *Pow'rs* that *Angels* are deny'd :
 Thro' all his *Works*, the *One Supreme* confess'd,
 And, in the *Creature*, the *Creator* blest'd —
 Who wisely knew to shun the wild *Extremes*
 Of *Sceptic-Doubtings*, and *Scholastic Dreams* ;

To

† *Mr. Boyle* rescued *Chymistry* from the *Censures* it had long lain under from the *Enthusiasm* of *Helmont*, &c. and has shewn of what infinite *Use* it is to *Philosophy* and *Medicine*, when kept within its proper *Bounds*.

To surer *Science* pointed out the *Road*
Which * *Boerhaave*, late — and ev'n a † *Newton*
trod.

Say *Muse*, — and next record *Sanctorius*' Name —
Not least, *Sanctorius*, in the List of *Fame* —
Who mark'd, to grosser *Outlets* not confin'd,
Those subt'ler *Shuices* Nature has assign'd;
By *Weight* and *Measure* fix'd th'Eternal *Waste*,
That thro' the *Pores* in light *Effluvia* pass'd:
Hence wisely taught that *Nature's Rule* is such —
Disease alike — too little — or too much —

The

* The Great *Boerhaave*, allow'd to have been the first *Physician* and *Chymist* in *Europe*, justified no less by his own *Practice* the Use which our *English Philosopher* made of *Chymistry* in *Medicine*, and has mention'd him with the utmost *Honour*.

† Mr. *Boyle's Discoveries* of the *Qualities of Bodies*, by the Assistance of *Chymistry*, were so considerable, that the illustrious Sir *Isaac Newton* himself has thought proper to follow his *Example* — When from the *Effects of Bodies*, he demonstrates their
Laws

28 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

The † *Health* we covet but a *Golden Mean*,
When just *Proportions* guide the nice *Machine* :
The *Balance* broke, *Ills* that have scarce a *Name*,
Acute, or *Chronic*, wreck the tender *Frame*.

The *Triumph*, still, is o'er *Effects* alone,
Nor were *Diseases* in their *Causes* known,
Till first *Immortal Harvey* led the way,
And pointed where their secret *Sources* lay ;
All that the *Wise* had *sketch'd* in distant *Thought*,
The Godlike *Harvey* saw — and prov'd — and taught :
While

Laws — *Actions* and *Powers* — he always brings *Chymical Experiments* for his *Vouchers*.

† *Insensible Perspiration* is the most perfect *Action* of *Animal Digestion* ; the keeping it up in due *Measure*, is the *Cause*, as well as *Sign*, of *Health*, and the least *Deviation* from that due *Quantity*, the certain *Forerunner* of a *Disease*. — See *Arbuthnot*, on *Aliments* — P. 133.

While *others*, dubious, hint the *Blood* to *flow*,
Twas * his, *alone*, to trace the Manner, *how* —
And in what *Time*, its rapid *Journey* done,
Fresh from the *Heart*, again its *Race* is run,
Hence *Physic*, to no slavish † *Sect* confin'd,
Gave all her *Bigot-Systems* to the Wind;
To nobler *Heights* her tow'ring *Head* she rears;
The growing *Labour* of *Three Thousand Years*!
The *Queen* of *Science*, rival *Nations* greet,
And lay their fairest *Trophies* at her *Feet* :

The

* The *Circulation* of the *Blood* has been generally allow'd to have been first discover'd in *England* in the Year 1628, by *Harvey*, a *Physician* of our own Country — tho' there are several who dispute that *Honour* with him, such as *Vander-Linden*, in *Holland* — *Realdus Columbus*, of *Cremona* — and *Andreas Cæsalpinus*, at *Venice*. — This Notion has, indeed, been occasionally and slightly treated by *Them*, as an *Hypothesis*, but never demonstrated 'till *Harvey's Time*.

† *Nullius in Verba jurare*, is not only the *Motto* of the *Royal Society*, but a receiv'd *Principle* among all the *Philosophers* of the present Age.

30 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

The § *Tubes* — the *Glands* — *These* foremost to ex-
plain —

The *Muscles*, *These* expound — and *Those*, the *Brain*--
While *Others* pore thro' Microscopic Glafs,

And see the † *Lymph* thro' subtle *Strainers* pass :

From *Sense*, not wild *Hypothesis*, deduce

The Structure of each *Vessel* — and its Use.

Tho' late, * *Asellius*' Angel-Eye explor'd,

Where *laëteal Rivulets* incessant pour'd ;

Thro' † viewless *Ducts* meandering, had descry'd

This Way and That, the *Chyly Fluids* glide ;

Thine,

§ These several *Discoveries* in *Anatomy* are owing to *Wharton*
— *Willis* — *Brown*, and others — since *Harvey's Time*.

† *Malpighi* was the first *Discoverer* of the *Lymphatic Vessels*,
each of which according to Dr. *Arbuthnot*, is One Hundred
Times finer than a *Hair*. — He died Anno 1694.

* *Asellius* first described, if not discover'd the *Laëteal Vessels* —
Anno 1622. Six Years before *Harvey* discover'd the *Circulation*
of the Blood.

† The *Coats* of the *Laëteal Vessels* are so thin as to be invisible,
except when distended with *Chyle* or *Lymph*.

Thine, now, to mark — O * *Picquet*, only *Thine* !
Where, faithful to their *Course*, the *Milky Currents*
join :

Whence, upwards as they flow, again they part ;
Again, uniting, e'er they reach the *Heart* :
The *Heart*, whose *Frame* had mock'd all *Search*
before,

Unveils its *fibrous Texture* to a † *Lower* :
New Lights, progressive, dart from *Man* to *Man* —
Hence, *Life* and *Motion*, *Others* next explain ;
While † *Ruyfch*, intent more *Wonders* to contrive,
Bids the *Injected Carcass* seem to *live* :

With

* He first discover'd the *Receptacle of the Chyle*, and its Passage to the *Ductus Thoracicus*. Anno 1651.

† The Order of the *Muscular Fibres* of the *Heart* was not known before Dr. *Lower* described it — By this *Discovery*, *Alphonsus Borellus* was enabled upon *Mathematical* and *Mechanical* Principles, to give a more satisfactory Account of the Methods of Nature in dispensing *Life* and *Nourishment* to every Part of the *Body*, than had ever been given before.

‡ *Fred. Ruyfch*, a considerable *Dutch Professor* of *Anatomy* and *Surgery* at *Amsterdam* — Famous for *Injecting* coloured *Liquors*,
melted

32 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

With so much *Art* the mimic *Liquor's* thrown,
Nature mistakes — and thinks the *Work her Own*.
 Still as we gaze around our *Hemisphere*,
 New *Constellations*, and new *Suns* appear —
 A *Cowper*, *Drake* — a *Keil*, a *Cbeselden* —
Egregious Names! the glorious *Race* have run;
 Haply, *Themselves*, at length, by *Girle* and *Sharp*
 outdone.

But see — with growing *Wonder* and *Surprise*,
 Where *vegetable Kingdoms* blooming rise!
Nameless 'till now, their *Tribes*, promiscuous, seen
 To People thick *Earth's* wide-extended *Green*;
 When *Tournefort* and *Ray* with * *rival Skill*
 Their *Kinds* distinguish — and their *Classes* tell —
By

melted Wax, &c. into the *dried Vessels* of *Animals* to shew the *Disposition*, *Texture*, and *Ramifications* thereof, &c.

* *Tournefort* and *Ray* had great *Disputes* about the *Division* of *Plants* — The *First* dividing them into 14 *Genera*, chusing the
Flower

By kindred *Marks* recount the *Species* o'er
Of ev'ry *Tree* — and *Shrub* — and *Herb* — and
Flow'r :

From generating * *Dust* how *Poplars* spring,
Wafted from *Sex* to *Sex* on mild *Favonius'* Wing :
How near to *Animals* some † *Plants* ally'd
“ What thin *Partitions* do their *Bounds* divide”

How

Flower and *Fruit*, as the proper Marks of *Discrimination* — The *Latter* divided them into 25 *Genera*, taking in the *Roots*, *Leaves*, *Stems*, &c. — The *Distribution* of *Plants* into *Genera* and *Species*, is absolutely *necessary* to ease the *Memory*, and prevent its being *overburthened* with an *Infinity* of different *Names*.

* According to the System of Mr. *Morland* and Mr. *Geoffroy*, the fine *Dust* observable on the *Pistil* of some *Flowers* impregnates the *Grain* or *Fruit*, enclosed therein — These are both *Male* and *Female* within *Themselves* — Those *Plants* that bear *Fruits* without *Flowers* are distinguish'd into *Male* and *Female* — and Mr. *Geoffroy* takes it, that the *Wind* doing the Office of a *Vehicle*, brings the *Farina* of the *Male* to the *Female*, which he supposes to be the *Tomentum*, or *Down* of the *Fruit*.

† The *Sensitive Plant* which shrinks at the *Touch*, is thought to be but *one Degree* below the *Animal Life* of an *Oyster*, or *Muscle*, whose *spontaneous Motion* is in the *lowest Degree* we can well imagine.

34 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

How by nice *Links* the gradual *Scale* ascends,
And *Life* begins — where *Vegetation* ends.

‡ *Mechanic Science* nor disdains to join
Its wond'rous *Aid* to make the *Art Divine* :
From *East* to *West*, hence *Physic* boasts her Sway,
And darts on *All* a more propitious *Ray* ;
But fix'd her *Throne* on fair *Britannia's Isle*,
To whom she owes a *Harvey* — and a * *Boyle*.

N.B.

‡ *Medicine*, by late *Improvements* in Philosophy, is become all *Mechanical* and *Corpuscular* : Instead of *Galen's Qualities* and *Degrees*, every Thing is now reduc'd to *Mechanical Affections* ; to the *Figures*, *Bulks*, *Gravities*, &c. of the *component Particles*, and to the great *Principle of Attraction*.

* He first *discover'd*, or at least brought the *Air-Pump* to *Perfection*, which soon demonstrated the *Absurdity* of that common Notion, that *Nature* abhorr'd a *Vacuum* — Since he has shewn us
the

N.B. If it shou'd be ask'd why I have made no honourable Mention of the *Royal Society* — I have this to answer — That the *Subject* has been too copiously and elegantly treated by * *another Hand*, for Me to add any Thing but my *Wishes* for their *Prosperity*.

the true *Origin* of *Qualities* of *Bodies*, Nobody has dar'd to advance the Chimærical Notion of *Substantial Forms* — By the Help of These, and other valuable *Discoveries*, many others have been made since his *Death*, and many more probably will be, and his *Reputation* rather increase than diminish in future Ages. — He died Anno 1691.

* *Sprat's History* of the *Royal Society*.





FIDELIO *to* MACHAON.

An EPISTLE.

Occasion'd by his desiring the AUTHOR *to*
write a POEM *on* HEALTH.

Nec fonte labra prolui Caballino ;
Nec in bicipiti somniâsse Parnasso
Memini, ut repente sic Poeta prodirem.

PERSIUS.

FRIEND to my *Verse* — ask me no more,
Safe in the *Port*, to quit the *Shore* ;
To tempt the faithless, flatt'ring *Main*,
And plough *Poetic Seas* again ;

Where

Where *Rocks*, and dang'rous *Shelves* conspire
To wreck my *Fame* — and quench my *Fire* —
Where, late, my little *Pinnacle* toft,
Trembling, I gave up all for *loft*.

Am I for ev'ry *Subject* fit,
Because * one *Theme* I chanc'd to *hit* ?
Am I t'*invoke*, and *rhyme* it ftill,
A perfect *Master* of the *Quill*,
On *Sickness* — *Health* — or what you will ?
Dan Horace told us long ago,
(And surely, *Horace*, Sir, muft know)
That not the *Bard*, (whoe'er he be,)
Who writes like *Laureat Coll* :—or *Me*—
Whofe *Genius*, without *Strength* or *Heat*,
Juft *crawls* upon *Poetic Feet* ;
But *He*, who like the *Mantuan* fings
In lofty *Numbers*, lofty *Things* ;

}

D 3

Whofe

* The Progreff of Phyfic—which was well *esteem'd*.

38 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Whose *Fancy* ev'ry *Muse* inspires,
Whom *Phæbus* warms with all his *Fires*,
The *Prize* of *Verse*, alone can claim,
And boast the sacred * *Poet's* Name.

Besides — must *Clio* always hear—
Nor ever turn the *dunny Ear*?
Who rarely heeds the *Poet's* Call —
Unask'd, inspires — or not at all —
In *Humour*, as in *Sex*, the same
As any *sublunary Dame*.
No *Genius* I, Sir — 'faith and troth!
I barely live from *Hand* to *Mouth* —
Scrape just enough from hide-bound *Wits*,
To clear old *Scores*, and pay my *Debts*:

* ——— *neque enim concludere versum*
Dixeris esse satis ; neque, si quis scribat, uti Nos,
Sermoni propria, putes hunc esse Poetam.
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinator, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des Nominis hujus honorem.

HOR. Sat. 4. Lib. 1.

What if I scraul'd, in *lucky Hour*,
Two Hundred Lines, perhaps — or more —
 With sacred Love of *Friendship* fir'd,
 Or e'en by *Phæbus*' self inspir'd;
 As well may He be counted *Wise*,
 Who in some *Lott'ry* wins a *Prize*,
 Whom *Fortune* deigns with *Luck* to crown,
 Against the Odds, 'bove *Five to One*,
 As I be honour'd with the *Bays*,
 For paying *Worth* with honest *Praise*;
 And decking with the *Palm* that's due,
Syd'nham — *Hippocrates* — and *You*.
 No — no — let *Pope*, with kinder *Gales*,
 Greedy of *Fame*, croud all his *Sails*;
 I only seek *Content* of Mind,
Bless'd, if in Verse—*Content* I find —
Rich in one dear discerning *Friend*,
 And *prais'd* enough,—when you commend.
 Let *Pope*, *Columbus-like*, explore
 Bright *Worlds* of *Wit*, unknown before;

O only Born, *unhurt* to steer
 'Twixt *Envy's* Blast — and *Critic Sneer* !
 His Magic-Numbers sure to please —
 Or strike, with *Strength* — or charm, with *Ease* —
 Whether *Achilles' Rage* he tells,
 Or milder *Wrath* — of gentle * *Belles* ;
 Whether, with bold *Satyrical Pen*,
 He brands the *Fronts* of guilty Men,
 Or bids the Reader's Eye o'erflow,
 With *Streams* of † sympathetic *Woe* :
 Let *Health*, fair *Theme* ! his *Muse* employ ;
 Enough for *Me* — that *Health* t'enjoy —
 Till envious *Fortune* shifts the *Scene*,
 And saddens all my Hours with ‡ *Spleen*.

E'en

* Alluding to the *Rape* of the *Lock*.

† Alluding to *Eloisa* and *Abelard*.

‡ The *Author* much afflicted for some *Years* with this *Dis-temper*.

E'en now — I *tremble* on the *Brink*
Of the dark *Cave* — my Spirits *sink* —
Adieu Parnassus, flow'ry *Height*!
Adieu, the gay *Poetic Flight*!
A Thousand meagre *Shapes* advance,
Before my *Eyes*, alternate dance;
In *Sleep* no more my *Eye-lids* close,
Nor *waking* can I find *Repose*;
“ All *Nature's Works* a * *Blank to Me*,”
Nay, *worse* — enhance my *Misery* —
While all in *Art* that us'd to *please*,
Serves but to *heighten* my *Disease*;
The flying *Fugue* — the trilling *Air* —
Discordant, grate upon my *Ear*;
Painful to Me, the mild *Return*
Of *Summer's Eve*, or chearful *Morn* —
The *Sun* with irksome *Splendor* gleams;
Bear me — Oh bear Me! from his *Beams*!

Restless

* *Milton.*

42 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Restless to *Shades* — to *Books* I run —
Myself — the worst of *Foes* — to shun ;
Wit, *Sense*, and *Pope*, — no longer please ;
Nor *Homer's* Strength — nor *Waller's* Ease —
Tasteless alike, the wide *Extremes*
Of *Addison's* — and *Bunyan's* * *Dreams* —
The *Bell-Man's*, or the *Laureat's Lay*,
“ And † *Sonnets* trim of gentle *Gay*”
Vain e'en *Philosophy* I find,
That boasted *Med'cine* of the *Mind* !
Wisdom, how vain ! when joyless prove
The *Friend* I trust — the *She* I love —
What *Comfort* can the *Wretch* receive,
Who fears to *Die* — yet dreads to *Live* ?
I summon *Reason* to my *Aid* —
By *Reason's* self, Alas ! betray'd !

Reflect,

* Alluding to the *Pilgrim's Progress* — and Mr. *Addison's* *Allegorical Dreams* in the *Spectators*, which last are perfect *Pieces* in their *Kind*, and much admir'd by all Persons of true *Taste*.

† *Gay's* Prologue to *Shepherd's Week*.

Reflect, and *Reason*, as I will,
 The *Sport* of *Tyrant Fancy* still —
 Far from the *Croud* — I sit forlorn —
 In secret *sigh* — in Silence *mourn* —
 Till fond of *Grief*, I bless my *Lot*,
Forgetting All — by All *forgot*.

But see, from *Heav'n*, the bless'd *Reprieve*!
 Nor always shall the *Wretched* * grieve —
Reason, once more, resumes her *Reign*,
 The mounting *Spirits* warm my *Brain*;
 Sudden the routed *Phantoms* fly,
 Sad *Source* of all my *Misery*!
 New to each *Transport* I survive,
 Once more, I *breathe* — once more, I *Live* —

So

* ——— *Non si malè nunc ; & olim*
Sic erit. ———

————— *neque semper Arcum*
Tendit Apollo. —

HOR. Lib. 2. Ode 10.

So sapless *Flow'rs*, that late were seen
 To droop, and mourn their wither'd *Green*,
 Deck with fresh *Bloom* th' enamel'd *Ground*,
 And shed their new-born *Sweets* around.

The joyous *Interval* I pass
 With chearful *Friend* o'er circling *Glass*;
 Or, (if that *Blessing* be deny'd,
 Which crowns our every *Bliss* beside,)
 To *Love*, in fair *Clarissa's* Praise,
 I wake the *Lyre*, and tune my *Lays*;
 Regale o'er † *Butler's* quaint *Conceits*,
 Or grave ‡ *Knight-Errant's* *Windmill-Feats*:
 Now turn the sober *Volumes* o'er,
 And, what the *Wise* have taught, explore;
Haply,

† Author of *Hudibras*.

‡ *Don Quixote*.

Haply, in *Sports*, serenely gay,
I bless the *Sun-shine* of a *Day* ;
Studios of *Life* the most to make,
Nor less t' *insure* my last, best *Stake* —
To *Heav'n* my tuneful *Voice* I raise,
In Hymns of *Gratitude* and *Praise* :
Thro' *Life* this *Theme* I will pursue,
In other *Worlds*, his *Praise* renew,
Who *heard* — and *snatch'd* Me from the *Grave* —
Who *wounds*, to *Heal* — and *strikes*, to *Save*.





An EPISTLE to Lord H—y.

Anno 1730.

FAV'RITE of *Venus*, and the tuneful *Nine*,
 H—y — by *Nature* form'd in *Courts* to shine—
 Whose beauteous *Mind*, well pictur'd in thy *Face*,
 Beams with each winning, soft, resistless *Grace*;
 Wilt Thou once more a kind *Attention* lend,
 To thy long absent, and forgotten *Friend*?
 Who, after *Seas* and *Mountains* wander'd o'er,
 Return'd at length to his own Native *Shore*,
 From all that's *Gay* retir'd, and all that's *Great*,
 Beneath the *Shades* of his *Paternal Seat*,
 Has found that *Happiness*, he sought in vain
 On the fam'd *Banks* of *Tybur* — and of *Seine*.

'Tis

'Tis not to view the well proportion'd *Pile*,
 The Charms of *Titian's*, and of *Raphael's* Stile,
 At soft *Italian Sounds* to melt away,
 Or in the fragrant *Groves* of *Myrtle* stray,
 That calls the *Tumults* of the *Soul* to *Rest*,
 Or makes the fond *Possessor* truly *blest*;
 In our own *Breasts* the Source of *Pleasure* lies
 Which all our *Wishes*, all our *Wants* supplies;
 But, ah! so ill is *Nature* understood,
 We lose the *near* — to grasp the *distant Good* —
 So *idle*, yet so *restless* are our *Minds*,
 We climb the *Alps*, and brave the raging *Winds*,
 Thro' various *Toils*, to seek *Content* we roam,
 Which easier *Labour* might obtain at *Home*.
 But not the ceaseless *Change* of shifted *Place*
 Can from the *Heart* a settled *Grief* erase;
 Nor can the purer *Balm* of foreign *Air*
 Heal the distemper'd *Mind* of aching *Care*.

The

48 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

The *Wretch*, whom angry *Fates* have doom'd to rove,
 Vex'd with the *Pangs* of ill-requited *Love*,
 From *Pole* to *Pole* the fatal *Arrow* bears,
 Whose rooted *Point* his bleeding *Bosom* tears ;
 With equal *Pain* each diff'rent *Clime* he tries,
 And is *Himself*, that *Torment*, which he flies :
 For how shou'd *Ills*, that from our *Passions* flow,
 Be chang'd by *Afric's Heat*, or *Russia's Snow*?
 Or how can ought but pow'rful *Reason* cure
 What from unthinking *Folly* — we endure?

Happy is *He*, and *He* alone, who knows
 His *Heart's* uneasy *Discord* to compose ;
 To bound his *Wishes* in their proper *Sphere*,
 To nourish pleasing *Hope* — and conquer anxious
 Fear —

This was the *Wisdom* — *Epicurus* taught, —
 This was the *Sov'reign Good* — he justly fought :
 This to no *Place*, no *Climate* is confin'd,
 But the free, native *Produce* of the *Mind*.

Nor

Nor think, my *Lord*, that even *Courts* deny
The useful *Practice* of *Philosophy*;
Horace, the wisest of the tuneful *Choir*,
Not always chose from *Greatness* to retire,
But, in the *Palace* of *Augustus*, knew
The same unerring *Maxims* to pursue,
Which in the *Sabine*, or the *Velian Shade*,
His *Study*, and his *Happiness*, he made.

May you, my *Lord*, by his *Example* taught,
View all the giddy *Scene*, with sober *Thought*;
Undazzled, ev'ry glitt'ring *Folly* see,
And in the midst of flavish *Forms* — be *Free*;
On its own *Center* poise your steady *Mind*,
Let *Prudence* guide you, and let *Honour* bind;
In *Shew* — in *Manners* — act the *Courtier's* Part —
But be a *Country Gentleman* — at Heart.



HUMAN LIFE.

— *festinat* — *decurrere velox*

Flosculus angustæ, miseræque brevissima vitæ

Portio —

JUVENAL.

THE * *Seven first Years of Life, (Man's Break
Day)*

Gleams of short *Sense*, a *Dawn of Thought* display :

When *Fourteen Springs* have bloom'd his downy
Cheek,

His soft, and blushful *Meanings* learn to speak.

From

* This *Distinction of Ages* by *Solon*, into Divisions of *Seven Years*, exhibits a *Picture* of a more sober *Cast* than *That of Shakespear*, in -- *As you Like it* -- but equally just and natural.

From *Twenty-One*, proud *Manhood* takes its *Date* ;
Yet is not *Strength* compleat, till *Twenty Eight* :
Thence to his *Five and Thirtieth*, *Life's* gay *Fire*
Sparkles, burns loud, and flames in fierce *Desire* :
At *Forty-Two*, his Eyes grave *Wisdom* wear,
And the dark *Future* dims him o'er with *Care* :
On to the *Nine and Fortieth*, *Toils* increase,
And busy *Hopes* and *Fears*, disturb his *Peace* :
At *Fifty Six*, cool *Reason* reigns, intire,
Then *Life* burns *steady*, and with temp'rate *Fire* ;
But *Sixty Three*, unbinds the *Body's Strength*,
Ere the unwearied *Mind* has run her *Length* :
And, when from *Seventy*, *Age* surveys her *Last*,
Tir'd — she stops *short* — and wishes, *All* were *past*.





A COUPLET.

EXTEMPORE.

*By the Rev. Mr. —, at the Request of
Lord Ch——d, who lent him his Pencil
for that purpose.*

ACCCEPT a *Miracle* — instead of *Wit* —
See two *dull Lines* — by *St——'s Pencil* writ.



EXTEM-



E X T E M P O R E.

By the same Hand.

*Occasion'd by a Copy of VERSES on a LADY,
which the AUTHOR was desired to take for
his Subject.*

TH O' cold as *Chrystal*, chaste as *Cynthia's*
Beams,

Tho', harder than obdurate *Rocks*, she seems,
Smit with thy *Versè*, she'll sparkle with *Desire*,
And, like the *Flint*, betray a hidden *Fire*.





F R A N K *and* N E D.

A T A L E.

By Mr. T — *, *Scholar of* St. John's
College, Oxon.

*Nec male nec ne Lepos saltet: sed quod magis ad Nos
Pertinet, & nescire malum est, agitamus: —*

HOR. Lib. 2. Sat. 6.

A SAGE *Philosopher*, call'd *Ned*,
Met *Frank* — a merry, frisking *Blade* —
No matter where — or how — or when —
But thus the *Dialogue* began.

Prythee,

* The *Author* of the following *Tale* mis'd *Prayers*, by being engaged in a Party of *Dancing* — whereupon his *Tutor* enjoin'd him to write some Verses on the *Theme* prefix'd.

Prythee, *Frank*, leave these idle Fancies;
You're always gadding after *Dances* :
A Man of *Learning*, *Wit*, and *Parts*,
Shou'd have recourse to nobler *Arts* :
Come — wou'd you cure this odd *Vagary* —
Let *Fancy* — trip it like a *Fairy* —
Jig briskly on *Poetic Feet*,
And just *Parnassian* Measures beat :
To such, the *sacred Nine* will play,
While *Sister Graces* — run the *Hay*.
Or check this *Whim* — or change its *Course* —
And mount the *Pegasean Horse* ;
Amble, with smooth-pac'd *Step*, along
The flow'ry *Paths* of tuneful *Song* :
Or wou'd you higher still advance,
Majestic, in *Heroics* prance —
Curvet and *bound* — in sprightly *Lyric* —
Or take a *Leap* — in *Panegyric* ;

56 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Bold as the *Artist* on a *Cord*,
And — *Neck or Nothing* — be the *Word*.

Soon as the *Sage* had ceas'd to chide,
Frank, gayly smil'd — and thus repl'y'd.

I own, in *Dancing*, I take *Pleasure* ;
But who can say — 'tis out of *Measure* ?
Time, too, I'm always for regarding,
Or think the *Dance* not worth a *Farthing*.
Severer Studies, while we may,
'Tis best to *season* with more *gay* ;
Shou'd *Work* and *Pleasure* all be ta'en
From other *Limbs*, to load the *Brain*,
Your *Legs* and *Arms* wou'd take it ill,
That *He* was *busy* — *They* lay *still* —
The *Dancers* are more *just* than *You* ;
They give each *Limb* its proper *due* :
The *Legs*, and their *Allies*, the *Arms*,
An equal *Strength* and *Vigour* warms ;

Nay

Nay — *Num-Scull's Self*, partakes the *Pleasure* —
He *nods*, and *smiles* at ev'ry *Measure*.
Besides, without their friendly *Aid*,
What must become of kindred *Head*?
Why, he must *think* — *ake* — *sleep*: what then?
Why, he must *think* — *ake* — *sleep* again;
For ever run the same dull *Round*,
To his own *Fancy's* jingling *Sound*;
Like *Squirrel*, in his *Cage of Wire*,
For ever *climbing*, never *higher*.

That may be *true*, perhaps — cried *Ned* —
But yet — and then he shook his *Head* —
What *Good* can come of cutting *Capers*?

Suppose it only cur'd the *Vapours*,
Says, *Frank* — or cou'd our *Cares* appease —
Or taught to *move* with graceful *Ease*.
Yet more instructive *Emblems* grace
The artful *Windings* of each *Maze*;

Wisdom

58 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Wisdom and Virtue, in Disguise;
 Sit there, to *catch* unthinking *Eyes* ;
 And thro' those *Windows* which they find ;
Steal in, and fasten on the *Mind*.
 Nay, *Science* too, from this gay *Movement*,
 Is capable of much *Improvement*.
 Cou'd, at a *Ball*, th' *Astronomer*
 Suppose each shining *Nymph* — a *Star* —
 Without his *Tube*, he there might spy
 Those *Orbs* that *twinkle* in the *Sky*,
 (Let him but trust his *Eyes* and *Ears*)
 Trip to the *Musick* of the *Spheres*.
 The *Figures*, of each mazy *Dance*,
 Not less might *Euclid's* Art advance ;
 Since ev'ry *Couple* that one sees,
 May fitly stand for *A's* — and *B's* —
 If so — from thence, a good *Projector*
 Might learn a *Mathematic Lecture*.

From

From *Argument*, proceed we now
Our strong *Authorities* to shew;
As *Lawyers*, from their *Common Places*,
Produce their *Precedents*, and *Cases*.
With *Doric Flutes*, (as Books declare,)
Stern *Sparta's* Offspring — *danc'd to War*:
What did the *Roman Priests* of *Mars*,
When they perform'd their solemn *Farce*,
But — *dance in Armour* — thro' the *Street* —
And *frighten ev'ry Child* they met?

Are you *content*? or shall we quote
Authors — of more than *Common Note*?
Who all in my *Defence* appear,
From *Homer's Strain* — to *Lucian's Sneer* —
Nay, *Socrates*, and *Cato* too,
(*Philosophers*, as grave as *You*,)

Concur

Concur, to *strengthen* my *Affertion*,
 And *praise* my favourite *Diversion*.
 Shou'd you *Antiquity* contest,
 And relish *Modern Authors* best,
 The *Moderns*, too, declare for *Me*,
 For foremost in my *List* you'll see
 An * *Irish Doctor*, and a † *French Abbé*.
 Thus ev'ry *Age*, and ev'ry *Nation*,
 Conspire to *vindicate* my *Passion*.

After this long *Harangue*, Friend *Ned*,
 (When he had *gap'd*, and *scratch'd* his *Head*,)
 Ope'd his wide *Mouth*, to make reply —

But *bold* —— I hear the *Reader* cry —
 What can we *learn* from all this *Chat*,
 Of *Ned*, said *This* — and *Frank*, said *That* ?
 A *Tale* in *Versè*, without a *Moral*,
 Like *Bells*, about a *Baby's Coral*,

With

* *Delany*.

† *Burret*.

With empty, idle jingling, *Chimes*,
While all the *Sense* — is lost in *Rhymes* —
Well — left you think me too *remiss* —
My *Moral* then, in short, is *This* ;
“ That Nothing *hurts* — if us’d with *Reason* —
“ And each *Diversion* — has its *Season*.





A FRAGMENT, *on* SOLITUDE.

WHAT are the falling *Rills*, the pendent *Shades*,
 The Morning *Bow'rs*, the Evening *Colonades*!
 But soft *Recesses* for th' uneasy *Mind*
 To *figh* unheard in, to the passing *Wind* —

So the struck *Deer*, in some sequester'd *Part*,
 Lies down to *die* — the *Arrow* in his *Heart* —
 There, hid in *Shades*, and wasting *Day* by *Day*,
 Inly he *bleeds*, and pants his *Soul* away.





SECRECY *in* LOVE.

I.

HOW pleasant is *Love*,
When *forbid*, and *unknown*!
Was my *Passion approv'd*,
It wou'd quickly be gone.

II.

It adds to the *Charms*,
When we *steal* the *Delight* :
Why shou'd *Love* be *expos'd*,
Since *Himself* has no *Sight* ?

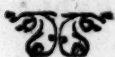
III.

III.

In some Sylvan *Shade*,
Let me *figh* for my *Swain*,
Where *None*, but an *Echo*,
Will *speak* on't again.

IV.

Thus, *silent* and *soft*,
I'll pass my *Time* on,
And when I grow *weary*,
I'll make my *Love* *known*.





An EPISTLE *to* Mr. POPE.

Occasion'd by his Characters of Women.

BY *Custom* doom'd to *Folly*, *Sloth*, and *Ease*,
No wonder, *Pope*, such *Female Triflers* sees:
But wou'd the *Cynic Bard* confess the *Truth*,
Nothing so like, as *Male*, and *Female Youth*;
Nothing so like, as *Man*, and *Woman Old*;
Their *Joys*, their *Loves*, their *Hate* — if truly told:
Tho' diff'rent *Acts* seem diff'rent *Sexes Growth*,
'Tis the same *Principle* impels them *Both*.

View daring *Man*, warm'd by *Ambition's Fire* —
 The Conq'ring *Hero* — or the Youthful 'Squire —
 By diff'rent *Acts*, aspiring still to *Fame*,
 One, murders *Man* — the Other, murders *Game*.
 View a fair *Nymph*, blest'd with superior *Charms*,
 Whose tempting *Form* the coldest Bosom warms ;
 No Eastern *Monarch* more despotic reigns
 Than this fair *Tyrant* of the *Cyprian Plains* :
 Whether a *Crown* — or *Bauble* — we desire —
 Whether to *Learning* — or to *Dress* — aspire —
 Whether with *Joy* we wait the *Trumpet's Call*,
 Or wish to shine the fairest at a *Ball*,
 In either *Sex*, the *Appetite's* the same,
 The Objects differ — but still *Pow'r's* the *Aim*.
Women must in a narrow *Orbit* move,
 But *Pow'r*, alike, both *Males* and *Females* love ;
 And *She* whose radiant *Eyes* rove unconfin'd,
Acts by the darling *Passion* of *Mankind*.

What

What makes the *Diff'rence* then? you may en-
quire —

Between the *Hero*, and the Rural '*Squire* —
Between the *Maid*, bred up with *Courtly Care*,
And *Her*, who earns, by *Toil*, her daily *Fare* :
Their *Pow'r* is stinted, but not so their *Will* ;
Ambitious *Thoughts* the humblest *Cottage* fill ;
For, as they *can*, they push their little *Fame* —
The *Means* may *differ* — but the *End's* the *same*.
In *Education* all the *Diff'rence* lies ;
Women, if *Taught*, wou'd be as *Brave*, and *Wise*,
As haughty *Man*, improv'd by *Arts* and *Rules* :
Where *God* makes *One* — *Neglect* makes *Twenty*
Fools.

Behold, where *Female Triflers* most *abound* —
There, their *Male Counterparts* are always *found* ;

Whose *Heads*, a *Toyshop* fill'd with gewgaw *Ware*,
Can ev'ry *Folly* with each *Female* share.

A *Female Mind*, like a rude *Fallow* lies ;
Thorns there — and *Thistles* — all spontaneous rise ;
As well might we expect in *Winter* — *Spring* —
As Land *untill'd*, a fruitful *Crop*, shou'd bring ;
As well might we expect *Peruvian Ore*
Shou'd crown our *Hopes* -- yet dig not for the *Store* :
Culture improves all *Soils* — nor less we find
Is *Culture* needful to the *Human Kind*.

Ask the rich *Merchant*, conversant in *Trade*,
How *Nature* op'rates in the growing *Blade* ;
Ask the *Philosopher*, the *Price* of *Stocks* ;
Ask the gay *Courtier*, how to manage *Flocks* ;
Enquire the *Dogmas* of the Learned *Schools*,
From *Aristotle*, down to *Newton's Rules*,
Of the rough *Soldier*, bred to boist'rous *War*,
Or One — more rude — an honest *English Tar* —

They'll all reply — *unpraētis'd* in such *Laws* —
Th' *Effects* they *know* — tho' *ign'rant* of the *Cause*.

The *Sailor* may, perhaps, have equal *Parts*
With *Him* bred up to *Sciences* and *Arts* ;
And *He* who at the *Helm*, or *Stern*, is seen,
Philosopher — or *Hero* — might have *been*.
The *Whole*, in *Application*, is *compris'd* —
Reason's not *Reason*, if not *exercis'd*:
Use — not *Possession* — real *Good* affords —
No *Miser's Rich*, who dares not *touch* his *Hords*.

Can *Women*, left to fillier *Womens Care*,
Misled by *Custom* (*Folly's* fruitful *Heir*)
Told that their *Charms* a *Monarch* may *enslave*,
And *Beauty*, like the *Gods*, can *kill* or *save*,
Taught the *Arcanas*, the mysterious *Arts*
Of *Dress*, to captivate unwary *Hearts* ;
If *Wealthy* born, learnt to lisp *French*, and *Dance* —
Their *Morals* left — *Lucretius* like — to *Chance* ;

70 *The POETICAL MISCELLANY.*

*Strangers to Reason, and Reflection made,
Left to their Passions — and by Them betray'd —
Untaught the noble End of glorious Truth,
Bred to deceive, ev'n from their earliest Youth,
Unus'd to Books — nor Virtue taught to prize —
Whose Mind — a savage Waste — all Desert lies;
Can These, with ought but Trifles, fill the Void,
Still, idly Busy — to no End employ'd?
Can These, from such a School, with Virtue glow,
Or tempting Vice treat like a dang'rous Foe?
Can These resist, when soothing Pleasure woos,
Preserve their Virtue, when their Fame they lose?
Can These, on other Themes converse, or write,
Than what they Hear all Day — and Dream all
Night?*

Not so, the Roman Female's Fame was spread,
Not so, was *Clælia*, or *Lucretia*, bred;
Not so, such Heroines true Glory fought;
Not so, was *Porcia* — or *Cornelia* — taught;

Porcia — the *Glory* of the *female Race* ;
Porcia — more *lovely* in her *Mind*, than *Face* ;
Early *inform'd*, by *Truth's* unerring *Beam*,
What to *reject* — what justly to *esteem* —
Taught by *Philosophy* all *Moral Good*,
How to *repel*, in *Youth*, th'impetuous *Blood* ;
How, ev'ry darling *Passion*, to subdue,
And *Fame*, thro' *Virtue's* Avenues, *pursue* ;
Of *Cato* born — to noble *Brutus* join'd —
Supreme in *Beauty* — with a *Roman Mind*,

No more such gen'rous *Sentiments* we trace
In the gay *Females* of the *British Race* ;
Nor wou'd the fondest *Father* form a *Pray'r*
To send the *Mother's Virtues* — on his *Heir*.

Wou'd *You*, who know th' *Arcanas* of the *Soul*,
The secret *Springs*, which move, and guide the *Whole* ;

Wou'd *You*, who can *Instruct*, as well as *Please*,
Bestow some *Moments* of your darling *Ease*,
Our Sex to rescue from this *Gothic State*,
New *Passions* raise — their *Minds* a-new create —
In *Britain's Isle*, then wou'd new *Porcias* bloom —
New *Clælias* vye in *Fame* with *Greece* or *Rome*,





A L E T T E R

*From a Young Gentleman at Oxford, to his
Friend in London.*

THO' plagu'd with Algebraic *Lectures*
And Astronomical *Conjectures*,
Wean'd from the Sweets of *Poetry*,
To *Scraps* of dry *Philosophy*,
You see, Dear *M*—— I've found a Time
T'*express* my *Thoughts* to you in *Rhime*;
For why — you'll say — shou'd distant *Parts*,
Or *Time*, disjoint united *Hearts*:
Since, then, by intervening *Space*,
Depriv'd of speaking *Face* to *Face*,

By

74 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

By faithful, emissary *Letter*,
We may *converse*, as well — or better.

But not to *stretch* my narrow *Fancy*
To shew what *pretty Things* I can say,
As *some* will *strain* at *Simile*,
First work it *fine* — and then *apply*;
Add *Butler's* Rhimes, to *Prior's* Thoughts,
And strive to *mimick* others *Faults*;
By *Head* and *Shoulders* bring in, a *Stick*,
To shew their *Knack* at *Hudibrastic*;
I'll tell you as a *Friend*, and *Crony*,
How, here, I spend my *Time*, and *Money*.

No more Majestic *Virgil's Heights*,
Nor tow'ring *Milton's* lofty *Flights*,
Nor courtly *Horace's* *Rebukes*,
Who banters *Vice* with friendly *Jokes*,
Nor *Congreve's* *Life*, nor *Cowley's* *Fire*,
Nor all the *Beauties* which *conspire*,

To

To place the greenest *Bays* upon
Th' Immortal *Brow* of *Addison* ;
Prior's inimitable *Ease*,
Nor *Pope's* harmonious *Numbers* please :
How can Poetic *Flow'rs* abound,
How *spring* in Philosophic *Ground* ?
Homer, indeed, (if I cou'd shew it,)
Was both *Philosopher*, and *Poet* ;
But tedious Philosophic *Chapters*
Quite *stifle* my Poetic *Raptures*,
And I to *Phæbus* bid *adieu*,
When first I took my *Leave* of *You*.

Now *Algebra*, and *Geometry*,
Arithmetic, *Astronomy*,
Optics, *Chronology*, and *Statics*,
(All tiresome *Parts* of *Mathematics*)
With twenty harder *Names* than *These*,
Disturb my *Brains*, and *break* my *Peace* :

All

All seeming *Inconsistences*
 Are nicely *solv'd*— by *A's* and *B's* —
 Our *Senses*, are *disprov'd* by *Prisms*,
 Our *Arguments*, by *Syllogisms* ;
 If I shou'd confidently *write*,
 'This *Ink* is *black* — this *Paper* *white* —
 They *contradict* it — and *perplex* One —
 With *Motion* — *Light* — and its *Reflexion* —
 And *solve* th' apparent *Falshood* by
 The curious *Structure* of the *Eye* :
 Shou'd you the *Poker* want --- and take it ---
 When 'tis as *red* as *Fire* can *make* it,
 And burn your *Finger*, or your *Coat*,
 They'd flatly tell you --- 'twas not *Hot* :
 The *Fire*, they *Own*, has *in't*, 'tis true,
 A *Pow'r* of causing *Pain* in *You* ;
 But no more *Heat's* in *Fire* — that *beats* you —
 Than there is *Pain* in *Stick* — that *beats* you.
 Thus, too, *Philosophers* expound
 The Sense of *Odour*, *Taste*, and *Sound* ;

That

That *Wine*, and *Verjuice*, *Grapes*, and *Dung*,
Affect the *Fibres* of the *Tongue*;
Carnations, *Violets*, and *Roses*,
 Raise a *Sensation* in our *Noses*,
 But that there's *None* of us can *tell*
 That *These*, have *Taste* -- or *Those*, have *Smell*:
 That when melodious *Barbier* sings,
 Or, *Garthing* tunes the trembling *Strings*,
 Or, when the *Trumpet's* brisk *Alarms*,
 Call forth the eager *Youth* to *Arms*,
Convey'd thro' undulating *Air*,
 The *Musick's* only in our *Ear*.
 We're told how *Planets* roll on *high*,
 How *large* their *Orbits*, and how *nigh*;
 I hope, in little *Time*, to *know*
 Whether the *Moon's* a *Cheese*, or no;
 Whether the *Man* in't — as *Some* tell y' —
 With *Beef* and *Carrot*, stuffs his *Belly*;
 Why, like a *Lunatic*, confin'd,
 He lives at *distance* from *Mankind*,

When

When one brisk, resolute *Attack*,
 Might *whirl* his *Prison* off his *Back* ;
 Or like a *Maggot* in a *Nut*,
 He soon might *eat* his *Passage* out.

Pray don't, this *Due* to *Friendship*, take,
 As merely *writ*, for writing *Sake*,
 Nor longer *doubt* my true *Respect*,
 Or call this short *Delay* --- *Neglect* ;
 For *He* that *Rhimes*, to make you *easy*,
 And his *Invention* strains to please ye,
 To shew his *Friendship*, racks his *Brains*,
 And is a *Madman*, if he *feigns*.





An I N T R O D U C T I O N *to a*
P O E T I C A L E P I S T L E.

A LATE *Epistle*, having chose
To write, in *Rhime*, instead of *Prose*,
I find I must, again, sit down
To bite my *Nails* — and scratch my *Crown* ---
Both which are *Actions Poets* use
When *They*, in vain, *invoke* their *Muse* :
Have you not seen a pensive *Dick*,
Biting his *Fingers* to the *Quick*,
Sit *thoughtful* wrapp'd in a brown *Study*,
Because, forsooth! his *Brains* are *muddy*?
But yet, at last, by lucky *Bite*,
Hits off the *Thing* -- and all comes *right*.

Now

Now shou'd you ask, how *Scratching* does,
 A pleasing *Turn* of Thought, *produce* ;
 Why --- *Friction* puts the *Blood* in *Motion* ---
Better than Doctor's *Pill*, or *Potion* :
Scratching the *Noddle* does the same ;
 It *brisks* up the *Poetic Flame*,
 Which lay *conceal'd* (like *Fire* in *Embers*)
 And thus *inspires* harmonious *Numbers*.
 So when I *write* --- and find I'm *dull* ---
 I strait begin to *claw* my *Skull* ;
 And, having *claw'd* a proper *Time*,
 You can't *conceive* how *fast* I *Rhime* ---
 On any *Subject*, fitly chosen,
 I'll write you *Verses*— twenty *Dozen*.

But, faith --- I think 'tis all a *Joke*
 Or *This* -- or *That Muse* to *invoke*,
 For when we have a *Mind* to *write*,
They ne'er can *help* Us to *indite* ;

The *Damfels* live on *Mount Parnassus*,
 Which is a great way off, (*Jove* blefs Us!)
 Who, then, can think, at such a *Distance*,
 That *They* can *bear*, or lend *Assistance*?
 Thus *Baal's* Priests, with hideous *Noise*,
 Implor'd their *God* to hear their *Voice*:
 They *bawl'd* — and cry'd with all their *Might* —
 And *cut* Themselves, from *Morn* till *Night*;
 They *back'd* — and *bew'd* with *Swords* and *Lances* —
 And *play'd* an hundred idle *Fancies* —
 The streaming *Gore* ran down their *Bodies*,
 Yet, (heedless of such raving *Noddy's*)
Baal was *deaf* — paid no *Regard* —
 Nor *shew'd*, by any *Signs*, he *heard*.

Now, is it not the same *Grimace*,
 (Tho' 'tis *eternally* the *Case*)
 When *Poets* write, to *cant* and *whine*,
 And beg *Assistance* from the *Nine*?

“ Assist me, *Muse*, inspire my Lay”

Is what these *Scribblers* always say —

If They are *writing* but a *Sonnet*,

On *Thing* so mean as *Highland Bonnet* ;

And, when the *Fault's* in *Pericran'i*,

They *supplicate* their dear — *Urani*'.

But — *granting*, that the *Muses* hear

Five Thousand *Miles*, as well as *near* —

What — is their *Zeal* for Songs so *fervent*,

As ne'er to *fail* their *Humble Servant* ?

Will *They* come flying down, *Post-haste* —

To help a *Poet*, sticking *fast* ?

Or cry — to *Bard* — at *Crambo* thrumming —

Like any *Tavern Boy* — Sir, *Coming* — ?

The *Muses*, thus, will ne'er want *Work*,

If They must *fly* at ev'ry *Jirk* :

Oh ! *hard* their *Case*, if forc'd t'*indite*

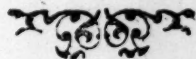
For ev'ry *Booby* — that can *write* !



The W I S H.

By a Young LADY.

I ASK not *Wit*, nor *Beauty* do I crave,
Nor *Wealth*, nor Pompous *Titles*, wish to have;
But since 'tis doom'd, thro' ev'ry *State of Life*,
Whether, a *Daughter* — *Sister* — or a *Wife* —
That *Females* must, the stronger *Males*, obey,
And yield, *reluctant*, to their Tyrant *Sway*;
Since This, I say, is ev'ry Woman's *Fate*,
Give me a *Mind* to suit my slavish *State*.

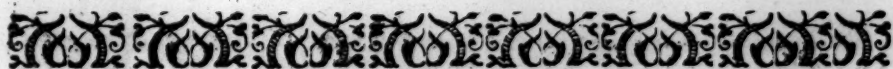




A N S W E R.

NATURE, perversely to thy *Wish*, has given
The choicest *Blessings* of Indulgent *Heav'n*;
Equivocating *Fair*! You ask not *Wit* —
You ask not *Beauty* — neither is it fit —
Your *Mind* were *slavish*, did you love *Excess*,
For only *Misers want* — what They *possess*.

*Mr*



Mr. P——'s EPITAPH *on Himself.*

UNDER this *Marble* — or under this *Sill* —
Under this *Turf* — or just what you will —
Whatever an *Heir*, or a *Friend*, in his stead,
Or any good *Christian*, may lay on his *Head*,
Lies one, who ne'er car'd, and who cares not a *Pin*,
What They said — or may say — of the *Mortal*
within :

Who *living*, or *dying*, still resign'd, and still *free*,
Trusts in *God* — that as well as he *was* — he *shall be*.





An EPISTLE to Sir H. S—e.

SINCE you, dear *Doctor* ! sav'd my *Life*,
 By Turns to *bless*, and *plague* my *Wife* ;
 In *Conscience*, I'm *oblig'd* to do
 Whatever is *enjoin'd* by *You* ;
 According, then, to your *Command*,
 That I shou'd *search* the *Western Land*,
 For curious *Things* of ev'ry *Kind*,
 And send you *All* that I cou'd *find*,
 I've ravag'd *Air*, *Earth*, *Sea* and *Caverns*,
Men, *Women*, *Children*, *Towns* and *Taverns*,
 And greater *Rarities* can shew
 Than *GRESHAM's Children* ever *knew* ;

Which

Which Carrier *Dick* shall bring you down,
Next Time his *Waggon* comes to Town.

First -- I've two *Drops* of that same *Show'r*,
Which *Jove*, in *Danae's* Lap, did *pour* ;
At *Carthage* bought, the *Sword* I'll send,
Which brought Queen *Dido* to her *End* ;
The *Stone* by which *Goliab* dy'd,
That cures the *Head-ach*, well *apply'd* ;
The *Snake's Skin*, which you may *believe*,
The *Devil* cast, who tempted *Eve* ;
A *Fig-leaf Apron* — 'tis the *same*
Which *Adam* wore, to hide his *Shame*,
But now wants *dearning* — I've, beside,
The *Blow*, by which poor *Abel* dy'd ;
A *Whetstone*, worn exceeding *small*,
Time us'd to *whet* his *Scytbe* withal ;
The *Pidgeon* stuff'd, which *Noah* sent
To tell him when the *Waters* went ;

A Ring I've got of *Sampson's Hair*,
 The *same* which *Dalilah* did wear;
 St. *Dunstan's Tongs*, which, Story shews,
 Once pinch'd the *Devil* by the *Nose*;
 The very *Shaft*, (as all may see,)

Which *Cupid* shot at *ANTHONY*;
 And, what, above the Rest, I prize,
 A *Glance* — from *CLEOPATRA's Eyes*:
 Some Strains of *Eloquence*, which hung,
 In *Roman Times*, on *TULLY's Tongue*;
 Which long conceal'd, and lost had been,
 Till C—WP—R found 'em out again:
 Then I've, most curious to be seen,
 A *Scorpion's Bite*, to cure the *Spleen*;
 A *Goad*, that rightly us'd, wou'd prove
 A certain *Remedy* for *Love*:
 As *Moore* cures *Worms*, in *Stomach* bred,
 I've *Pills* cure *Maggots*, in the *Head*;
 With the *Receipt*, too, how to make 'em,
 To *You* I leave the *Time* to take 'em:

I've

I've got a *Ray* of *Phæbus' Shrine*,
 Found at the *Bottom* of a *Mine*;
 A *LAWYER's* Conscience, *large* and *fair*,
 Fit for a *JUDGE* himself to wear;
 I've a choice *Nostrum*, fit to make
 An *Oath*, a *Catholic* won't take;
 In a *Thumb Phial*, you shall see,
 Close *cork'd*, some *Drops* of *HONESTY*;
 Which after *searching Kingdoms* round,
 At last, I in a *Cottage* found;
 An *Antidote*, (if such there be,)
 Against the *Charms* of *Flattery*:
 I han't collected any *Care*,
 Of *That* there's *Plenty* ev'ry where;
 But, after wond'rous *Labour* spent,
 I've got *one Grain* — of rich *CONTENT*.

It is my *Wish* — as 'tis my *Glory* —
 To furnish your *Nick-nack-a-tory*;

I only *beg*, whene'er you *shew* 'em,
 You'll *tell* your *Friends*, to whom you *cwe* 'em ;
 Which may your other *Patients* teach
 To do — as has done — *Yours*,

J. H.





To the DISCONTENTED.

Imitated partly from Casimire. B. 4. Ode 15.

*Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo
Multa? quid terras alio calentes
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exsul
Se quoque fugit?*

HOR. OD.

VARIA, there's *Nothing* here that's *free*
From wearisome *Anxiety*;
And the whole *Round* of Mortal Joys,
With short *Possession*, tires and cloy:

'Tis

92 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

'Tis a dull *Circle* that we tread,
 Just from the *Window* to the *Bed*;
 We rise to *see*; and to be *seen*,
 Gaze on the *World* a-while; and *then*,
 We yawn — and stretch — to sleep again.
 But *Fancy*, that uneasy *Guest*,
 Still holds a *Lodging* in our *Breast*;
 She finds, or frames *Vexations*, still,
Herself the greatest *Plague* we feel.
 We take strange *Pleasure* in our *Pain*,
 And make a *Mountain* of a *Grain*;
 Assume the *Load* -- and pant -- and sweat
 Beneath th' imaginary *Weight*;
 With our Dear *Selves* we live at *Strife*,
 While the most constant *Scenes* of *Life*,
 From peevish *Humours*, are not free,
 Still we affect ——— *Variety*;
 Rather than pass an easy *Day*,
 We fret -- and chide the *Hours* away;
 Grow weary of the circling *SUN*,
 And vex, that He shou'd ever run

The same, old *Track* — and *still* — and *still*
Rise red behind yon *Eastern Hill*;
 We *chide* the *MOON*, that *darts* her *Light*
 Thro' the same *Casement*, ev'ry *Night*.

We *shift* our *Chambers*, and our *Homes*,
 To *dwell* where *Trouble* never comes:
Sylvia has left the *City Croud*,
 Against the *Court*, exclaims aloud,
 Flies to the *Woods* — A *Hermit Saint* —
 She *loaths* her *Patches*, *Pins*, and *Paint*;
 Dear *Di'monds*, from her *Neck*, are torn,
 But *Humour* — that eternal *Thorn*!
Sticks in her *Heart*; she's *hurry'd* still
 'Twixt her wild *Passions*, and her *Will*;
Haunted and *hagg'd*, where-e'er she *roves*,
 By *purling Streams*, or *shady Groves*,
 Or, with her *Furies* — or her *Loves*.

Then

Then — our own Native *Land* we hate —
 Too cold -- too windy --- or too wet ;
 Change the thick *Climate*, and repair
 To *France* --- or *Italy* -- for *Air* ;
 In vain we *change*, in vain we *fly* —
 Go *Silvia* — mount the whirling *Sky* —
 Or ride upon the feather'd *Wind* —
 In vain — if thy diseased *Mind*
 Clings fast, and still sits close behind.
 Faithful *Disease* ! that never fails,
 On rolling *Wheels*, or flying *Sails*,
Attendance at her Lady's Side,
 Over the *Desart*, or the *Tide*.

Happy the *Soul* that *VIRTUE* shews
 To fix the *Place* of her *Repose* !
 Needless to move --- for *She* can dwell
 In her Old *Grandfire's* Hall as well :

Virtue

VIRTUE, that never loves to *roam*,
But sweetly *hides* Herself at *Home* ;
And easy, on a Native *Throne*
Of humble *Turf*, sits gently *down*.

Yet shou'd tumultuous *Storms* arise,
And mingle *Earth* — and *Sea* --- and *Skies* —
Shou'd the *Waves* *swell*, and make her *roll*
Across the *Line* --- or near the *Pole* ---
Still She's at *Peace* ; for well she *knows*
To *launch* the *Stream* that *Duty* shews,
And make her *Home* where e'er She goes. }
Bear her, ye *Seas* ! upon your *Breast* ---
Or *waft* her, *Winds* ! from *East* to *West*,
On the soft *Air* --- She cannot *find* }
A *COUCH* so *easy* as her *MIND* — }
Nor *breathe* a *CLIMATE* half so *kind*. }





The CATERPILLAR.

A FRENCH FABLE.

THOU *Caterpillar*, that devours
The *Trees* and *Fruits*, the *Shrubs* and
Flow'rs ---

Begone --- nor more *infest* this *Grove*,
Sacred to *Pleasure*, and to *Love* :

This *Sylvia* said --- with angry *Frown* ---

And *shook* the *Reptile* from her *Gown* ;

Who calmly cry'd --- *Insulting Dame* !

Thy glorious *Pride* from *Insects* came ;

I'm in my *Dishabille*, 'tis true,

But soon shall *take* a lovelier *Hue*,

When

When I commence a *Butterfly*,
With *Wings* whose *Colours* yours shall vie;
Then cease Us *Insects* to perplex,
Who are the *Emblems* of your *Sex*;
You're *Caterpillars*, when you rise,
And when you're *dress'd*, you're *Butterflies*.





*Occasion'd by the Death of the AUTHOR'S
only Son about six Years old.*

DIG a Grave, and dig it deep,
Where my *Child*, and I may sleep ;
Near some haggard, blasted Oak,
Where the Midnight Ravens Croak ;
Or some nodding, frightful Cliff,
Whence the *Wretched* find Relief —
Lay me down in mournful State ;
Mournful, as my luckless Fate :
Scorpion'd *Furies* haste to come,
And with your *Horroures* grace my Tomb :
Hitber, ruin'd Maids repair,
And, with your *Cries*, torment the *Air* :

Here

*Here, let Tears of Orphans flow,
To swell the dreadful Pomp of Woe :
Let the Mother frantic, wild,
Mourn her lost — her dearest Child —
Sweet (if such a One can be)
As cruel Fates have torn from Me —
Then, when you see her Bosom bare,
Ghastly Looks, of wild Despair,
View my Sorrow — painted there.*

}





On the Same.

MUST that soft *Frame* in *Dust* be laid,
 Nor *sparkle* more those *Eyes*?
 Nor longer *glow* those *Cheeks* with *Red*,
 More *pure*, than *Tyrian Dyes*.

O Coward *Death*! Thou'lt *miss'd* thy *Aim* —
 The happy *Victim* see!
 And *know* — thy *Dart* gave *Life* — to *Him*,
 And only *Death*, to *Me*.





The VANITY of AMBITION.

—— Mors sola fatetur

Quantula sunt Hominum corpuscula. ——

JUV.

THERON, amongst his Travels, found
A broken Statue on the Ground;
And searching, onward as He went,
He trac'd — a ruin'd Monument.
Mould, Moss and Shrubs had over-grown
The Sculpture of the crumbling Stone;
Yet e'er he pass'd, with much ado,
He guess'd, and spelt out — Sci—pi—o.

Enough, he cry'd, I'll *drudge* no more
 In *turning* the dull *Stoics* o'er ;
 Let *Pédants* waste their Hours of *Ease*,
 And *sweat* all Night at *Socrates* ;
 Teach *Boys*, with tedious *Notes* and *Rules*,
 (Those idle *Recipes* of *Schools*,)
 To cure *Ambition*: I can learn
 With greater *Ease*, the great *Concern*
 Of *Mortals*; how we may *despise*
 All the gay *Things* below the *Skies*.

Methinks, a mould'ring *Pyramid*
 Learns us what Ancient *Sages* said ;
 For *Me*, these shatter'd *Tombs* contain
 More *Morals*, than the *Vatican*.
 The *Dust* of *Heroes* cast abroad,
 And *kick'd*, and *trampled* in the *Road*;

The

The *Reliques* of a lofty *Mind*,
 That lately *Wars*, and *Crowns* design'd,
 Toft, for a *Jest*, from *Wind* to *Wind*,
 Bid me be *Humble*, and forbear
 Tall *Monuments* of *Fame* to rear,
 Which are but *Castles* in the *Air*.
 The tow'ring *Heights*, and frightful *Falls*,
 The ruin'd *Heaps* and *Funerals*
 Of smoking *Kingdoms*, and their *Kings*,
 Tell me a thousand mournful *Things*
 In melancholy *Silence* ———

————— He,
 That *Living*, cou'd not bear to fee
 An *Equal* — now lies *torn* and *dead* —
 Here, his pale *Trunk* — and there, his *Head*.
 Great *Pompey* ! while I *meditate*,
 With solemn *Horrou*, thy sad *Fate*,
 Thy *CARCASS* scatter'd on the *Shore*,
 Without a *Name* — instructs me more —
 Than my whole *LIBRARY* before.

Lie still — my *Plutarch* then, and sleep;
 And, my good *Seneca*, pray keep
 Your *Volumes* clos'd for ever, too;
 I have no further *Use* for *You*:
 For when I find my *Virtue* fail,
 And my *Ambitious* Thoughts prevail,
 I'll take a *Turn* among the *Tombs*,
 And see whereto all *Glory* comes:
 There the vile *Foot* of ev'ry *Clown*
 Tramples a *Charles* — or *Nassau* down;
 Beggars — with awful *Ashes* sport —
 And tread on *Cæsars* — in the *Dirt*.





The S T I L T S.

I.

L *EAVING* the *Grammar*, for his *Play*,
 Forgetful of the *Rod*,
Tott'ring on *Stilts*, thro' *Mire* and *Dirt*,
 The *SCHOOLBOY* strols abroad.

II.

Why does the *Innocent Delight*,
 Provoke the *Pedant's Spleen*?
Look round the *World*, thou *Fool*! and *learn*.
 The *Use* — of this *Machine*.

III.

III.

When, quite *deserted* by his *Muse*,
 The sinking *Sonneteer*
Hammers, in vain, a senseless *Verse*,
 To please *Belinda's* Ear.

IV.

The mighty *Void* of *Wit* he stops,
 With a successful *Chime*,
 On *Stilts Poetic* — rises quick —
 And *leans* — upon his *Rhyme*.

V.

'Thro' *Fields* of *Blood*, the *Gen'ral* stalks,
 And *Fame* sits on his *Hilt* ;
 'Till *Sword*, or *Gun*, at length bestows
 An honourable — *Stilt*.

VI.

The tricking *Statesman*, propt on *These*,
His *Virtues* boasts aloud,
And *rais'd* on gilded *Stilts* aloft,
Steps o'er the murm'ring *Croud*.

VII.

With well-diffembled *Anguish*, see
The cheating *Rascal* beg,
And, by a *Counterfeit* — gain more —
Than by a *real Leg*.

VIII.

Yet on the *Boy's* instructive *Sport*
Is this *Contrivance* built —
The *Source*, from whence his *Gains* arrive,
What is it — but a *Stilt*?

IX.

IX.

Corinna's Fair — of Stature low —
Yet this *Defect* supplies
With Stilt-like *Heels*, that may assist
The *Conquest* of her *Eyes*.

X.

See — in his second *Childhood*, faint,
The *Old Man* walks with *Pain*,
On *Crutches*, imitates his *Stilts*,
And *Acts* the *Boy* again.

XI.

So well *concerted* is this *Art*,
It *suits* with all *Conditions* —
Heroes, and *Ladies* — *Beggars* — *Bards* —
And *Boys* — and *Politicians*.

XII.

XII.

Long, thro' the various *Road* of Life,
Each *Artist* walks unburt,
Till *Death*, at last, *kicks* down the *Stilts*,
And *lays* him in the *Dirt*.





The HOG and the ASS.

A FABLE.

I.

AS I rummaging was,
Over *Æsop's* old *Saws*,
On the *Fable* I happen'd to dip,
Where, with *envious Eye*,
An *Ass* did *espy*
A *Hog*, as he lay fast *asleep*.

II.

II.

Well liking He was,
Nay — in special *fat Case*;
And he *snor'd* it away so *soundly*,
That *All* who came by,
Might well *grudge* him his *Stye*;
When, thus, the *Afs* gave it him *roundly*.

III.

Shall *You* — a P—x on you!
Have these *Honours* done you,
On *Melons* to feed, and such *Fruits*,
And daintily *snore*,
While, *sleepless* and *Poor*,
I'm *fobb'd* off with *Thistles* and *Roots*?

IV.

IV.

But it happen'd one Day,
 As the *Afs* came that way,
 Upon *Bus'ness*, and not idle *Rambles*,
 That *Porket*, from *Knife*,
 In *Danger* of *Life*,
 Was, *clamouring*, dragg'd to the *Shambles*.

V.

Quoth the *Afs*, (by his *Cry*,
 Being drawn pretty *nigh*,)
 Poor *Fat-Guts*! if such thy hard *Case* ;
 If, for no other *End*,
 Thou wert *stuff'd* — by thy *Friend* —
 I'm *content* to jog on — like an *Afs*.





A S O N G,

Compos'd for SEIGNIORA STRADA,
and intended for the Close of DRYDEN'S
ODE *on* St. CÆCILIA'S DAY.

Set to Musick by Mr. HANDEL.

RECITATIVO.

SOUND, Sound — let distant *Worlds*, thro' end-
less Ages, know

What, to revolving *Time*, illustrious *Britons* owe!

See! See! a greater *Monarch* of our Own

Adds *Lustre* to the *Throne!*

114 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Faint is the mighty *Boast* of *Ancient Story*,
Young *AMMON*'s *Fame* must yield to *GEORGE*'s
Glory --

His faded *Honours* die away,
Eclips'd by *GEORGE*'s *brighter Day*.

AIR.

Happy *HERO* ! *CONSORT* blest'd !
More than *Worlds* are in thy *Breast* ;
Spotless *Purity* and *Love*
Still your growing *Joy*s improve ;
VALOUR bows at *VIRTUE*'s *Shrine* —
GEORGE's Prize is *CAROLINE*.

Or thus,

Happy *HERO* ! *CONSORT* blest'd !
Parents of a *Race Divine* !
Born to free Mankind oppress'd,
And in latest *Annals* shine.

Heav'n-

Heav'n-born *Virtues* blended meet
 Fairest Gift of bounteous *Jove* —
Chaste *Enjoyments*, ever sweet,
Bloom in *CAROLINA's Love*.

C H O R U S.

Happy, happy, happy *Pair*!
None but the *Brave*,
None but the *Brave*,
None but the *Brave* deserve the *Fair*.





P O L L Y A U S T I N .

A S O N G .

I.

THE wealthy *Fop* with *Presents* wooes,
Which he bestows much *Cost* in ;
The *Poet* Poor invokes his *Muse*,
And each contends for — *Austin*.

II.

Let *Swift*, on *Molly Mogg* the Fair,
His Verses be *exhausting*,
While I, a meaner *Bard*, declare
The brighter Charms of — *Austin*.

III.

III.

Let *Gluttons* place Delight in *Meats*,
Which fragrant Spice is *sauc'd in*,
Arabian Spices lose their *Sweets*,
If but compar'd with — *Austin*.

VI.

Ambitious Men Preferment choose,
Which all their Thoughts are *lost in* ;
Like *Anthony*, the *World* I'd lose,
Cou'd I but win fair — *Austin*.

V.

The *Seaman's* happy when on *Shore*,
No *Billows* then he's *toft in* ;
I shou'd be *blefs'd* as much, nay more,
Were I but *lov'd* by — *Austin*.

VI.

Divide the *Needle* from the *Pole*,
 The *Project* you'd be *cross'd* in;
 Nor can you ever turn my *Soul*
 To any *Fair* — but *Austin*.

VII.

But, ah! these *Verses* are in vain,
 Which I the *Fair* *accost* in,
 And scarce a *Smile* shall I obtain
 From lovely — cruel *Austin*.

VIII.

Cou'd I with Art the *Passions* move
 Like *Tully*, or *Demosthene*,
 I fear 'twou'd all successless prove,
 Nor melt the Heart — of *Austin*.

IX.

IX.

When dead, place *Marble* o'er my *Grave*,
With these few Lines *embost* in,
Here *Robert* lies — the faithful *Slave*
Of *Love* — and *Polly Austin*.

X.

He dy'd just like the drooping *Flow'r*,
When *Winter* brings the *Frost* in ;
So great the *Charms* — so great the *Pow'r* —
Of that dear *Angel* — *Austin*.





V E R S E S

*Sent by Dr. W---nt---r, M. D. to Dr.
Ch---yn---y, at BATH.*

I.

TELL me from whence, fat-headed SCOT!
Thy * *System* thou didst learn;
From HIPPOCRATE, Thou hadst it not,
Nor CELSUS, nor PITCAIRN.

II.

* He wrote an *Essay on long Life*, wherein he recommends a *Milk Diet* to all *Valetudinarians*.

II.

What, tho' we own that *Milk* is good,
And say the same of *Grass*;
The *One* — for *BABES* is proper *Food* —
The *Other* — for an *ASS*.

III.

Doctor — a new *Prescription* try —
A *Friend's* Advice forgive;
Eat *Grass* — reduce your *Head* — or *die* —
Your *PATIENTS* then may *Live*.



ANSWER



A N S W E R.

By Dr. Ch--yn--y.

I.

MY System *Doctor* —'s all my Own,
No *Tutor* I pretend ;
My *Blunders* hurt *myself* alone,
But *Yours* — your dearest * *Friend*.

II.

* Dr. *W—nt—r* pretended that Dr. *Friend* was his *Tutor*. —

II.

Were you, once more, to *STRAW* confin'd,
How happy might it be —
You wou'd, perhaps, regain your *Mind*,
Or from your *WIT* get free.

III.

I can't your new *Prescription* try,
But easily *forgive* ;
'Tis *nat'ral* you shou'd bid me *Die*,
That you *Yourself* may *Live*.





The JEALOUS MISTRESS.

A S O N G.

I.

IN vain, my *Chloe*, you suggest
That I *inconstant* have *possess'd*,
Or *lov'd* a fairer *She*;
Wou'd you, with *Ease*, at once be *cur'd*,
Of all those *Ills* you've long endur'd,
Consult your *Glass*, and see.

II.

If *then* you think that I can *find*
A *Nymph* more *fair*, or One more *kind*,
You've *Reason* for your *Tears*;
But if *impartial* you will *prove*
To your own *Beauty*, or my *Love*,
How *needless* are your *Fears*?

III.

III.

If, in my way, I shou'd by *chance*,
Give, or receive, a wanton *Glance*,
I like, but while I view ;
How slight's the *Glance* — how faint's the *Kiss* —
To that much more substantial *Bliss*,
Which I receive from *You* ?

IV.

With wanton *Flight*, the curious *Bee*
Ranges from *Flow'r* to *Flower* free,
And where each *Blossom* blows ;
Extracts the *Juice* from all he meets,
But, for the *Quintessence* of *Sweets*,
He ravishes the *ROSE*.

V.

V.

So I, my *Passion* to employ,
 And taste *variety* of *Joy*,
 From *Nymph*, to *Nymph*, do *ream*;
 Perhaps, see *Fifty* in a *Day* —
 These are but *Visits* which I pay;
 Still *CHLOE* is my *HOME*.





On the DEATH of G—ge M—dd, Esq;

WHILE Martial Sounds, and loftier Strains
proclaim

The *Hero's Acts*, and never-dying *Fame*;
Tell where embattled *Armies* he *withstood*,
In *Fields of Slaughter*, and in *Seas of Blood*;
Passions *subdu'd*, I sing — a *noiseless Strife* —
And the *still Triumphs* — of a *private Life* :
Let humble *Piety* some *Honours* share,
And silent *Virtue* be the *Muses Care*.

Hail, gentle *Shade*! with milder *Glories* blest,
Wisdom compos'd, and *ru'd* thy peaceful *Breast*;

Wisdom

128. *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Wisdom Divine, its pleasing *Influence* shed,
 O'er all thy *Thoughts*, diffusive *Calmness* spread ;
 Its lenient *Balm* did ev'ry *Care* assuage,
 And smooth'd the harsh *Severity* of *Age* ;
Content of *Spirit*, *Harmony* of *Mind*,
Hope well directed, and a *Will* resign'd,
Bloom'd in thy *Face* — in ev'ry *Look* was seen,
 The *Innocence*, and *Peace* — that smil'd *within*.

GREECE, to thy *Search*, its hidden *Stores* display'd,
 Her *Learning* — but without her *Pride* — convey'd ;
 Thy easy *Soul* inglorious *Silence* pleas'd ;
 Thy *Fame* neglected was by *Others* seiz'd ;
 What *Names* by *M—dd's* unknown *Assistance* shine ?
Theirs all the *PRAISE* — while all the *LABOUR's*
Thine.

Thus tributary *SPRINGS* obscurely glide,
 And secret *Currents* swell the rising *Tide* ;
 Proudly the celebrated *Waters* flow,
 But, to some nameless *URN*, their *Fulness* owe.

The

Thro' all the *Rigours* of Inclement *Air*,
Still Thou wou'dst *hasten* to the *House of Pray'r*;
RELIGION warm'd thy *Breast*, whose pious *Flame*
The *Snow of Winter*, and of *Time*, o'ercame:
Sober thy *Gesture*, and thy *Mind* intent,
While ev'ry *Vow* to *Heav'n* in quiet went;
No holy *GUSTS* of clam'rous *ZEAL* broke out;
Good, without *Noise* — and silently, *devout*.

Hoary, and *still*, thus *ÆTNA's* Top appear'd;
No rushing *Fires* were seen — no *Tumult* heard —
No *Strokes* amaz'd the *World*, with *outward Din*,
Whilst *heav'nly ARMOUR* was prepar'd *within*.

Such *liv'd* He — such we *mourn* — reserv'd, retir'd,
By *Virtue*, and her *Friends*, belov'd, admir'd —
Till the vex'd *Soul*, with aged *Limbs oppress'd*,
A new *Retirement* sought, and fled to *endless Rest*.



OVID AMOR: LIB. I. ELEG. I.

Imitated -- and Inscrib'd to CLARISSA.

THE Fate of *Empires*, and the Pomp of *War*,
 And *Heroes* mark'd with many an honest *Scar*,
 I strove to *sing* — to paint th' imbattled *Plain* —
 In solemn *Sounds*, and proud *MILTONIC STRAIN*:
 Sly *Cupid* smil'd — and, “are you so *sublime*?”
 Hecry'd -- and *jingled* all my Thoughts to *RHIME*.

Insolent *Boy*! o'er *Verse* such *Sway* to claim,
Verse sacred to the *Muses*, and to *Fame*:

With

With her soft *Reign* content, the *Queen of Love*,
 To shine in *Arms*, ne'er quits th' *Idalian Grove*:
 Fond of the *War*, stern *Pallas* ne'er aspires,
 With aukward *Grace*, to fan the *Lover's Fires*:
 Does *Mars*, with vocal *Touch*, soft *Notes* command?
 Or gleams the threat'ning *Spear*, in *Phæbus' Hand*?
 Do *Button's Smarts* (dread *Critics* of the *Pit*!
 With empty *Pockets*, but aspiring *Wit*)
 On fluctuating *Stocks* in *Judgement* fit?
 Or *Cits* at *Gar'way's*, o'er their *Pipes* so sage,
 With *Græcian Rules* reform the *British Stage*,
 Praise labour'd *Johnson's Art* — or *Shakespear's*
nobler Rage?

Does the starch'd *Prude* coquettish *Airs* put on,
 Or *run* — or *squeal* — or *flirt* the rattling *Fan*?
 Or with set *Face*, demure, and *Gesture* screw'd,
 Invades the free *Coquet* the Province of the *Prude*?
 But *you*, incroaching *God*! tho' wide your *Reign*,
 Thro' Drove of *Fools*, drag your fantastic *Chain*;
 Impatient of the *Muses* rival *Throne*,
 Grasp at new *Sway*, and *Kingdoms* not your own.

132 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Is all then *Thine*? nor can the tuneful *God*
His *Pindus* boast, the *Poet's* lov'd *Abode*;
Its ecchoing *Grotto's*, and its murm'ring *Springs*,
Nor claim the *Realms* of *Verse*, and *Pow'r* of speaking
Strings?

Cease, *Tyrant*! cease — in tinkling *Chains* to bind
The *Epic Song* — and curb my tow'ring *Mind*:
I ne'er, in *Honour* of some fav'rite *Lass*,
With fulsome *Praise* pollute the purer *Glass*;
Nor can in piteous *Madrigal* complain,
Beneath the *Willow* of my *Fair's Disdain*.

Thus I, in angry *Tone* — the vengeful *Boy*
Cull'd a keen *Shaft*, instructed to *destroy* —
With all his little *Might* the *Bow* he *drew*,
And, whizzing thro' my *Heart*, the feather'd *Mischief*
flew:

Then thus, with *Scorn*, the *God* — great *Bard*
receive

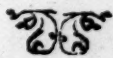
The noblest Subject *Cupid's Pow'r* can give;

Hence

Hence shall *CLARISSA*'s Name thy Strain *inspire*,
And tune to *Love*, once more, the sacred *Lyre*.

I feel the *God* — the rising *Passion* prove —
Too sure the *Arrow* — and too mighty *Love* —
Hence, then, ye *laurel'd Chiefs*, far hence, away!
PHARSALIA's *Field* — and *BLLENHEIM*'s glo-
rious *Day* —

Farewel, ye *Troops*! in dreadful *Pomp* array'd,
And mighty *Thoughts*, in sounding *Words* convey'd!
Love's gentler *Wars* to sing, shall be my *Care*,
And celebrate the *Triumphs* of the *Fair* —
Ye *Nymphs*, then, view me with approving *Eyes*,
And, crown'd with *MYRTLE*, I'll the *BAYS*
despise.





The P R O M I S E.

To Two Young L A D I E S.

FROM grave *Lessons*, and dry *Philosophical Rules*,
 Musty *Morals*, hard *Words*, and the *Cant* of
 the *Schools*,

I break *loose* — and once more my dull *Pegasus*
 climb —

Resolv'd to address you, fair *Ladies*, in *Rhime* ;
 That the *Gingle* may help me, when *Wit's* at a *stand*,
 To tell you *how much* I am at your *Command*.

When in *Town*, we together sat sipping of *Tea*,
 (Ah! who were so *blith* and so *merry* as we)

A *Postscript* I promis'd, no doubt, with *Design*,
That *Jokes*, thick as *Hail*, shou'd enliven each *Line* ;
For your *Smiles* gave me *Hopes* such a wonderful *Lift*
That in *Banter* I fancy'd I out-swifted *Swift* ;
And since *Two SACHARISSAS* I fairly might claim,
Ev'n *WALLER*, sweet *Songster*, in *Thought*, I o'er-
came :

Thus when *Church*, *State* and All, *South-Sea Brokers*
directed,

And *Fools* carry'd on, what by *Knaves* was projected,
Each *Jobber*, at least in his *Hopes*, was a *Peer*,
Chose his *Berlin* — and built noble *Seats* in the
Air —

But when *Paper* for *Gold* wou'd no longer go round,
And a *Pound* in *SOUTH-SEA*, was no more than a
Pound :

Coach and *House* vanish'd quite, (this a *Parson* wou'd
swear at)

And *Pill-Garlick*, on *Foot*, trudges home to his
Garret ;

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So I — for the *Parallel* still will hold *true* —
With *Shame*, (tho' too late,) my rash *Promise* review;
For of *You*, my best *Muses*, *depriv'd*, to my *Cost*
I find the great *Genius* I dreamt of, is *lost*;
But, no more — for these *Lines* when you read,
you'll agree
That my *WIT*, when you're *absent's* as low as
SOUTH-SEA.



An



An EPISTLE to a FRIEND.

THE lively *Figure*, and the bold *Design*
Where *Titian's Art* and *Raphael's Fancy*
shine,
Where *Light* — where *Shade* shou'd on the Object
play —
Or blended *sink* insensibly away —
Dear *Friend*, you know full well — and have by
Heart
All the — *Et Cæteras* — of the *Painter's Art* :
But you'd be *puzzel'd*, shou'd One chance to *ask*,
Where a *dry Friend* — might find a special *Flask* ;
(*Bottle*, I shou'd have said — since humble *Port*
Our *Nectar* is — but *Rhime's* my *Reason* for't—)
What

What *Landlord* boasts a *Damsel* culinary,
 Who can one *Chop* with thousand *Sauces* vary;
 Who best the *Cambrian Rabbit* knows to make,
 Who claims the *Glory* of the fav'ry *Steak* ;
 Where *DOLLY* hits the *Taste* -- or Young *PON-*
 TAC.

These *Sciences* — the boon Companion's Boast —
 You've *slighted* long, but slighted to your *Cost*;
 Remember your fat *Doctor's* sage *Advice* ———
 " *Think less — drink more — you're hearty in a*
 Trice."

Christmas will bring me up to *Town* again,
 Where we shall *meet*, I hope, in merry *Vein*,
 And with free *Mirth* and *Safety*, o'er each *Cup*,
 (Excuse a *Pun* from *Cambridge*) *BITE* — and *sup* :
 Allons -- begin -- let *King* and *Church* go round —
Full be our *Glasses*, as our *Hearts* are *sound* —
 Come, Sir -- your *Belle* -- or *Patriot* -- you're to chuse ;
 For *Ben* and I — as *Poets* — toast our *Muse* :

Hence

Hence *Gravity*, and the contracted *Brow*,
 Away — 'tis *Madness*, to be *sober* now —
 Why does your idle *Flute* in *Silence* lie?
 Let *Music*, ev'ry *Pause* of *Wit*, supply —
 More *Wine* --- fill round -- fill higher yet ---
 I hate a *Niggard* who pretends to *treat* ---
 Loud be our *Mirth* -- let envious * *C--d--ll* hear --
 And *sleepless* lie beside his *Consort* dear ;
 Or, somewhere, to *revenge* his lost *Repose*,
 Amongst his *Maidens* — deal his greasy *Blows*.

Thus will we *live* -- and bid our *Cares* be *dumb*--
 Nor taste *To-morrow's Ills*, before they come :
 Thus *Horace* bids --- whatever *Dotards* think —
 Who *WRITES* like *Horace* — must like *Horace*
DRINK.

* The *Manuscript* does not lead us to guess whom the *Author* means in this Place — but it may be presum'd to have been some R—v—nd *HEAD* of a *College*, who was as *Fat*, as he was *peevish* and *petulant*.



SAPPHO, *to* DELIA.

*Who advis'd her not to spend so much Time
in Publick Places.*

YOU little know the *Heart* which you advise ;
I view the various *Scene*, with equal *Eyes* :
In croud'd *Courts*, I find myself *a'one*,
And pay my *Homage* — to a nobler *Throne* :
Long since the *Value* of the *World* I know ;
Pity the *Madness* — and despise the *Show* ---
Well as I can, my tedious *Part* I bear,
And my *Dismission* wait — without a *Fear* ;

Seldom

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Seldom I mark *Mankind's* detested *Ways*,
Not fearing *Censure* — nor affecting *Praise* —
And *unconcern'd*, my future *State* I trust
To *One Great Being*, *merciful* and *just*.





TO CLARISSA.

ON NEW-YEAR'S DAY, 1743.

O Virgin! or *what other Name you bear*
Above that Stile; O more than Mortal fair!

DRYD. VIRG. ÆN. I.

WHILE ev'ry *Muse*, in lofty *Ode*,
Lifts *England's Monarch*, to a *God*;
Say, shall the *Muses* silent be,
Nor give one *Verse* to *Love*, and *Thee*?
To *Love*, and *Beauty*, still belong
The sacred *Verse* --- the *Muse's Song* ---

Where

Where ev'ry soft *Perfection* joins
T'*inspire*, and *grace* the flowing *Lines* :
In fair *Clarissa*, rapt we view
The *Theme*, and bright *Example* too :
Thy *Voice*, the *Harmony* supplies,
While *Wit*, but sparkles like your *Eyes* :
In each soft *Note* is but exprest
Th' unrival'd *Softness* of your *Breast* ;
The mimic *Numbers* but repeat
The well-tim'd *Motions* of your *Feet* ;
When in the sprightly *Dance* you mix,
The *Pride*, and *Envy* of your *Sex*.

Gayly revolve the New-born *Year*,
Nor stain thy *Beauties* with a *Tear* ;
Long may the blooming *Treasure* last,
And add new *Triumphs* — to the *Past* !
Sickness, and *Pain* far, far remove —
All --- but the pleasing *Pain* of *Love* !

Love

Love thy *Bosom* gently warming,
Hope and *Fear*, by turns, alarming ;
 Ev'ry tender *Wish* inspiring,
 Still *possessing*, still *desiring* ;
 Purest *Inmate* — *Guest* Divine ———
 Spotless *Love* — be ever *Thine*.





The BALD MAN, and the FLY.

PHÆD. FAB. 3 Lib. 5.

A FLY, quite crank and debonair,
(As Flies, in Summer, always are)
Settled on Head of bald Pate Clown,
And sharply bit him by the Crown,
The Rustic, with his vengeful Fist,
Struck at his Enemy — but mist —
And gave Himself (the BEST may ERR)
A swinging Box upon the Ear.
The Fly began to laugh, and grin,
(Those shou'd have Leave to laugh, who win,)

Pray, *Friend*, quoth he — if *Death* alone
 Can for this trifling *Bite* atone,
 What *Penalty* is due to *Those*
 Who, on *THEMSELVES*, inflict such *BLOWS*?

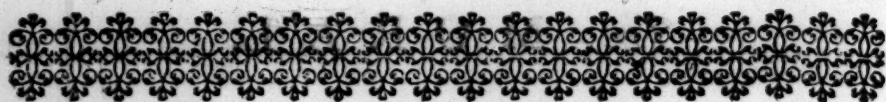
The *CLOWN*, who *kindled* as he *spoke*,
 (*Clowns* are not apt to take a *Joke*),
 Reply'd — the *Blow* I gave *Myself*,
 Was aim'd at *Thee* — thou faucy *Elf*!
 And to *MYSELF* more *Grace* is due,
 Than to such worthless *Scabs* as *YOU*,
 Who with your *Betters* make so *free*,
 And *triumph* in your *Roguery* :
 Much *worse* than *This* I cou'd *endure*,
 To *murder* such a *WRETCH*, as you are.

The

The M O R A L.

JUSTICE, a wide *Distinction* makes,
Between *Design*, and mere *Mistakes*;
Who *JUDGES* wrong, is *guiltless* still,
While he *maintains* an upright *WILL*.





The MULES, *and* *the* HIGHWAYMEN.

PHÆD. Lib. 2. FAB. 7.

IT chanc'd, two *MULES* (no matter whither)
 Journey'd along the *Road* together ;
THIS plodded on, with Sacks of *Wheat* ;
 With Bags of *Gold*, *THAT* march'd in *State* ;
Fantastic, Arrogant, and Proud,
 As conscious of his splendid *Load*,
 One struts like *Beau* in *Birth-Day Suit* ;
 While, at due *distance*, Brother *Brute*
Slouching along, with *modest Air*,
 Made good the *Proverb* — *SOFT AND FAIR.*

When

When lo ! some *THIEVES*, who lay *perdue*,
(Having the goodly *Prize* in view,) *Rush'd* on the *Mule*, so proudly *boasting*,
And *dealt* him a severe *Rib-roasting*;
Nay, *some* will scruple not to tell ye,
They *stab'd* him thro' and thro' the *Belly*;
Took all the *RHINO* they cou'd find,
But left the trump'ry *WHEAT* behind.

Th' unhappy *Suff'rer* in the *Fray*,
(Made *Noise enough*, no doubt, you'll say ;
He did — and *roar'd* so, all the while,
You might have *heard* him many a *Mile* :
His *Brother*, not a *Pin* the *worse*,
Looking on *Riches*, as a *Curse*,
Pray'd *Heav'n*, he always might be *slighted*,
Since *Fortune's* Smiles were thus *requited*.

M O R A L.

SAFE, in *Obscurity*, we lie —
At *SNIFE* and *PHEASANT* All let fly ;
None shoot the *JACK-DAW* or the *PYE*. }





The M A N, *and the* T R E E S.

FAB. 5. á M. GUDIO.

A MAN having got a most excellent *Hatchet*,
(You may hunt a good while, and not easily
match it)

Went forth to the *Woods*, and did humbly *entreat*
For a *Handle*, to fit it, and make it compleat;
Of OAK — or of ASH — or of any such *Tree* —
The *stronger* it was — the more *useful* 'twou'd be:
A *Council* was call'd — when *All* voted for BOX—
'Twas *toughest*, they said, and wou'd bear the most
Knocks :

Well — they gave him the *Wood* — and that being
done —

As the next Thing in *Course*, he straight fitted it on :

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Thus *arm'd*, he began (which, you'll say, was not
Civil)

To *hack* -- and to *hew* the poor *Oaks*-- like a *Devil*:
Quoth *One*, to the *Rest*, with a heart-rending *Groan*,
We've no *Right* to *complain* — since the *Fault* is our
Own.

M O R A L.

W H O lends a *CUDGEL* to his *Foes*,
Must, in return, expect dry *BLOWS*.



Advice



ADVICE *to* BELINDA.

THE *Counsels* of a *Friend*, BELINDA, hear,
Too roughly kind to please a *Lady's Ear* ;
Unlike the *Flat'ries* of a *Lover's Pen*,
Such *Truths* as *WOMEN* seldom learn from *MEN*.
Nor think I praise you ill, when thus I shew
What Female *Vanity* might fear to know :
Some *Merit's* mine, to dare to be *sincere*,
But greater your's, *Sincerity* to bear.

Hard is the *Fortune* that your *Sex* attends ;
WOMEN--like *PRINCES* -- find no real *Friends*;
All

All who approach them their own *Ends* pursue ;
LOVERS and *MINISTERS* are never true :
 Hence oft from *Reason* heedless *Beauty* strays,
 And the most trusted *Guide*, the most *betrays* :
 Hence, by fond *Dreams* of fancy'd *Pow'r*, amus'd,
 When most you *TYRANNIZE*, you're most *A-*
BUS'D.

What is your *Sex's* earliest, latest *Care*,
 Your *Heart's* supreme *Ambition*? — to be *fair*.
 For this the *TOILET* every *Thought* employs,
 Hence all the *Toils* of *Dress*, and all the *Joys* :
 For this *Hands*, *Lips*, and *Eyes* are put to *School*,
 And each instructed *Feature* has its *Rule*;
 And yet how *few* have learnt, when this is giv'n,
 Not to *disgrace* the partial *Boon* of *Heav'n* :
 How *Few*, with all their *Pride* of *Form*, can move ?
 How *Few* are lovely, *Nature* form'd for *Love* ?
 Do you, my *Fair*, endeavour to possess
 An *Elegance* of *MIND*, as well as *DRESS* ;

Be

Be that your *Ornament*, and know to *please*
By graceful *Nature's* unaffected *Ease*.

Nor make to dang'rous *WIT* a vain *Pretence*;
But wisely rest *content* — with modest *Sense*:
For *Wit*, like *Wine*, intoxicates the *Brain*,
Too strong for feeble *Woman* to sustain;
Of *Those* who claim it, more than *half* have none,
And *Half* of *Those* who have it — are undone.

Be still *superior* to your *Sex's Arts*,
Nor think *Dishonesty*, a *Proof* of *Parts*;
For *You*, the plainest is the wisest *Rule*,
A cunning *Woman* — is a knavish *Fool*.

Be good *Yourself*, nor think Another's *Shame*
Can raise your *Merit*, or adorn your *Fame*;
PRUDES rail at *WHORES*, as *STATESMEN*
in *Disgrace*

At *MINISTERS*, because they wish their *Place*.

Virtue

VIRTUE is *amiable, mild, serene,*
 Without, all *Beauty*, and all *Peace* within:
 The *Honour* of a *Prude*, is *Rage* and *Storm* ;
 'Tis *Ugliness*, in its most frightful *Form* :
Fiercely it stands, defying *Gods* and *Men*,
 As fiery *MONSTERS* guard a *GIANT's DEN*.

Seek to be *Good*, but aim not to be *Great*,
 A *Woman's* noblest *Station* — is *Retreat* ;
 Her fairest *Virtues* fly from public *Sight*,
 Domestic *Worth*, that shunsto strong a *Light*.

To rougher *MAN* Ambition's *Task* resign ;
 'Tis *Our's* in *Senates*, or in *Courts* to shine :
 To labour for a sunk corrupted *State*,
 Or dare the *Rage* of *Envy* — and be *Great* :
 One only *Care* your gentle Breasts shou'd move,
 Th' important *Business* of your *Life* — is *Love* ;

To

To this great *Point* direct your constant *Aim*,
This makes your *Happiness*, and *this* your *Fame*.

Be never cool *Reserve*, with *Passion* join'd;
Love not at all, or else be fondly *kind*;
In *This*, *Extreams* alone can truly *blefs*,
The *VIRTUE* of a *Lover* is *EXCESS*.

Contemn the little *PRIDE* of giving *PAIN*,
Nor think that *CONQUEST* justifies *DISDAIN*;
Short is the *Period* of insulting *Pow'r*,
Offended *Cupid* finds his vengeful *Hour*;
Soon will *resume* the *Empire* which he gave,
And soon the *Tyrant* — shall become a *Slave*.

Bless'd is the *Maid*, and worthy to be *bless'd*,
Whose *Soul*, entire by *Him* she loves *possess'd*,
Feels every *Vanity*, in *Fondness* lost,
And asks no *Pow'r*, but that of *pleasing* most:

Her's

Her's is the *Bliss*, in sweet *Return*, to prove
 The honest *Warmth* of undissembled *Love* ;
 For *Her*, inconstant *Man* might cease to range,
 And *Gratitude* forbid *Desire* to change.

Thus I, *Belinda*, wou'd your *Charms* improve,
 And form your *Heart* to all the *Arts* of *Love* :
 The *Task* were harder to secure my *Own*,
 Against the *Pow'r* of *Those* already known ;
 For well you twist the secret *Chains*, that bind
 With gentle *Force*, the captivated *Mind* ;
 Skill'd ev'ry soft *Attraction* to employ,
 Each flatt'ring *Hope*, and each alluring *Joy* :
 I own your *Genius*, and from you receive
 The *Rules* of *pleasing*, which to you I give.





To a FRIEND in the COUNTRY.

By an OFFICER in the ARMY.

FAR distant from each *Object* that refines
The *Soul* to *Love*, and prompts the *flowing*
Lines,

Where *Groves*, nor sunny *Hills* to *Verse* invite,
But *Din* eternal checks the Poet's *Flight*,
The *Muse's Fire*, my *Friend*, but faintly glows,
Till, by degrees, it sickens into *Prose*;
But when a *Friend's* Performance you *peruse*,
What Judgement must condemn, Good-nature may
excuse.

While

While *You*, with *Fortune's* choicest *Bounty* blest,
 Enjoy secure *Content*, and silent *Rest*,
 While *Love* itself, your *Happiness* conspires,
 And kindly *warms* you with his softest *Fires*,
 Me the vain *Heat* of fond *Ambition* draws
 To fight, in *Climes* unknown, my *Country's Cause*;
 To *Flanders*, or the distant *Danube's Mead*,
 Whilst *HONOUR* and her fav'rite *MARLBRO'*
 lead;

Or else by brave *ARGYLE's* Command repair
 To * *Scotland's* desert *Hills*, and rigid *Air* :
 Yet vain shall the severest *Climates* prove
 Against a *Breast* so warm'd within by *Love* ;
 In vain the tedious *March*, and sleepless *Night*,
 Shall strive to make me *stranger* to *Delight* ;
Florella's Charms shall all my *Cares* remove,
 But what she *brings* — the pleasing *Care* of *Love*.

O!

O! which shall I *prefer* — the genial *Fire*
Ambitious *Honour* gives, or soft *Desire*?
Honour — thou dear *Instructor* of the *Brave*!
Honour — that marks the *Hero* — from the *Slave*!
That rules the gen'rous *Breast* with greater *Awe*
Than ev'n *Religion*, or restraining *Law*;
Where *dwell'st* Thou, darling *GODDESS*! tell me
where —

The *Mystery* of thy *Abode*, declare —
Liv'st Thou in dusty *Fields*, and rough *Campaigns*,
Where the full *Vigour* of thy *Influence* reigns;
By the shrill *Trumpet*, and loud *Drum* inspir'd,
Till the whole *Soul* is with thy *Image* fir'd?
Yet never were thy flatt'ring *Charms* enjoy'd
Till, in thy cold *Embrace*, the *HERO* dy'd.

Shall I then *seek* Thee at the busy *Bar*,
Where *Lawyers* wage a no less noisy *War*?

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Can *Honour* in the hir'd *Oration* reign,
 Or Thirst of *Glory* dwell — with Thirst of *Gain*?
 False *Honour*! fond *Illusion*! vainly fought,
Existence hast Thou no where — but in *Thought* —
 Yet such bewitching *Wiles* our *Fancies* fill,
 That tho' we know Thee *false* — we seek Thee still.

With eager *haste*, thus *Travellers* pursue
 Delusive *Fires*, (if *Fairy Tales* be true,) }
 Quite o'er the craggy *Rock*, and tedious *Plain*, }
 At length, *surrounded* by the roaring *Main*, }
 Their sad *Mistake* bewail — and weep their *Home* }
 in vain.

But *Love's* the softest *Passion* of the *Mind*,
 Where *Innocence* and lasting *Joys* are join'd ;
 When *Nature* gave us *Love*, she gave such *Store*
 Of *Happiness*, that she cou'd add no more ;
 One of her *Scales* with weighty *Cares* she fills,
 But *Love's* the *Balance* to ten thousand *Ills* :

Wou'd

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Wou'd my *FLORELLA* take me to her *Arms*,
Adieu, the flashy *Pomp* of loud *Alarms*!
Far from the noisy *Camp*, I wou'd *retire*,
With *Joys* luxuriant, feed the am'rous *Fire*;
Breathe out my *Soul* in softest *Words* and *Sighs*,
And, while *FLORELLA*'s mine, the Pow'r of Fate
despise.





The RESURRECTION.

SEE, see, dear *Friend!* the purple *Spring* appear,
 Op'ning the *Treasures* of the *Infant Year!*
 Returning *Phæbus*, with a nearer *Ray*,
 Salutes the *Earth*, and warms the frozen *Clay*:
 The *Flow'rs*, that late *resign'd* their od'rous *Breath*
 T'Inclement *Frosts*, and slept obscure in *Death*,
 Again *reviving*, leave their *Graves* of *Snow*,
 Again *desert* their gloomy *Beds* below,
 And with new *Life*, and fresher *Beauties* glow. }

Shall *These* then *rise*, and shall th' *IMPERIAL*
FLOW'R,

Shall *MAN* alone then *Die*, to *Live* no more?

Shall

Shall all his *Beauties* perish at one *Blast*,
And this short *Smile* of *Lustre* — be his *Last*?
Fear not, my *Friend*! peaceful lay down in *Earth*,
Her *Womb* receives Thee for a second *Birth* :
When the Arch-Angel's *Trump* shall sound from far
To call th'embattel'd *Elements* to War,
When blazing *Comets*, fraught with dreadful *Ire*,
Shall pour on *Earth* whole *Deluges* of *Fire*;
When th' op'ning *Glebe*, with flaming *Horroures*
spread,
Reveals the awful *Mansions* of the *DEAD*;
Then shalt Thou *WAKE*, and lift thy doubting
Eyes,
Then shall thy *scatter'd* Form in *Order* rise,
And *fresh* with *Life* — ascend the *frighted Skies* }

The *Phœnix* so, with *Age* and *Weakness* prest,
Silent, prepares herself a *Death-bed Nest* :
Mould'ring she lies, till rous'd by genial *Fires*,
From her own *Ashes*, a new *Bird* aspires:

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Wond'ring she claps her *Wings*, points out the *Flight*
She *soars* to take — and *lessens* to the *Sight*.

O wish'd for *Day!* happy, thrice happy *Hour!*
When we shall *meet* again — to *part* no more:
There, in the peaceful *Seats* of *Bliss* above,
We'll *quaff* Immortal *Joy*s, and endless *Love*;
There, on our golden *Harps*, near some fair *Spring*,
Past *FAITH*, and *FRIENDSHIP* rare, divinely
sing :
Angelic *Crouds* shall to our *Music* throng,
And *Happy*, grow more *Happy*, by our *Song*.

There *NEWTON*, first of *Men!* shall join our
Train,
And what he *taught* us here, shall *teach* again ;
With *Him*, each *Star*, each heav'nly *Sphere* we'll
view,
Talk o'er th' Old *Earth*, and traverse o'er the *New* ;
Our

Our darken'd *Orbs* shall drop the *Scales* of *NIGHT*,
And view the everlasting *Source* of *LIGHT*;
Of *Nature's* Works explore the curious *Draught*,
And, ceaseless, wonder at those *Laws* He taught.

But, see! — a glorious *Vision* greets my *Sight*,
A *Troop* of Female *Saints*, divinely *Bright*!
Marching, they tune their *Lyres*, with solemn *Pace*,
And more than *Angel* shines in ev'ry *Face*:
A *Virgin-Form*, in Rank the *First* appears,
Greatest in *Glory* — tho' the * *Least* in *Years* —
Meekness Divine, and *Beauty* free from *Pride*,
Like *Chrystal*, shew the *Grace*, they mean to *bide*.
No *Face* one single *Line* of *Envy* bears,
Proud, to attend such *Majesty* as *Hers*.
Hark! hark! their *Notes* repeat the *Cerberus's* *Fame*
Listen, ye *Heav'ns*! to *URANIA's* Name!

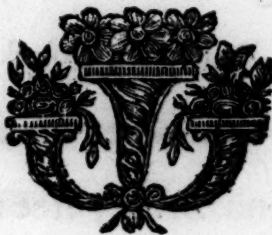
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Urania!

* A Lady, of the *Author's* Acquaintance, who died very young.

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URANIA! 'tis *She* — O welcome *Fate!*
This, this, is *Heav'n* — *this,* the sole happy *State!*
To higher *Strains,* ye *Saints,* exalt your *Voice,*
URANIA's Name ye sing, and *HEAV'N* approves
your *Choice.*



The



The TRAVELLERS *and the*
HIGHWAYMAN.

PHÆD. Lib. 5. Fab. 2.

TWO Travellers, as *Fame* rehearſes,
(No more *alike*, than *Proſe* and *Verſe* is)
On *Pleaſure*, or on *Bus'neſs* bent,
Jogg'd on together by *Conſent* ———
The *One*, was brave as *HERCULES*,
The *Other*, what one often ſees,
(To give you his *Deſcription* fully)
No better — than a downright *BULLY*.

'Twas *well*, (as quickly will be *granted*,)
Courage, on one *Side*, was not *wanted*;
 For *long* they had not beat the *Hoof*,
 Before 'twas *try'd* — and put to *Proof*.

One of the plund'ring *Cut-throat Crew*,
 With, D——mee, *Stand* —— as *Cut-throats* do ——
 Bid 'em *deliver* on the *Spot*,
 Or *Blood*, and *Slaughter* was their *Lot* :
Fearless, the *Hero* of the *Two*,
 (Whose *Courage* with the *Danger* grew,)
 Taking the *Ruffian* by the *Throat*,
 Soon made him *change* his blust'ring *Note*,
 And lay'd him *breathless* at his *Foot*. }

The *Deed* thus done —— no *Danger* near —
 The *Coward* ventur'd to *appear* ;

Who,

(For, tho' of *Living* Foes afraid,
He scorn'd to truckle to the *Dead* :)
With *Sword* in hand, insulting cries,
Shew me the *Bravo* — and he *Dies* —
I'll make the daring *Miscreant* own
What 'tis t' encounter — *Two* to *One*.

“ *Cease*, quoth his *Friend*, this idle *Prate*,
“ And sheath your *Sword*, which comes too *late*;
“ Had you *just now*, this *Mettle* shewn,
“ *Feign'd* as it is — it wou'd have *done* —
“ That *well-dissembled*, tho' *false* *Fire*,
“ Had *rais'd* my *Constancy* the *higher* ;
“ For *SOLDIERS*, of their *Comrades*, catch
“ Their *VALOUR*, as they do the *ITCH* —
“ But, now — *Avaunt* ! Thou dastard *Sot* !
“ And Those *deceive* — who know Thee not :
“ *While* I, left *single* in the *Fray*,
“ *Proclaim* to *all* (as well I may)
“ How *gallantly* — you *ran away* ;

}

“ And what his *Fortune* may be reckon'd,

“ Who calls on *Thee* — to be his *Second*,”

The M O R A L.

WITH bolder *Prow*, tall *Vessels* ride,
 Stemming the *Surge*, and boist'rous *Tide*;
 The little *Bark*, too, proudly *sails*,
 While *wasted* by auspicious *Gales*;
 But *shatter'd* by the ruder *Blast*,
Bulges — and sinks i'th *Watry Waste*.





The GRASSHOPPER and the
O W L.

PHÆD. Lib. 3. Fab. 16.

I.

A *Grass-hopper*, who chirp'd and sung,
I'th *Day-time*, all the *Summer* long,
Sorely an *Owl* offended;
Who *lodg'd* hard by in hollow *Oak*,
When thus, the mild *Complainant* spoke —
And much the *Matter* mended.

II.

II.

“ Consider, *Friend*, while you’re at *Rest*,
 “ And, peaceful, *nuzzle* in your *Nest*,
 “ Sleepless, I pass away
 “ Whole *Nights*, my Living to *obtain*,
 “ And sure, ’tis hard, I shou’d not gain
 “ Some sweet *Repose* — by *Day*.

III.

“ Please to restrain that warbling *Throat*,
 “ There’s *Death* to *me* in ev’ry *Note* ;
 “ Nor can I *sleep* a *Wink*.”
 So gently was his *Suit* preferr’d,
 It sure must meet with due *Regard*,
 And *granted* be — you’ll think.

IV.

IV.

But *Grass-hoppers*, are in their *Nature*,
A *noisy, wilful, selfish Creature*,
As quickly will be *shewn*;
For, roaring *louder than before*,
He only *plagu'd him more and more*,
Nor made the *Case* — his *own*.

V.

The *Owl* (in *vain* was all his *funning*)
Exerted next a little *Cunning* ;
For *Wit* does oft *excel* —
When *Strength*, and *Reason* have been try'd,
And ev'ry *Method* us'd *beside*,
Fraud shall, at once, *prevail*.

VI.

VI.

Sure, *Friend*, quoth He, you must be *Dry*,
 With *chanting* so incessantly,
 And want to *wet* your *Wesen*;
 I've got some *Nectar*, on a *Shelf*,
 Such as Dame *Pallas* drinks *Herself*,
 And *sent* me in good *Season*.

VII.

Now, since, for diff'rent *Reasons*, we
 Are not much like to *Sleep* — d'ye see —
 Suppose you *condescend*
 To *cease*, a-while, those heav'nly *Strains*,
 Which *charm* the list'ning *Nymphs* and *Swains*,
 And *tipple* — like a *Friend*.

VIII.

VIII.

The *Grass-hopper*, (a thirsty *Soul*,
Who *Flatt'ry* lov'd, tho' from an *Owl*,)
 With wond'rous *Glee*, and *Haste*,
Flies to accept the proffer'd *Boon*,
And gladly drops his fav'rite *Tune*,
 Which, Ah! must prove — his *Last*.

IX.

With fatal *Gripe*, he was *receiv'd*,
(Let *Flatt'ers* never be *believ'd*)
 And now for ever *Mute* ——
The *Owl* enjoys that wish'd for *Rest*,
Deny'd him by his *Living Guest*,
 Which ended — the *Dispute*.

M O R A L.

WHO, swoll'n with *Pride*, and *Self-Conceit*,
 To pinching *Want*, ne'er *suits* his *State*,
 Nor *stoops* to Those in *Need*,
 Haply, *Himself* shall want a *Friend*,
 Who *timely* may *Assistance* lend,
 And so, *unpity'd*, bleed.





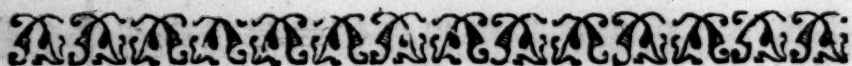
Written in a L A D Y's HOUSE-BOOK.

L O R D blefs Me ! what a weekly Splutter,
'Twixt Cream and Milk — and Eggs and
Butter !

If, haply, *varied* be the Theme,

'Tis Butter and Eggs — and Milk and Cream.





The MERTON — MEN of TASTE.

Occasion'd by the Destruction of MERTON

W A L K S. Anno 1719.

NEAR rev'rend *MERTON*; till of late, there
stood

A far-renown'd, and much frequented *Wood*;
The *Haunt* of *Gods*, Inhabitants of *Groves*,
Diana, with her *Nymphs* — and *Venus*, with her
Doves;

Of *Phæbus*, Kindler of Poetic Fires,
And ev'ry *Muse*, that ev'ry *Art* inspires;
Each tuneful *Bard*, there *prun'd* his Wings for *Flight*,
And *soar'd*, successful, to *Parnassus' Height*:

Flora

Flora cou'd *there* her wanton *Charms* display,
Unburt, and *fearless* of the *God* of *Day*:
There *Philomela*, with her plaintive *Song*,
Trill'd her thick-warbled *Notes* the *Summer* long:
There *Nymphs*, and *Swains*, repress'd their am'rous
 Heat,
There fiery *Zealots* found a cool *Retreat*:
There *Crouds* appear'd of ev'ry *Sex* and *Age*,
Th' thoughtless *Stripling*, and the musing *Sage*;
SLOVENS and *SMARTS*, and *COXCOMBS* grave
 and gay,
All met *promiscuous* --- in the *woody Way*.

Ye Sons of *DULLNESS*! say -- what fell *Design*
'Gainst *Shades*, like *These*, first taught ye to *combine*!
What evil *Genius*, what dire *Influence*,
What Want of *Reason*, and what Want of *Sense*,
What *Curse* of *Heav'n*, and what *Wrath* of *Fate*,
Thus *drove* you to incur the *public Hate*,
What urg'd you to *destroy* this beauteous *Wood*,
Ye *GOTHS* — ye *Enemies* --- to all that's *Good*?

Readers be *calm* — with *Patience* now attend —
 Your *Indignation*, for a while *suspend* ;
 The *CULPRITS* are prepar'd for *Self-Defence* ;
 And thus they *plead* — with *Monkish Eloquence*.

[Curse on all chearless, and benumbing *SHADES*!
FIRE, FIRE, we want -- to *thaw* our frozen *Heads* ;
 Too *feeble*, is the strongest *Beam of Day*,
 To rouse up *Sense* — and animate our *Clay* :
 Long have we *dwell't* in dark *Cimmerian Cells*,
 Where nothing *joyous* — nothing *wakeful* dwells ;
 Clear'd from our *Shades*, we shall emerge to *Light*,
 And — in *EXTERNALS* — shall at length — be
bright.

What — shall a wanton *Herd*, with odious *Love*,
Pollute our chaste, our consecrated *Grove* ?
 Shall pert *Coquets*, and secret --- finning *Prudes*,
 Reign *uncontrol'd* — and *revel* in these *Woods* ?
 Shall flutt'ring *Fops*, and *Witlings* here *deride*
 The *SENIOR FELLOW's* stiff, flow-strutting
Pride ?

Shall

Shall *Beaux*, and *Butterflies*, possess our *Shades*
And *Callimanco's* yield — to lewd *Brocades*?
Shall mortify'd, demure, devoted *Monks*
Tread in the *Footsteps* — of lascivious *Punks*?
Shall sable, sacerdotal *Robes* be found
Trailing on such unhallow'd, sinful *Ground*,
Where ev'ry frailer *Female* oft has *stray'd*,
Where *Cælia*, on the mossy *Bank*, was *laid*?
Forbid it *Heaven*, and thou resistless *Fate*!
Forbid it *RULERS* of our *CLOYSTER'D STATE*!

Let *Others* leafy *Labyrinths* admire,
Listen with *Rapture* to the feather'd *Quire*;
In circling *Arbours* shun the Mid-day *Heat*,
And *meditate* on *Subjects* Good and Great;
Such is our *just*, unalterable *Doom* —
We know no *Joy*-- but in a * *COMMON ROOM*;

N 4

The

* Place where the *Fellows* of *Colleges* meet, and regale *Themselves*, after *Dinner* and *Supper*.

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The utmost *End* our *Wishes* can propose,
Is the *Fruition* of — profound *Repose* ;
In *Cloysters*, to indulge our *Pride* and *Spleen* —
In ev'ry other *Place* — *unknown, unseen* —
To eat, *unstinted*, at each College *Feast*,
And thus *demonstrate* — We are *MEN* of *TASTE*.





*To a LADY -- in Tears for the Decay of her
Beauty.*

By her HUSBAND.

LIFE of *Loveliness*! forbear
Sighs and *Plaints* I cannot hear;
Tell me not, Thou'rt past thy *Prime*,
Tax not *Nature*, *Fate*, or *Time* —
Beauties that did first *subdue*,
Hold my *Heart* for ever *true*;
In Thee, still, I find the *Charms*
That *allur'd* me to thy *Arms*;
Raptur'd, still, I view thy *Face*,
Stock'd with ev'ry *Virgin Grace*;

Lively

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Lively *Sweetness*, temper'd *Fire*,
 Lasting *Spring*, of chaste *Desire* ;
 In thine *Eyes*—— the very *Flame* ——
Roses on thy *Cheeks* —— the *same* ;
 Gentle *Majesty* thy *Brow*,
 On thy *Chin*, th' unfully'd *Snow* ;
 Fresh the *Teeth*, and fine the *Hair*,
Lips —— the lovely *Twins* they were ——
Voice, with heav'nly *Musick* fraught,
Shape and *Air*, without a *Fault* ;
 Ev'ry *Limb*, and ev'ry *Feature*,
Perfect as thy *Sense* and *Nature* ;
 Charming *Person*, noble *Mind*,
Modest, *Innocent* and *Kind* ;
Sprightly, *Generous* and *Free*,
Just to *All* —— and *True* to *Me* ——
 All my *Wealth*, and *Paradise* !
 Chear thy *Heart* —— and dry thine *Eyes*.





The HORN-BOOK.

— *Podagra hæc Otia fecit.*

HAIL ancient *BOOK*, most venerable *CODE!*
Learning's first *CRADLE*, and its last *A-*
BODE!

The huge, unnumber'd *Volumes* which we see ;
By crafty *Plagiaries* are stol'n from *Thee!*
Yet future *Times*, to thy sufficient *Store*,
Shall ne'er *presume* to — *add* one *Letter* more.

Thee will I *sing*, in comely *Wainscot* bound,
And golden *Verge*, including *Thee* around ;
The faithful *Horn* before, from Age to Age,
Preserving thy invaluable *Page;*

Behind

Behind thy *CHAMPION SAINT* in *Armour* shines,
 With *Sword* and *Lance* to guard thy sacred *Lines* ;
 Beneath his Courser's *Feet*, the *DRAGON* lies
Transfix'd — his *Blood* thy crimson *Cover* dies :
 Th' instructive *Handle* at the Bottom fixt,
 Left bungling *CRITICKS* shou'd pervert the *TEXT*.

Or, if to *Gingerbread*, thou dost *descend*,
 And liq'rish *Learning* to thy *Babes* extend,
 Or sugar'd *Surface* spread with beaten *Gold*,
 Does the sweet *Riches* of thy *Learning* hold ;
 Thou still shalt be my *Song* ; --- *Apollo's* Choir
 I scorn t'*invoke* --- * *CADMUS* my Verse *inspire*.

'Twas *CADMUS*, who the first *Materials* brought
 Of all the *Learning* which has since been *taught* ;
 Soon made *compleat*, for *Mortals* ne'er shall *know*
 More than's *comprised* --- in the *CHRIST-CROSS*
ROW ;

What

* Said to have taught the Use of *Letters* to the *Greeks*.

What Masters *dictate*, or grave Doctors *preach*,
Wise *Matrons*, here, ev'n to our *Children* teach :
But as the *Names* of ev'ry *Plant*, or *Flower*,
(So *common* that each *Shepherd* knows its *Power*)
Physicians — in a *Jargon* — can express,
T'amuse their *Patients* — and enhance their *Fees* ;
So — from the *Letters* of our native *Tongue*,
Put in *Greek Scrawls* — a *Mystery* is sprung ;
Schools are erected, puzzling *Grammars* made,
And *Pedagogues* strike out a gainful *Trade* ;
Strange *Characters* adorn the learned *Gate*,
And heedless *Youth* catch at the gilded *Bait* ;
The pregnant *Boys* the noisy *Charms* repeat,
And * *TAUS* and * *DELTAS* make their *GRAN-*
NAMS sweat.

Th' uncommon *Sounds* amuse the *Vulgar Ear*,
(And what's *uncommon* never costs too *dear*)
Yet in all *Tongues*, the *HORNBOOK*'s still the *same*,
Taught by the *Theban Master* -- or the *English Dame*.
But

* Two Greek Letters.

But how shall I thy num'rous *Virtues* tell
 In which Thou dost all other *Books* excel?
 No greasy *Thumbs* thy spotless *Leaf* can soil,
 Nor crumpling *Dog's-Ears* thy smooth *Corners* spoil:
 In idle *Pages*, no *Errata's* stand,
 To shew the *Blunders* of the *Printer's* Hand;
 No pompous *Titles*, catch the *Reader's* Eye,
 Whose false *Pretences* give the *Book* the *Lie*;
 No flatt'ring *Dedication*, here is writ,
 Nor fulsome *Verse* — to praise the *Author's* Wit:
 The *Margin* with no tedious *Notes* is vexed,
 Nor various *Readings* — to obscure the *Text*;
 All *Parties* — in thy lit'ral *Sense* — agree;
 Thou perfect *Center* — of blest *Unity*!

Search we *Fame's* Records of an ancient *Date*;
 Or read what Modern *Histories* relate;
 They all proclaim what *Wonders* have been done
 By thy plain *Letters*, taken as they run;

Too high the *Floods* of *Anger* us'd to roll,
And swell the * *Græcian Youth's* impatient *Soul*;
His hasty *Passion* furnish'd Scenes of *Blood*,
And frequent *Deaths* of his best *Friends* ensu'd;
In vain, were all the weaker *Methods* try'd,
None cou'd suffice to stem the furious *Tide*;
Thy holy *Lines*, He did but once repeat —
The *Storm* be quell'd — and cool'd the raging *Heat*.

Thy pow'rful *Notes*, like *Angel's* Music *chear*
Departing *Souls*, and sooth the dying *Ear*;
An aged *Peasant*, on his dying *Bed*,
Wish'd for a *Friend* — some godly *Book* to read;
The pious *Grandchild* thy known *Handle* takes,
And, with uplifted *Eyes*, this *Lecture* makes;
GREAT A. — he gravely roar'd — th' important
 Sound

The naked *Walls*, and hollow *Roof* rebound;

Th'ex-

* *Alexander.*

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Th' expiring *Grandfire* rais'd his dying *Head*,
And bless'd his *Stars* — that *HODGE* had learnt to
Read;

GREAT B. the *Younker* bawl'd — O heav'nly
Breath! —

How *Learning* comforts — in the Hour of *Death*!
What *Hopes* I feel! *GREAT C.* pronounc'd the
Boy —

The *Grandfire* dies — in *Extasies* of *Joy*.

Yet in some *Climes*, such *Ignorance* abounds,
Whole *Parishes*, do scarcely know thy *Sounds*,
Or *ken* which *End* of Thee stands *uppermost*,
Be the *PRIEST* absent — or the *HANDLE* lost.
Of *Essex* *Hundreds* — *Fame* does thus report —
But *Fame*, I ween, says many Things in *Sport*.

Scarce lives the *Man*, to whom thou'rt quite un-
known,
Tho' few, th' *Extent* of thy vast *Empire* own;
Whatever *Charms*, can *Nature* over-rule,
Whatever, can *Infernal Powers* control,

What-

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Whatever *Wonders* magic *Sounds* can do,
In *Earth* — in *Air* — in *Sea* — or *Shades* below;
Whatever *Virtue* lies in mystic *Spell*,
Thunders and *Hurricanes*, to raise or quell;
What *Words* profound and dark, wise *MAH'MET*
spake,
When his old *COW* an *ANGEL's* *Form* did take;
Whate'er *Inchantments* sage *CANIDIA* knew,
Or *HORACE* sung, fierce *Lyons* to subdue, }
O mighty *Book*! are All contain'd in *YOU*.
All Human *Arts*, and *Science* blended meet,
Within the *Limits* — of thy single *Sheet*;
From thy fair *Root*, all *Learning's* Branches grow;
And all her *Streams* -- from thy deep *Fountain* flow.





The TRAVELLER *and the* SHEEP.

ISGRIM, one Day, intent to *dine*
 On fav'rite *Meat*, call'd *Mutton-Chine*,
 (As * *Persian* Story tells) made bold
 To steal a *Sheep* from neighb'ring *Fold*.

A TRAV'LLER kenn'd the fleecy *Prize*,
 And on the *Savage*, instant, flies;
 Spite of opponent *Teeth* and *Claws*,
 He rescues *Belin* from his *Jaws*,
 Then laid the *Bleater* on his *Back*,
 And lugg'd him *Home* — a-pick-a-pack.

Poor

* Taken from a Fable of *Musellim-Sade*, a famous *Persian* Poet.

Poor *Belin*, (blind to his *Design*,
Who knew not *Men* — like *Wolves* — must *dine*,)
On having met with such *Compassion*,
Grew full of *Self-Congratulation*;
When, lo! a *Weapon* at his *Throat*
Soon made the *Victim* — change his *Note*.

Ah, me! he cry'd — too sure, I've found,
The *treach'rous* Hand that *saves* — can *wound* —
No *odds* I make betwixt the *Two*;
The *same* to *Me* — a *WOLF* — or *YOU*.





A S O N G.

On Miss ELIZABETH F——R.

In Imitation of MOLLY MOG, &c.

I.

ALL *pensive* and *sad* — and as grave as a
Cat —

Ev'ry Day I grow duller and *duller*;

You'll say, 'tis no Wonder, for 'twas but of late

That I *parted* from Miss *Betsy* F——r.

II.

A *Nymph* so compleat, and so wondrous fair,
Ev'n *Envy* to pieces might pull her,
And be forc'd to confess, that no *Charms* can compare
With the *Charms* — of my dear *Betsy F—r*.

III.

When she holds up her *Head*, with an *Air* and a *Grace*,
She's as strait — as a *Dart*, or a *Ruler* ;
And all that is lovely, and sweet, must give Place
To my lovely — my sweet *Betsy F—r*.

IV.

From a whole *Constellation* of *Beauties* so bright
You wou'd instantly single and cull her,
For *CHLOE* and *VENUS*, I swear by this Light,
Are but *DOWDIES* — to Miss *Betsy F—r*.

V.

How I envy the *Nurse*-- at whose *Nipple* she hung--
 Who so often did dandle, and lull her,
 And, fond of her *Charge*, listen'd all the Day long
 To the *Prattle* — of Miss *Betsy F—r*.

VI.

Were I her *Mamma*, and she ever so naught,
 I cou'd not be angry, nor *School* her ;
 But pry e'er so long, you can ne'er find a *Fault*
 (Be it ever so small) in Miss *F—r*.

VII.

Were I rich as a *JEW*, and warlike, and stout,
 As a **MUNICH*, or Count **KEVENHULLER*,
 I'd lay all my *Treasure*, and *Trophies* to boot,
 At the *Feet* of my dear *Betsy F—r*.

VIII.

* Two Russian Generals.

VIII.

In the *Ocean* so wide, and in high-rolling *Seas*,
I'd venture my *Life* in a *Sculler*,
Cou'd I purchase for *Her*, either *Pleasure*, or *Ease*,
Or win but a *Smile* — from Miss *F—r*.

IX.

Love's am'rous *Flame*, long had rag'd in my *Breast*,
But daily grew cooler and cooler,
Till, quicker than *Lightning*, the *Ardour* encreas'd,
When first I beheld — *Betsy F—r*.

X.

Take heed how you gaze, for 'tis not in the *Art*
Of a * *CARDAN*, so fam'd, or * *ETMULLER*,
Any *Cure* to prescribe, or to ease the fond *Heart*,
That's once smit-- with the *Charms* of Miss *F—r*.

O 4

A

* Two German Physicians.



A SICK-BED SOLILOQUY.

I.

TIS well — I long to be *released* —
With *Joy* I wait my *Doom* ;
Eager to *minge* with the *Blest*,
And taste a *Life to come*.

II.

Too long I've *mourn'd* this painful *Scene*
Of *Noise* — and *Guilt* — and *Folly* —
Where heartsome *Mirth* — is *Madness* seen —
And *Wisdom* — *Melancholy*.

III.

III.

Where Pigmy *Science*, loud and vain,
 Distracts the doubtful *Mind*;
Where *Truth* all labour to *attain*,
 But *None* must hope to *find*.

IV.

The *Good* we covet, sure to *miss*;
 We weep the *Ills*, we *fear* —
Delusive all our Hopes of *Bliss*;
 Our *Griefs*, alone, *sincere*.

V.

Not so, my *Soul*! where, shortly, *Thou*
 Shall't wing thy happier *Flight* —
Thy *Task*, t' explore — thy *Bliss*, to *know*
The *SOURCE* of *LIFE* — and *LIGHT*.

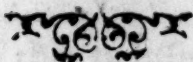
VI.

VI.

There *Truth*, with ever open *Face*,
 Thy ravish'd *Eyes* shall see;
HOPE, to *FRUITION* shall give Place,
 And *DOUBT* to *CERTAINTY*.

VII.

There — thro' *Eternity's* wide *Round* —
 No *Ills* shalt Thou *deplore*;
 No *ENMITY*, shall ever wound;
 Nor *FRIENDSHIP*, cheat Thee more.



Not so, my Soul, where, shortly, Thou
 shalt wing thy happier Flight —
 Thy Task, to know — thy Bliss, to know —
 THE SOURCE of LIFE — and LIGHT.

To Mr. THOMPSON,

Author of the POEMS on the FOUR
SEASONS.

WHILE I reflect thee o'er, methinks I find
Thy various *Seasons* in their *Author's Mind*!
SPRING, in thy flow'ry *Fancy*, spreads her *Hues*;
And like thy soft * *Compassion*, sheds her *Dews*:
SUMMER's hot *Strength*, in thy *Expression* glows,
And o'er thy *Page*, a beamy *Ripeness* throws;
Autumn's

* These *Lines* were written by Mr. *Dennis*, and occasion'd by the kind *Part* which Mr. *Thompson* took in the *Concern* for his *Benefit*.

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AUTUMN's rich *Fruits*, th' instructed *Reader* gains,
Who *tastes* the meaning *Purpose* of thy *Strains* :
WINTER-- but *that* --no *Semblance* takes from *Thee*!
That hoary *Season*'s *Type* — was drawn for *Me*.
Shatter'd, by *Time*'s bleak *Storms*, I with'ring lay,
Leafless and *whit'ning*, in a cold *Decay* :
Yet shall my proplefs *Ivy* — pale and bent —
Bless the short * *SUNSHINE*— which thy *PITY*
lent.

* *Mr. Dennis* died soon after he compos'd these *Verses*, in a very *advanc'd Age* ; and very indigent *Circumstances*. Anno 1732.





To a Young L A D Y,
Desiring her to buy some Muslin for the
A U T H O R.

DEAR Miss — when next you do repair
To Shop of modish Milliner,
Remnants to buy — or learn the *Art*,
By Pinch of *Coif*, to fire the *Heart*;
With Bits of *Ribband* — *Patches* — *Lace* —
How best to set your *Sunday* — *Face*;
(*Destruction* sure, to ogling *Spark* !
Or 'Squire's Son — or Lawyer's Clerk —)

Please

Please to *procure*, for Purpose fit,
 Some *Muslin*, (if you such can get,)
 Enough to make (*Heav'n* guard my *Weasen'* !)
 Six *Cravats*, for this *Winter Season* :
Two must be *superfine*, and *nice*,
 The *Others*, of a *middling Price* ;
 For still 'tis *Policy*, you know,
 To've *This*, for *Use* — and *That*, for *Shew*.

Now *Miss* — in *Terms* so neat, and spruce,
 (Were *I* to do, as *Others* use)
 I shou'd conclude this *Hubble-bubble*,
 With asking *Pardon* — for this *Trouble*,
 And, (tho' *God knows*, there's not much in it,)
Repent — to *Sin* again, next *Minute* —
 Cry up your *Zeal*, to serve your *Friends*,
 And all to gain — my *selfish Ends* —
Declare, (if any can *believe* me)
 How much it does *concern*, and *grieve* me,

Moments

Moments to waste, in my *Affairs*,
More *precious* than another's *Years* :
But what is *true*, and most *expedient*,
Is — that I am —

Your most Obedient,

&c. &c. &c.





Quadrigris malè vivitur.

IN *Curru* conduco locum, visurus *Amicum*,
 Millia qui decies distat ab *Urbe* novem ;
Impatiens Auriga moræ, nos urget ; et hora :
 Cum nondum sonuit *tertia*, jungit equos.
Vix experrectus, media inter somnia surgo,
 Per longum misere discutiendus *Iter*.
Ingredior, sedeo — cubitumque coarctor utrumque --
 Et geminas pingues comprimor inter *Anus*.
 Cum *Matre* è contra *Puer* est, *Milesque* protervus,
 Distento hos inter corpore *Caupo* sedet.
Nec prius illucet, quin hinc agitamur & inde,
 Aspera quâ ducit quâ salebrosa *Via*.

Altera

Altera tussit *Anus*, rixatur & altera, jurat
 Miles, & eructat *Caupo*, vomitque *Puer*.
Dulce *sodalitium* ! si sint hæc usque *Quadrigis*
 Commoda, maluerim longius ire *Pedes*.





Thus Imitated.

By TIM. SCRIBBLE, *Esq;*

HAVING nothing to do, and the *Term* at an End,
I took Place in a *Stage*, to go see an *Old*
Friend;

'Twas a plaguy long way — and a tough *Piece* of
Work —

I believe, 'twas as far as from *London* to *York* :

But, be that as it will, I was drumm'd up at *Three*,
(Tho' as *sleepy*, as any *poor Devil* cou'd be,)

And

And dreading the *Journey*, with *Twinklers* half shut,
Alamode, with the *Rest* into *Stage-Coach* was put;
For the *Horses* were to — and the *Coachman* stood
swearing,

Like a *Jew*, or a *Turk*, till he'd got ev'ry *Fare in*.
Well — in I was *stuff'd* -- now mark what ensu'd --
'Twixt two fat old *Grannies*, *Pilgarlick* was stew'd;
Just opposite snor'd mine *Host* at the *Sun*,
Whose *Belly*, I'm sure, was not less than a *Tun*:
On one Side, a snotty-nos'd *Boy*, and his *Mother*,
While a *Half-pay Lieutenant* sat blust'ring on
t'other:

The *Roads*, (curse the *Turnpikes*!) so rocky and
rough,
That, before *Break of Day*, we had *pounding* }
enough;

While *One* of the *Beldames* did nothing but cough; }
The *Other*, with *Quail-Pipe* so loud and so shrill,
Soon gave us, of *Scolding*, much more than our *Fill*:

Jacky spew'd all the way -- and the *Officer* swore --
While my *Landlord* broke Wind — *sixty Times* in
an *Hour*.

If of STAGES the boasted CONVENIENCE
be such,
May I travel *a-foot* -- tho' it be on a CRUTCH.

N. B. *The Above was first publish'd in the London Magazine, for April. 1743.*





Occasion'd by a LETTER in a JOURNAL,
Intitl'd, The WHAT-D'YE-CALL-IT.

BE chaste ye SCRIBBLERS! modestly be *dumb!*
And of the *What-d'ye-call-it* — nought but —
Mum :

From *Hints obscene*, purge well each *hallow'd Page*,
Nor taint the *Morals* of a *growing Age*;
Such *Language* use as CATO's SELF might speak,
Nor fix a *Blush* upon the *modest Cheek* ;
Still true to *Virtue*, from her Side ne'er *shrink*,
But, in her *Cause*, shed your last Drop of --- *Ink* ;
And if too strait the *Rule* I lay before ye,
As a CHASTE SAMPLE — take my * BAUDY
STORY.

* The *Author* inveigh'd much against *Obscenity*, and introduced, at the same time, a *loose Tale*, from *La Fontaine*.



The C O W, *the* G O A T, *the*
S H E E P *and the* L I O N.

PHÆD. FAB. 5 Lib. I.

Admonish'd by this Tale, be wise,
Nor trust too powerful Allies.

A COW, and GOAT, and simple EWE,
(The simplest of a simple Crew,)
With TYRANT-LION once agreed,
In *Partnership*, to hunt and feed:
So then in *Hunting* well they sped,
Not so the *Story* tells --- They fed.

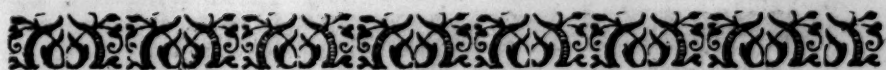
A STAG of great and goodly *Size* ;
Became their glad, their lawful *Prize*,
Which being carv'd with due *Decorum*,
In equal *Shares* was set before 'em :
What *Joy* appear'd in ev'ry *Face* !
'Till the *grim Tyrant* — thus said *Grace*.

As I am LION, King of *Beasts*,
The *first* Share's *mine*, at all your *Feasts* ;
The *second*, to my *Valour's* due ;
The *third* is *mine* --- in spite of you ;
The *fourth* too's *mine* --- touch it who dare —
He'll soon *repent* him of such *Fare* ;
Your puny *Strength* the *Lion* scorns ———
This said — the *Beasts* draw in their *Horns* —

216 *The* POETICAL MISCELLANY.

Most readily they yield *Assent*
To so much *Force* — of *Argument* ;
And *sneaking off*, like *Fast-Day Sinners*,
Silent and *Sad* — renounce their *Dinners*.





The S C O L D.

JOVE quite tir'd out with a *Scold* of a *Wife*,
And with *Mortals* on Earth — for ever at *Strife*,
Resolv'd for the future, whene'er Things went *wrong*,
To lay by his THUNDER — and borrow her
TONGUE.





To Mrs. A. C——.

*Occasion'd by her sending the AUTHOR a
Piece of Bride-Cake. Sept. 26, 1743.*

THE BRIDAL-CAKE you lately sent,
(Thanks, *Madam*, for the Compliment)

Which under *Pillow*, duly laid,
Turns to a *Wife*, the dreaming *Maid*,
And, by the same enchanting *Force*,
Makes *Husbands* of young *Batchelors*,
Giving, as *He*, or *She* requires,
The *Object* of their *Hearts* Desires,
Had no *Effect* upon my *Brain*,
Nor gave me either *Joy*, or *Pain* ;

But

But quite *Insensible* I lay,
Like lumpish *Log*, till Break of *Day* ;
A Second *Night*, I try'd its *Pow'r*,
But *slept* profoundly, as before ;
A *Third*, too pass'd — the *Morning* came —
The *Night* — the *Morning* — just the *Same*.

To what such strange *Reverse* is owing,
May next (you'll think) be worth the shewing,
For, haply, without *Helps* from *Learning*,
It may be past — ev'n your *discerning*,

Now, sage *Philosophers* remark,
(Who deal in Matters *deep* and *dark*)
And cap you *Instances*, a thousand,
(Which best *explain*, when fitly *chosen*,)
That like *Effects* not always spring,
Tho' from the very *self-same Thing*,
But differ widely in their *Natures*,
As *HOGS*, shou'd do, from *HUMAN CREA-*
TURES —

Thus

Thus ICE dissolves (which somewhat *odd is*)
 By *Heat* — which hardens other *Bodies* ;
 Thus THUNDER, while it clears the *Air*,
 Shall turn your *Ale* to *Vinegar*,
 And make what had no *Foulness* in it,
 As thick as *Mustard*, in a Minute —
 Thus BIRCH, (that *Friend* to *Human Reason*!)
 If well *apply'd*, at early *Season*,
 So *efficacious* found to *Teach*,
 Beyond the utmost Pow'r of *Speech*,
 Shall sometimes *fail*, do what you will,
 And NUMPS — shall be a BLOCKHEAD still.

Just so — what works upon the *Fancy*
 Of DICK, and TOM, and PRUE, and NANCY,
 And makes 'em *taste*, as they were *real*,
 Joys, which (God knows) are but *Ideal* —
 By sympathetic *Force* impressing,
 Or *This*, or *That* imagin'd *Blessing*,

Exerts

Exerts its *Magic Pow'r* in vain
Upon the *Minds* — of *married Men*.

Yet still, my *Muse* the *Praise* shall sing
Of CAKE that's drawn thro' * WEDDING RING,
Which can such various *Gifts* employ
To lull our *Cares* — or crown our *Joy*.

* The *Custom* is for the *Bride* to draw a *Piece* of it several times thro' her *Ring*, which is *vulgarly* suppos'd to indue it with many wonderful *Virtues*.



Occa-



Occasion'd by a POETICAL APOLOGY *from*
 DELIA, *for not shewing the* A U.
 T H O R *some* V E R S E S *of her own*
Composing.

HOW many *Ways* does artful DELIA find,
 To captivate the *Heart*, and charm *Mankind*!
 Ah, fatal *Excellence*! when thus you chuse,
 Or kind, to *grant* --- or graceful, to *refuse*:
 Be this my *Joy* --- be this, (for once) my *Pride* --
 Still to *intreat* -- and thus to be *deny'd*.





* *On the MONUMENTS lately set up in
Westminster-Abbey, to the Memory of
famous POETS.*

POETS had formerly, not only *Bread*,
But, by the *Great* careſs'd, on *Dainties* fed;
Our Age, prime *Judges* of what Men *deſerve*,
Honour dead Bards — and let the *Living* ſtarve.

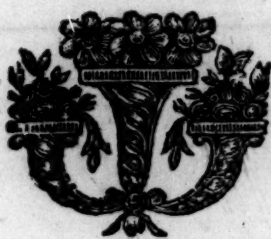
* This was taken from the *St. James's Evening Poſt*. June 25,
1743.



ANSWER.

ANSWER. *In Promptu.*

POETS of Old, with ev'ry Genius blest'd,
 On *Dainties* fed, and were by All *caress'd*;
 Our *Bards*, indeed, a scanty *Living* get,
 But then -- they are not *worth* — the *Bread* they
eat.





On the WHITE STANDARD *being taken from*
the FRENCH, *at the* Battle of
DETTINGEN. June 16, 1743.

Motto. --- *Sensere Gigantes.*

——— *Vicem gerit Ille Tonantis.*

IF *Giants, Sons of Earth!* once vainly strove,
To match their *Strength*, against the Arm of *Jove*,
AUGUSTUS' Wrath, proud *Louis!* cease to dare;
Nor wage with BRITONS such unequal *War*:
Alike 'tis *Fate*, when darted from the *Skies*,
Or hurl'd from *GEORGE's* Hand, the forked
LIGHTNING flies.

The Fortified Mission

MEMORANDUM

On the 11th of June 1864, the following

MEMORANDUM, at the Bureau of

Department of the Interior, was

received from the

Commissioner of the

General Land Office

that the

Commissioner of the

General Land Office

has been directed to

make a list of the

lands owned by the

Government

in the

State of

THE
FIFTH ODE
OF THE
FOURTH BOOK *of* HORACE.
Imitated.

Quæ cura Patrum, quæve Quiritium
Plenis honorum muneribus tuas,
AUGUSTE, *virtutes in ævum*
Per titulos memoresque fastos
Æternet? —————

Hor. Od. 14. Lib. 4.

By the AUTHOR *of the* PROGRESS
of PHYSIC.

THE
FIFTH

OF THE
FOURTH BOOK OF HORACE
Translated

By the Author of the
FIFTH BOOK OF HORACE
Translated

Now Obsolete

By the AUTHOR of the
FIFTH BOOK OF HORACE

TO the RIGHT HONOURABLE

ARTHUR ONSLOW, Esq;

SPEAKER *of the* HOUSE *of* COMMONS.

The following O D E is humbly Dedicated, by his

Most Obedient,

And most Devoted,

Servant,

&c. &c.



HORACE. *Ad Augustum.*

DIVIS orte bonis, optime *Romulæ*
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu ;
Maturum reditum pollicitus Patrum
Sancto consilio redi.

Lucem redde tuæ, *Dux bone*, patriæ,
Instar veris enim vultus ubi tuus
Adfulsit populo, gratior it dies,
Et soles melius nitent.

Ut



I M I T A T E D.

To the K I N G.

Requesting his Return to ENGLAND.

GUARDIAN of the *British Isle!*
O, too long, thy *Loss* we mourn ---
Spare the routed *Gaul* a-while,
Haste, AUGUSTUS ! haste, return.

Rise, oh rise ! dispel our Night,
Dart once more th' auspicious Ray ;
Faintly chear'd by Phæbus' Light,
Albion bless — with brighter Day.

Ut Mater *Juvenem*, quem Notus invido
 Flatus Carpathii trans maris æquora
 Cunctantem spatio longius annuo
 Dulci distinet à domo.

Votis, ominibusque & precibus vocat;
 Curvo nec faciem litore demovet.
 Sic desideriiis icta fidelibus
 Quærit patria *Cæsarem*.

Tutus bos etenim prata perambulat,
 Nutrit rura *Ceres* almaque faustitas;
 Pacatum volitant per mare *Navitæ*;

Quis *Parthum* paveat? quis gelidum *Scythæ*?
 Quis *Germania* quos horrida parturit
 Fœtus, incolumi *Cæsare*? quis feræ
 Bellum curet *Iberia*?

Condit

See the *Mother's* streaming *Eyes*,
Fix'd upon the winding *Shore* —
Give me back my *Son* --- She cries —
Heav'n! — my long lost *Son* restore!

Anxious thus, to *JOVE* we bend,
Prostrate thus, thy *People* see ---
Such the *Pray'rs*, to *Heav'n* we send,
Such the *Vows*, we make for *THEE*.

Here ten Thousand *Harvests* rise,
Grateful to the jocund *Swain* ;
Towering *there* — our *NAVY* flies —
PRIDE and *TERROR* of the *MAIN*.

While *AUGUSTUS* lives to lead
BRITAIN's daring *SONS* to *War*,
Who, the faithless *Gaul*, can dread?
Who, the haughty *Spaniard*, fear?

Millions,

Condit quisque collibus in suis,
 Et vitem viduas ducit ad Arbores:
 Hinc ad vina redit lætus, & alteris
 Te Mensis adhibet *Deum*.

Te multâ prece, te prosequitur mero
 Defuso pateris; & *Laribus* tuum
 Miscet *Numen*. - - - - -

Longas ô utinam, *Dux bone*, ferias
 Præstes *Hesperiaë*; dicimus integro
 Sicci mane die; dicimus uvidi,
 Cum Sol Oceano subest.

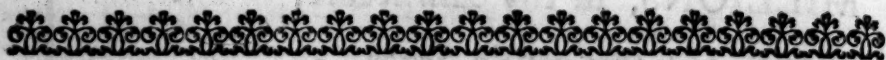


MILLIONS, in thy *Aid* secure,
Hourly *blest* thy gentle *Sway* ---
Pleas'd they ev'ry *Toil* endure,
And in *Bumpers* crown the *Day*.

'Thee AUGUSTUS! as a GOD,
'Midst profuse *Libations* sing ---
Rapt'rous, in the lofty *Ode*,
Hail Thee, HERO — FATHER — KING!

Late, thy glorious *Race* be run ;
Long, to us such *Jays* be giv'n ---
Night and *Morn*, we beg this *Boon* ;
This is *All* we ask of *Heav'n*.





To S A P P H O,

*Who had complimented the AUTHOR in
Verse, on his superior Genius for POETRY.*

THE *World* may ask, why SAPPHO shou'd
bestow

The *Poet's Wreath*, and place it on my *Brow* ---
The *Reason's* plain -- with such a *Grace* 'twas done,
As fix'd a brighter *Laurel* — on her *Own*.





To the Same,

*On her presenting the AUTHOR with
a Crown of LAUREL.*

THE *Poet's Bays* my honour'd *Brow* shall wear,
Since SAPPHO's *Hand* has plac'd the LAU-
REL there ;

Dark in Themselves, thus meaner *Planets* shine,
But owe their *Lustre* — to a SOURCE DIVINE.



*The* H I N T.*Or the* AUTHOR's last Shift. 1721.

LONG have I *courted* you in *Metre*,
 Not Lyric DURFEY, e'er sung sweeter ;
 I've ply'd you long with *Odes* and *Ballads*,
 Enough to've fill'd Ten Tinkers *Wallets* ;
 In *Dedications*, smooth and ample,
 Have cry'd you up, beyond *Example*,
 And shewn that *All* who went before y'
 How *fam'd* soe'er in *Ancient Story*,
 Ev'n CECIL, RALEIGH, BURLEIGH too,
 Were little more than *Types* of you ———

From

From *Each* have cull'd what's *choice* and *rare*,
 And made it fit you --- to a Hair ---
 Your *Enemies* (for I *presume*,
 That ev'n your LORDSHIP may have *some*)
 I've ventur'd freely to *bespatter*,
 Or *Right*, or *Wrong* --- it is no matter —
 Such errant *Knaves* and *Fools*, have shewn 'em,
 Their dearest *Friends* wou'd scarcely *own them*;
 Proving, as *clear* as is the *Light*,
 (In hopes to gain your *Favour* by't)
 That were you once to stoop to *Fate*;
 (O be it very, very *late*!)
 Or *Faction's* Rage, in evil *Hour*,
 To *strip* you of your *Staff* of *Pow'r*,
Nothing cou'd *save* us from *Undoing*,
 But *all* must run to *Rack* and *Ruin*.

If *Wags* shou'd cry — “ well, *Jack* — what
Gain —

“ For all this *Labour* of the *Brain*?

“ What

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“ What — *tickling* still his *Lordship's Ear*,
“ In *Verse* and *Prose* — yet ne'er the near —
“ *Promis'd* and *fool'd*, from Day to Day ?”
— What wou'd your *Lordship* have me say ?





The POET'S FAREWELL to his
MUSE.

A POETICAL DIALOGUE.

— *Hic Versus et cetera ludicra pono:*

HOR.

P O E T.

A DIEU, ye lov'd PIERIAN TRAIN!
Who taught me first *Poetic Strain* ---
Who early taught me first to sip,
Th' inspiring *Stream* of AGANIPP' ---
The *Ode* sublime -- or am'rous *Song* ---
To me, Alas! no more belong

VOL. II.

R

If

If once *Clarissa* lov'd my *Lays*,
 And gave me all a *Poet's Praise*;
 If O—SL—W has unbent his *Brow*,
Smit with a well-turn'd *Verse*, or so ---
 The *Vigour's* past, the *Fire* is spent,
 Which *Youth*, and haply, *Genius* lent.

M U S E.

Shall *P——e*, supreme, in *Tw——m Bow'r*,
 Write on, tho' verging to *Threescore*,
 (*P——e*, who adores a *St. J——n's* Name,
 But dares to *blast* his *MONARCH's* Fame,)
 And *You*, who *Forty* just have seen,
Desert the Source of *Hippocrene*?
 Shall none but *CIBBER's* flimsy *Strain*
 Record the *Feats* at *DETTINGEN* *,

Where

* This was writ soon after the *Allied Army* had attacked and obtained a compleat *Victory* over the *French*, near that memorable Place — an *Enemy* possess'd of every *Advantage* but that of superior *Courage* and *Bravery*.

Where CLAYTON bled, and BRUNSWICK
fought? ---

For *Shame!* repress th' ignoble *Thought* ---

Shall thus the *Hero's* Worth be paid?

O *Death!* to ev'ry warlike *Deed!*

Let *Indignation* here take place,

Oh, save your *Prince* from such *Disgrace!*

P O E T.

Let *Coll:* in sing-song, *Annual Lays*,
Attempt to write in CÆSAR's Praise,
And blindly try to soar a *Pitch*
Which *P*——e might well despair to reach;
Thank *Heav'n!* that to my *Weakness* join'd
An honest, but an humble* *Mind*,

Content

* *Dî benè fecerunt, inopis me quodque pusilli
Finxerunt animi* - - - - -

HOR. L. I. Sat. 4.

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Content to tell, in *Lyrical Vein*,
 The Fair One's *Love*, or cold *Disdain* ;
 To paint the *Grove*, or sunny *Hill*,
 Or darksome *Vale*, or falling *Rill*;
 Or modest *Worth* reveal to *Sight*,
 Which best can *bear* --- yet *shuns* the *Light*.

M U S E.

Well -- be it so -- what *binders* then
 But you *resume*, once more, the *Pen*?
 If such the fav'rite *Subjects* be,
 They'll furnish endless *Themes* for Thee ---
Clarissa's growing *Charms* invite,
 Demand thy *Lays*, and bid thee *write* ---
 Recount a thousand *Beauties* o'er,
 Thou'lt find a thousand *Beauties* more ;
 Her *Air* --- *Wit* --- *Sense* --- all, all conspire
 To *fan* the am'rous *Poet's Fire* ;

What

What nobler *Task*, than to commend,
The *Muse's*, and * *Machaon's* Friend?

P O E T.

What follow still the *Rhyming Trade*,
When † *Shylock* swears he must be paid?
Without one *Guinea* in my *Purse*,
To cloath the *Brat* that's out at *Nurse* ;
When bawling *Duns* besiege my *Gate*,
Still more, and more *importunate* ?
Can all *Clarissa's Wit*, -- *Sense* -- *Air*,
Quit score with greedy *Bookseller* ?
Or *Inspiration* from the ‡ *Nine*
Teach starving *Authors* — where to *dine* ?

R 3

Can

* Dr. Baillie, a Physician. — Alluding to the *Progress of Physic*, — See *Encomium* upon him. — P. 17.

† A known Appellation for any *Scrivener*, or sharpening, usurious *Money-lender*.

‡ *Nine Muses*.

Can all *Machaon's* Worth and Skill
Discharge pert * *Regniere's* dreadful *Bill*;
Protect me from the *Catch-pole's* *Paw*,
 Or *save* me — from devouring *Law*?
 Ah, no! — go *slumber*, then, who will,
 On Top of fair *Parnassus' Hill* —
 'Tis not for *me*, at such a Time,
 To tag lean *Verse* ——— and deal in *Rhyme*.

M U S E.

Take † *St—'s* Advice then, and prepare
 A *Libel* on the *Minister* :
 Loudly, in Time of *Peace*, complain
 That we're the *Dupes* of *France* and *Spain*;
 That *Britains*, (oh, inglorious *Sound*!)
 Can *feel* — but not *resent* the *Wound*;

Our

* A *French Taylor* — famous for making *Fine Cloaths* — and long *Bills*.

† The Author's *Bookseller*.

Our *Commerce* sunk, our *Debts* unpaid,
Swear — that the *Nation* is *betray'd*:
 When just *Revenge* each *Bosom* warms,
 When CÆSAR frowns once more in *Arms*,
 And *urging* the vindictive *Blow*,
 Heaps *Ruin* on the routed *Foe*,
Mute at new *Taxes*, and *Supplies*,
 And *d—mn* such dear-bought *Victories*;
 Poor *Albion's* hapless *Fate* bemoan,
 By *Peace* or *War*, alike *undone* :
 With keen *Iambics* lash the *Great*,
 Revile the *Army* — *Church* — and *State* —
 Be wond'rous *arch* upon the *Fleet* ;
 No matter with how little *Wit*,
 Or *Truth* — the Work will *sell* — and you may eat. }

P O E T.

For ever *branded* be his *Name*,
 Who *basely* thus gets *Bread* — or *Fame* !
 I scorn to envy *P—e* his *Lot*,
 His *House* — his *Gardens* — or his *Grot* ;

My † *Father*, a plain, honest Man,
 Cry'd *Son* — from dang'rous *Verse* refrain —
 Or if the angry *Gods*, in spite,
 Shou'd *curse* you with an *Itch* to *write* —
 Arraign not *Kings*, nor *Ministers* —
 Beware of *Fines* — and Loss of *Ears* :
 Nor yet *extol*, (in hopes to *rise*)
 The *worst* of *Measures* to the *Skies*,
 The *Slave* of *Pow'r*, or *Faction's* *Tool* —
 In short — be neither *Knave*, nor *Fool* :
 Be neither * *covetous*, nor *base*,
 Nor barter *Conscience* — for a *Place* :
 If *Virtue* crown thy little *Store*,
Enough is giv'n — nor ask for *more*.

He said — no *Oracle* more true —
 Adieu, *Pierian Maid*! Adieu!

† ——— *infuevit pater optimus hoc me,*
Ut fugerem exemplis vitiorum quæque notando.

HOR. Lib. I. Sat. 4.

* *Si neque avaritiam, neque sordes, aut mala lustra*
Objiciet vere quisquam mihi, - - -

Causa fuit Pater his : - - -

HOR. Lib. I. Sat. 6.

ESSAYS

AND

LETTERS.

Never printed before.

ESSAYS

AND

LECTURES

NOTES PRINTED BY



THE
INTRODUCTION.

WHAT a * *Noble Author* has with no less *Propriety*, than *Humour*, pronounced of *Essay-Writing*, in general, may too justly be affirmed of the following *Collection*. The lighter *Sallies* of *Youth* are here promiscuously thrown amongst the serious *Exercises* of a *maturer Age*. If They afford neither *Instruction*, nor
Enter-

* Lord *Shaftsbury* in his *Characteristics* intitles them — An *Author's Crudities*.

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Entertainment, they may still have their *Use*, by serving as *Warning-Pieces* to Posterity, not to indulge Themselves in *Idleness*, which naturally gives *Birth* to such *trivial* Productions.

————— *sanè* leve

Dum nihil habemus majus, calamo ludimus.

Being about to take my *Leave* of the World, as an *Author*, I think it necessary, for the Ease of my *Conscience*, to declare, that I had never meddled with the idle *Employment* of *Scribbling*, if my natural *Indolence*, evil *Genius*, or, what you will, wou'd have allowed me to follow a more laudable *Occupation*. I solemnly renounce any the least *View* of rivalling *Bacon*, *Shaftsbury*, or *Addison*, those eminent *Dealers* in this kind of *Traffic*

fic — and am modest enough to count it *Praise*, if I may be esteemed as no contemptible *Haberdaſher* of *Small-Wares*. Upon the whole; in what *Light* ſoever the *World* may pleaſe to conſider *me* and my perisha-ble *Commodities*, I have this *Comfort*, that tho' I am not able to accompliſh the great *Business* of ev'ry *Writer* --

— *ſimul* & *jucunda*, & *idonea dicere Vitæ*,

It will appear to be thro' a harmleſs *Defect* of *Talents*, not for want of an honeſt *Inclination* — I have therefore no *Pardon* to aſk upon this Score — However that I may not paſs for a *Coxcomb*, as well as a *bad Writer*, I think it proper to make ſome *Apology* for a few *Liberties* I have taken with *Names* and *Characters* no leſs diſtinguiſhed than thoſe of *Cato*
and

and *Cicero*. Great indeed, and worthily admired --- yet, after all ---- they were but *Men*! --- Men whose *Weaknesses* and *Faults* (for they were not without their *Frailties*) have been too long idolized as *Virtues* --- than which nothing can be more dangerous, as nothing can with more *Difficulty* be avoided, while we glance upon the *Surface* of *Human Actions*, without examining them to the *Bottom*. If any *Laws*, *Divine* or *Human*, any just *Principles* of *Natural Religion*, or *Notions* of *true Fortitude*, can warrant *Suicide*, then I take *Shame* to myself for having treated * *Cato*, that illustrious *Desparado*! in a manner so *injurious* to his *Fame* --- but if on the contrary, *God* and *Nature* declare
loudly

* See *Essay* on *Suicide* —

loudly against it ---- I expect to be forgiven (I had almost said, commended) for voting him *Guilty*, by every honest *Englishman*, who wishes well to *Virtue*, and his *Country* --- A *Country*, but too justly reproach'd with such *unnatural Practices*!

I shall hope the same *Indulgence* with respect to some cursory *Remarks* on the favourite Character of *Cicero*. Though what I have ventured to say of Him, is not without the Support of *Reason*, or the Sanction of *Authority* yet am I far from being so *vain* as to decide against his *Learned* and *Polite* * *Advocate*, or so *malevolent* as to
aim

* See *Extract* from a *Letter*, with *Remarks* on *Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero*. —

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aim at fulying a *Reputation*, that has maintained its *Lustre* thro' a long *Succession* of Ages ! In a Word ---

Amicus Plato — *Amicus* Socrates — *sed*
magis amica VERITAS.



ON



O N
S U I C I D E.

—— Fortissimus ille est,
Qui promptus metuenda pati, si cominùs instent,
Et differre potest. ———

LUCAN. Lib. 7.

Non est, ut putas, Virtus, Pater,
Timere Vitam, sed malis ingentibus
Obstare, nec se vertere, & retro dare.

SEN. Phœn. Act. 1. Sec. 1.

WHEN we are told that *Courage* consists in a manly *Patience* under *Afflictions* — in a certain *Vigour* of Mind, which not only excites us to *oppose*, but arms

us with *Resolution* to sustain the *Shock* of all possible *Evils* — every one naturally allows the *Definition*, and is ready to entertain so just a *Sentiment*: But Men are too often deluded by *Pomp* and *Shew* --- They are contented to take a cursory *View* of Things, nor dwell long enough upon them, to form right *Notions* about them, and then suppose they are *really* what they would have them to be — Thus, (as *Croufaze* observes) after having given them a *Name*, they rest satisfied with it, as if it was a certain and infallible *Mark*. Hence they become so wedded to their *Prejudices*, as not to care to be *undecided* — “ * They look upon
 “ them as a *Part* of *Themselves*, and 'tis
 “ with *Grief* and *Reluctance* they see *Opinions*, so long *adopted*, torn from them,
 “ which they consider'd as some of their
 “ *finest Feathers*.”

WERE

* *Bruyere* Char. —

WERE not this but too true, SUICIDE cou'd never have been deem'd a *magnanimous Act*, from its having prevailed amongst a *People* remarkable for their *Bravery*. It has, indeed, been *patroniz'd* by some very *Great Men* of *Antiquity*; Persons eminently *Great* and *Good*, of almost every *Country*, and even *Religion*: Yet, * PLATO (who was, confessedly, the *wisest* of Them, and from whom the *Stoics* Themselves derived the fairest of their *Tenets*) imputed this Manner of Proceeding to a *Defect*, rather than any *Sufficiency* of Courage, reproaching it, not only as an Act of *Cowardice*, misbecoming a *Brave Man*, but of *Heat* and *Impatience*, unworthy of a *Good One*. He expressly taught that the *First Principle* in human Nature, was *Self-Preservation* “ A
 “ Philosopher, (says he) *will never lay violent*
 “ *Hands upon Himself, that not being lawful*
 “ *even for Those to whom Death is more de-*
 “ *sireable than Life. They are not allowed*

S 2

“ to

* See Plat. *Phæd.* —

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“ to procure that Remedy to Themselves, tho’
 “ it be ever so necessary ; for God has placed
 “ us in this Life, as in a Post, which we are
 “ never to quit without his Permission.” Even
 * ZENO (the Founder of the Stoic Set) durst
 not entirely reject this noble Principle, tho’,
 by many subtle Distinctions, he endeavours
 to weaken, and obscure it. His Philosophy,
 however, was but too favourably received a-
 mongst the Romans — The Glare of it daz-
 zled their Imaginations, and by that Means
 corrupted their Judgment — Contradictory
 as it was to itself, a Doctrine so adapted to
 the Fierceness and Austerity of their Man-
 ners, was attended to with Delight, and
 consequently embraced with Greediness —
 but it must be observed, that Self-Murder
 had very rarely been practised before the
 End of the † Sixth Century, when the
 Romans were much degenerated from
 that Probity and Simplicity, Virtue and Con-
 stancy.

* Tully de Finibus. Lib. 4.

† It was prohibited by the Ancient Roman Laws — Tar-
 quin punished Those, who murdered themselves, by exposing
 their Bodies naked, as they did the most infamous Criminals.

stancy, which made them infinitely greater *before* they had *conquered* the *World*, than *afterward*: In the *latter Ages*, it broke in like a *Torrent* -- under the *Tyranny* of *Marius* and *Sylla* — during the bloody *Reigns* of *Tiberius*, and other succeeding *Emperors*, it became *fashionable*, amongst *People* of all *Ranks* and *Conditions* — *Luxury* — *Effeminacy* — and *Cowardice* itself, grew *bold*; gather'd *Strength* from *Despair*; and voluntarily rushed into the *Arms* of *Death*, as their *Asylum*, their only *Refuge* from such dreadful *Scenes* of *Horror* and *Desolation*. But of all the *Brave Men* who are recorded for these *Practices*, none stand so eminently distinguish'd, as *CATO*, and *BRUTUS*: Unfortunately too, for *Posterity*, they have been so fulsomly *celebrated* on this *very Account*, that instead of being *shocked* at the *Deformity* of such unnatural *Violence*, we are *charmed* with those artificial *Graces* and *Ornaments*, which *Stoic-Eloquence* has lavished upon it. Their *Names* are so *revered* by some, that they reckon it no light *Presumption* to call their *Actions* to the *Bar* of *Reason*; but a much greater, to tax any of

them with the least degree of *Guilt, Rashness, or Folly.*

HOWEVER, I shall take the *Liberty* to give my free Thoughts of this Matter, and in order to consider it *impartially*, (the only way to judge *rightly*) shall lay aside all blind Regards for *Persons*, and *Characters* — I shall dare to treat the GREAT CATO, as a *common Man*, and not as One at the *Head* of a *Roman Senate* — No longer enslaved to a *Name*, or a *Sound*, I shall bring his *Conduct* to a *fair Trial*; and, by viewing this last applauded *Action* of his Life in its *true Light*, I flatter myself convict him of a *Crime*, which will reflect *Disgrace*, instead of giving a *Lustre* to his *Character*.

SOME have imputed Cato's Death to *Fear* — Others, to *Vain-Glory* — Others, to his personal * *Hatred* of *Cæsar* -- which mingled itself with his immoderate *Concern* for the
Public

* This was, no doubt, greatly increased by *Family Injuries* — for Cæsar's *Intimacy* with *Servilia*, Cato's *Sister*, was the *common Talk* of Rome.

Public Good. From the extraordinary *Circumstances* attending his *Conduct*, in the last grand *Conflict*, one is well warranted to think that the *latter* was the *chief Cause* of it. The strange *Passions* he fell into, before he struck the fatal *Blow* — the *Rage*, with which he push'd away his *Surgeon* --- rent open the *Wound* that was bound up -- and tore out his *Bowels*, before he expired -- abundantly favour this *Opinion*. And may it not be ask'd — where was the *STOIC*, then? — where was that *Firmness* of *Mind*, that *heroic Constancy*, which has rendered him the *Admiration* of so many *Ages*? — He was in full *Possession* of his *Virtue* — his *CHIEF GOOD* — That cou'd not be *wrested* from him, nor become a *Prey* to the *Conqueror* — What had he (consistently with his own boasted *Principles*) to complain of? -- *Defended* by such a *PALLADIUM*, he should bravely have defied *Cæsar*, and his * *Fortunes* — he had then been

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greater

* That happy *Genius* which *Plutarch* says was *propitious* to him during his *Life*, and seem'd to have *stuck* to him after his *Death*, as the *Revenger* of his *Murder*. See *Life of Jul. Cæs.* —

greater than *Cæsar* — much greater — for he wou'd have owed *Nothing* to FORTUNE, but *All* to HIMSELF. Alas! This was not the Case — his *Inflexibility* of Temper, which he derived from *Constitution*, as well as from the *Sect* he professed, seem indeed to set him above the ordinary *Impressions* of *Fear*, but then they left him open to such *Transports* of *Rage* and *Fury*, as were little short of *Frenzy*, which true *Fortitude* is equally a *Stranger* to: *Constancy*, *Patience*, and *Resolution*, are her inseparable *Companions* — She is *easy*, *calm*, and *modest* — as all the Steps of *Virtue* are, when guided by *right Reason*: She is never *inconsistent* with *Herself* — neither *impotent*, nor *treacherous* — A sure *Rock* of Defence, in the Day of *Trial*.

If it shou'd be insisted upon, that what wrought him to this *Extreme*, was *Public Spirit* — the *Despair* of a *Brave Man* -- who killed himself, not for any *private Reason*, but for *Reasons of State* — as has lately been more
artfully,

artfully, than *soundly* distinguished by some
 * *Modern Writers* — that he gallantly chose
 to die *Free*, rather than live a *Slave* — that
 he nobly scorned to owe a *precarious Being*
 to a *Tyrant*, &c. The Answer to all this,
 is — that no *Reasons of State*, much less
fantastical Notions of *Honour* -- can possibly
 discharge us from our *Obedience* to *Laws of*
Natural Obligation, any more than *Sickness*,
Poverty, or any other *personal Distress* —
 but even this *Argument* (weak as it is) cannot
 be urged in defence of *Cato*: Had he sub-
 mitted to a *voluntary Death*, like *Curtius*, or
 the self-devoted *Decii*, for the *Good* of his
Country — coolly and *deliberately* sacrificed his
 own *Life*, for the *Public Welfare*, — the
Hero and the *Patriot* had well deserved those
Honours that have been paid to his *Memory*
 — but tho' it fairly may be said he died
 † *with* the *Liberties* of the *Roman People*, it
 cannot

* See *Universal Hist.* Vol. V. Pag. 164. in the *Notes*.—

† Hence the *Action*, probably became *famous*, not for its
 being *reasonable*, but for its happening at so *critical* a *Time*.

cannot be maintained that he died *for* them. Next to *Pompey's* Death, *Cato's* was the severest *Blow* *Rome* ever felt — Some of the greatest Men of his **Party* soon followed his *Example*, who had all along depended upon his *Wisdom* and *Honour* — who might possibly, with the Weight of his *Character*, have still made Head against † *Cæsar* — If they cou'd not have succeeded so far as to crush his aspiring Greatness, they might, at least, have curbed it — *Cato*, then, neither purchased, nor cou'd hope to purchase, by his *Death*, any Security for his *Friends*, and *Countrymen* — nay, in *Faët*, (tho' accidentally) contributed greatly to their *Ruin*. Here, then, let us stop — and deplore the *Frailty* of the most exalted Natures — ev'n *Cato* departs from his *Integrity* — If he scorned to owe his Life to the *Tyrant Cæsar*, cou'd he
not

* *Juba*, *Scipio* and *Petreius* killed Themselves immediately, and *Afranius* surrender'd, who was afterwards slain.

† *Juba* cou'd have raised another *Army* immediately, or all of them might have gone over into *Spain* to *Pompey's* Son, for whom all *Spain* had declared.

not have *withdrawn* himself, and waited *patiently* for better Times, in some honourable *Retreat*? 'Tis highly probable, if † *Pompey* had been the Man, he wou'd have taken some such *moderate* Step — What, then, is all this boasted *Bravery*, but a Mixture of *personal Hatred*, and *Impatience* — a *brutal Fury* — and the blind *Impulse* of an ungovernable *Passion* — which are rather the Marks of *Cowardice* and *Frenzy*, than the Effects of true *Courage*, or perfect *Stoicism*.

As for *Brutus*, who had strongly imbibed the *Principles* of the same *Philosophy* (falsely so called) he once blamed this rash *Action*, and 'tis no wonder he so far chang'd his *Sentiments* as to become his own *Executioner*, under the unhappy *Delusion* that * *Virtue* was nothing but an empty Name.

AFTER

† With whom he *sided*, tho' he knew he had the same *Designs* upon the *Public Liberty* which *Cæsar* had.

* *Florus* Lib. IV. Cap. 7. — *Dio.* Lib. XLVII. *sub finem.* —

AFTER all — if *Patience* and *Resignation* be our *Duty*, as *Men* — as *dependant Creatures* — if true *Notions* of *Virtue* and *Honour* are, of *Themselves*, sufficient to teach us an utter *Abhorrence* of *Self-Murder* — what must we think of *Those* who not only break thro' all *Laws* of *Moral Obligation*, but even dare to act in defiance of a *Divine Command*? When we take *this* into *Consideration*, and the *Certainty* of a *future Reckoning*, so doubtfully believed by the *wisest* of the *Heathen-World*, the *Conduct* of the most illustrious *Greeks*, or *Romans*, can be no *Rule* for us: We are under the immediate *Care*, and *Direction* of an unerring *Guide* — We walk in *clear Day* — in the broad *Sunshine* of a *Divine Philosophy*, that cannot *mislead*, or *deceive* us — a *Philosophy* that turns the *Wisdom* of the *Wise* into *Foolishness* — that *raises*, to *depress* — and *bumbles*, to *exalt* — that animates its *Followers* to rejoice, thro' *Hope*, in the hottest *Flames* of *Persecution*, till by triumphing over *Themselves*, they become more than *Conquerors*. To imbrue our *Hands*
in

in our own *Blood*, is in *us* the most daring *Impiety* — a *Sin*, of all others the most *dreadful*, as 'tis the only one that cannot be *repented of*, and, as such, argues the highest Degree of *Folly*, *Frenzy*, and *Presumption*. An absolute *Submission* to the Divine Will, in all possible *Events*, is so strictly *required* of *us*, so indispensably our *Duty*, as *Christians*, that no *public*, or private *Distresses*, however sharp and grievous, can absolve us from the *Guilt* of so outrageous a *Breach* of it. — *Reason* and *Religion* keep every Man to his *Post* — Attack'd in *Body*, *Reputation* and *Estate*, he is still ready to do his *Duty* — “ *Like some Promontory* (says *Antoninus*) *he remains unmoved, forcing the Billows that drive upon him continually to fall off on either Side, and slide gently into a Calm.*” How beautiful, how worthy of *Imitation*, is the Example of *Epictetus*, who guided only by *Reason*, and under a Weight of *Afflictions* that nothing cou'd exceed but the *Providence* which attended them, and his own *Virtue*, breaks out into these natural, these devout

devout *Strains of Submission*, “ † *Dare to lift*
 “ *up thy Eyes to God, and say; use me as thou*
 “ *pleasest; I am of the same Mind with Thee;*
 “ *and perfectly indifferent as to all Events —*
 “ *Lead me wheresoever Thou thinkest fitting;*
 “ *I am ready to obey — I will defend thy*
 “ *Providence before Men, in every one of thy*
 “ *Dispensations, and demonstrate the Nature,*
 “ *and the Reasonableness of them*.”*

IN a Word — He that meanly quits
 his *Station*, or quarrels with his *Command*,
 in Time of *Danger* and *Distress*, by putting
 an *End* to his *Being*, is no better than a
 rank *Coward* — a *Traitor* to Himself —
 and a *Rebel* against his *Maker*.

† *Arrian Epiet. Lib. II. Cap. 16.*

* How inconsistent is this with the Doctrine of *Self-Murder*, which is scatter'd up and down in his *Discourses*, as they are collected by his *Followers*?





On FORTITUDE in DEATH.

*Sit fortis in perferendo, officio satis est: ut
latetur etiam, non postulo: Tristis enim Res
est sine dubio, aspera, amara, inimica Na-
turæ, ad patiendum difficilis.*

CICERO. TUS. QUEST.

THE calm Resignation of some Men in
the last great Trial, is not only more
amiable and *decent* in itself, but a much surer
Mark of a Mind superior to its *Destiny*, than
the light *Mockery* and *Jests* of Others: The
One, is the Result of a natural *Firmness* of
Soul, supported by *Reason*, and is the ge-
nuine *Fruit* of a good *Conscience* — the other
(if traced to its proper *Source*) is the Effect
of a harden'd *Disposition*, a stupid *Insensibi-*
lity,

lity, or wretched *Disimulation*: It may attract our *Eyes*, engage a transient *Attention*, and strike us with *Wonder*; but we can never be taught to *admire*, so as to *imitate*, what resembles more the irregular *Flights* and *Sallies* of a *Buffoon*, than the unaffected *Dignity* of Behaviour which always accompanies *true Fortitude*. If the *Terrors* of *Death* cannot *shock* a Great Soul, some of the *wisest* and *best* Men have been serious at its *Approach*.

IF we look round the World, we shall perceive a strong *Abhorrence* of Death implanted (and that most *wisely*) in the *Natures* of all *Animals* — Those, over whose *Actions* and inward *Movements*, plain *Instinct* presides, betray universally this secret *Dread* of *Dissolution* — while *Man* is his own *Bubble*, and in seeking to *exalt* his Character above the common *Pitch* of *Humanity*, degrades it below the *level* of *Beasts* themselves: 'Tis *Man* alone, who *rebels* against his *Nature* — whose false *Tongue* belies the honest *Emotions* of his *Heart* -- who starts not,
but

but *smiles* upon the Brink of *Destruction* —
 as if *Reason* was given him to set at nought
 the *primary, universal, and necessary* Law of
Self-Preservation — to *stifle* every rational
Hope and Fear — to *extinguish* every serious
Thought; and sober *Reflection*: nay, so con-
 tradictory, so perverse are we, as to *fret* and
repine at the lighter *Misfortunes* of Life, but
 when about to be divested of *Life itself*, of
 all that can be *dear* to us, on this side the
Grave, affect an Air of *Unconcern*, and even
Pleasantry, as if nothing *here, or hereafter*,
 was worth the least *Regard*.

FOR my own Part, I must confess my
Weakness (if it be one) and declare, that my
Philosophy stands me in very little stead,
 when I make this cruel *Divorce* the Subject
 of my *Meditation* —

For sure, to Die, and go we know not where:
 To lie in cold Obstruction, and to rot;
 This sensible warm Motion to become
 A kneaded Clod; and the delighted Spirit
 To bathe in fiery Floods, or to reside

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*In thrilling Regions of thick-ribbed Ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless Winds,
And blown with restless Violence round about
The pendant World; Or, to be worse than
worst*

*Of Those, that lawless, and uncertain Thought
Imagine, howling! — 'tis too horrible!*

SHAKESPEAR. *Meas. for Meas.*

NOTHING can effectually support us under so awful a Sentence, or brighten the Prospect of so dreadful a Change, but a firm Persuasion of *another Life*, and a just Consciousness of our own Integrity: With these Aids, we may arrive at such a Degree of Constancy, Patience, and Resignation, as to hope every Thing, and fear Nothing — without them, however gallantly we may behave to cheat the Eyes of the World, whatever Lies our outward Actions may publish, and pass upon Others, we are all the while rank Cowards within — “ We deceive ourselves, and the Truth is not in us.”

HAD

HAD *Poets* and *Historians* done their Heroes *Justice*, we shou'd view them in a *Light* much less advantageous to their *Characters* — The *Pomp* and *Splendor*, the *Noise* and *Ostentation*, which ever accompany their several *Atchievements*, have dazzled our *Imaginations*, and corrupted our *Judgment* — Hence *Vanity* and *Ambition*, *Hypocrisy*, *Revenge* and *Despair* have had their *Admirers* — have been fondly mistaken for *Public Spirit*, *Virtue*, *Courage* and *Magnanimity*.

INSTANCES, indeed, there are of Men, very *exemplary* in other *Respects*, who have closed the last, solemn *Scene*, with a surprising *Air of Gaiety*; with a sort of *Contempt*, and *Triumph*. Our Countryman, Sir *Thomas Moore*, distinguished himself very remarkably, at a *Time*, when a little more *Composure* and *Gravity* had suited his *Condition* much better: He preserved his *Vein of Humour*, and *Facetiousness*, to the last, and even droll'd with his *Executioner*, when his Head was upon the *Block*. It must be con-

fels'd, a Man of his great *Learning* and *Probity*, cannot be suspected of any *Influence* from Motives so unworthy of him, as *Vanity* and *Affectation* — but wou'd it have *tarnished* his Character to have *restrained* his natural Temper, and even *counterfeited* Sobriety, at so important a *Crisis*? The best we can say, is — that *Habit* and *Constitution* prevailed over his *Judgment*; that all was, unquestionably, *at Peace within*; — he felt none of those *Self-Reproaches*, which wring the *Heart*, and ruffle the *Conduct* of others, on such melancholly Occasions — *uniform* still, and *consistent* with Himself, he acted but in *Character* — 'Twas as *natural* to him to *jest*, as to *breathe* — and when we consider rightly the *Power* of so rooted a *Propensity*, we shall the less wonder that he *indulged* it, till he parted with *That*, and *Life* together*.

OTHER

* Some Years after this *Essay* was finished, the *Author* had the Satisfaction of tracing these *Sentiments* in a *Spectator*, writ by the late Mr. *Addison*. A Circumstance, he thinks

OTHER *Examples* of the same kind might be produced; but however *shining*, or *numerous* they may be, they cannot alter the *Nature* of Things — they cannot prove the *Decorum*, or *Fitness* of such *Behaviour* — all we can wisely conclude from them is, that there are, sometimes, *Monsters* in the *moral World*, as well as in the *natural* — were we to examine the secret *Springs* of such *Conduct*, in general, we shou'd find that what has been *applauded* as the sublimest Pitch of *Heroic Fortitude*, was nothing more than *Grimace* — a preposterous *Vanity*, and wretched *Disimulation*. Strange! that Men can bring themselves to *act* such unnatural *Parts*, to catch at a little *Fame*, when the next *Moment* they are to leave it for ever behind them. Surely, we have too much

T 3

at

thinks proper to mention, not so much to obviate the *Charge* of his having borrowed them *from Him*, as to prevent the *Imputation* of a *Vanity*, much less *pardonable*, that of having (*knowingly*) presumed to *handle* the same Subject *after Him*.

at Stake in our Passage to *Eternity*, to be employed in such vain, and empty *Pursuits*!

Summum nec metuas Diem, nec optes — includes all that *true Greatness* of Soul requires of us — Thus far *Human Nature* may decently go, without subjecting us to the Imputation of *Weakness*, on the one Hand, or *Disimulation*, on the other — This *Reason* prescribes, as a just *Standard* — All beyond it, is *Stoic-Pride*, and *Extravagance*, *Ostentation*, and *Frenzy*. *Death*, considered as *Natural* — *Unavoidable* — *Reasonable*, and *Just* — ought to be submitted to with *Firmness* and *Æquanimity*; but can never (consider it in what *Light* you will) become a proper Object of *Mirth* and *Pleasantry*.

TRUE *Courage*, then, in all possible *Trials*, may be said to resemble *Charity*, which, in the *Language of Holy Writ*, “vaunteth not
“ *itself*; is not puffed up; doth not behave it-
“ *self unseemly*; beareth all Things; hopeth all

“ *Things; endureth all Things.*” It neither *shudders* at Dangers which it cannot *prevent*, nor leudly makes them its *Sport*: It is never *insensible* of Evils, but always rises *superior* to them, and is *Proof* against their fiercest *Assaults*.

WHAT * *Montaigne* says, is very apposite to this Subject, and as he is known to have been not *over scrupulous*, an *Extract* from him, may prove the best *Authority* with *those* who are most concerned in this *Question*.

“ *The Opinion that makes so little of Life,*
 “ *is ridiculous; for 'tis our Being; 'tis all*
 “ *we have: Things of a nobler and more ele-*
 “ *vated Being, may, indeed, accuse this of*
 “ *ours; but it is against Nature to contemn,*
 “ *and make little Account of ourselves —*
 “ *'tis a Disease peculiar to Man, and not dis-*
 “ *cerned in any other Creatures, to hate, or*
 “ *despise itself.*”

T 4

THE

* See Book II. Chap. 3. *Essays*.

THE Whole of what I contend for, is this — that a *Contempt* of *Death* (such a noble *Disregard* of it, I mean, as *Wisdom* must *approve*, and chuse to *imitate*) is more strongly marked in the *grave* and *steady* *Department* of some, than in the *light* *Foppery* of others — that *Socrates* behaved more like a *Brave Man*, as well as a *Good one*, in the solemn *Leave* he took of his *Friends*, than † *Petronius*, who thro' an unnatural *Delicacy*, vainly amused himself, and those about him with agreeable *Tales*, and *Poetic Gallantries* — That Mr. *Addison* in his last, devout *Moments*, was more *exemplary*, and *illustrious*, than * *Rabelais*.

† He *opened* his *Viens*, and afterwards *closed* them again, that he might gain *Time* to converse with his *Friends* — for which he has been much *applauded* by Those who prefer *Great* to *Good* Actions. A Distinction *weak*, as well as *wicked* — since no *Action* can be *truly Great*, that is not founded on the *Principles* of *Religion* and *Virtue*.

* Of *whom* it is related, that a little before his *Death* he called for his *Domino*, (a sort of *Hood* which some *Ecclesiastics* wear) saying — put on my *Domino*, for I am cold; besides, I will *Die* in it, for — *Beati qui moriuntur in Domino*.

See Du Chat's *Life of Rabelais*.

ON



ON THE
SUMMUM BONUM,

OR THE

CHIEF GOOD of HUMAN NATURE.

*Est Modus in rebus ; sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra, citraque nequit consistere Rectum.*

HOR.

WHAT is our *Chief Good*? -- is a *Question* that we are all very nearly *interested* in, and therefore ought to be very *sollicitous* about — it has exercised the *Wits*, and employed the *Studies* of * *Philosophers* thro' all

* *Varro* has reckoned up no less than 288 different *Opinions* about it. —

all Ages — and yet I will venture to say, not *One* of them is altogether to be relied upon: This *Definition*, is too *rigid* and *severe* — That, as much too *loose* — while each has overshot the *Mark* — and rather given us a *Scheme* agreeable to his own *Complexion*, and *Temper*, than the true *Merits* of the *Case*. 'Tis the *Practice* of *Virtue*, for its own Sake, under all possible *Difficulties* and *Discouragements*, say * *Some*; 'Tis a *State* of *eternal War* with *Flesh* and *Blood*; 'tis the *Exercise* of *religious Duties*, say *Others*; 'tis *Pleasure*, cry the *Epicureans* — tho' not in the *gross Sense*, *Fools*, or *Knaves*, have been pleased to imagine — 'tis *Apathy* — 'tis *Company*; 'tis *Solitude* — 'tis *Wealth*; 'tis

* The *Stoics* maintained the *Summum Bonum* to consist in *Virtue*, and the *Summum Malum*, in *Vice* — Hence it necessarily follows, that a *Man* truly *Virtuous* is supremely *Happy*, and consequently *wants nothing*, not even *Immortality*. The *vicious Man*, on the contrary, is supremely *miserable*, and consequently is sufficiently *punished*; there being no *Torment* to be compared with *supreme Misery*. Hence — *Poverty*, is *Riches* — *Sickness*, *Health* — *Deformity*, *Beauty* — and the like *Contradictions*.

It is *Fame* — These will have it consist in *speculative Knowledge*, and the Improvement of the *Mind* — nor are Those wanting, who place it in the *uncontrolled Gratification* of their *Appetites*, and the *fordid Delights* of *Sense*. Hence the motley *Crew*, of which the *World* is compounded — One, renounces all *Commerce* with his *Fellow-Creatures*, and seeks the *Lord* in a *Desart* — Another, turns *Casuis*t, profoundly skilled in unravelling *Mysteries*, and reconciling *Contradictions* — This, deals much in *abstract Reasonings*, or, in other Words forming *unerring Propositions*, without *Ideas* — and tho' as blind as a *Beetle*, sees * *All Things in God* — That *Man*, is an *Universal Linguist*, a passionate *Admirer* of the *Ancients*; and so bigotted to their *Principles*, that he had rather *err* with *Plato* and *Socrates*, than receive new *Lights* from *Bacon*, or *Locke* — surrounded with

Com-

* The Opinion of Father *Mallebranche* — See *Recherche de la Verité. Lib. 3. Cap. VI. p. 199.* — *Bayle* says, he derived this *Refvery* from *Democritus*. —

Commentators, he puzzles the *Text*, however plain in *itself*, with *various Readings*, and by that means hits upon every *Interpretation*, but the *right* — while the *Liber-tine*, (sworn *Foe* to every *serious Thought*, or rational *Inquiry*) dies a *Sacrifice*, at *Twenty-five*, to his *Wh—e*, and a *Bottle*.

How, then, are we to steer in such a *Sea* of contradictory *Opinions*, and *Practices*? Which of all these can be said to *obtain* the *Prize*, for which all so eagerly *contend*? *Bewilder'd* as we are in our *Search* after *Happiness*, 'tis possible, sure, to *attain* it, even in *this Life*, or *Providence* has dealt too hardly with his *Creatures* — Beset with *Crosses* and *Disappointments*, *Diseases*, *Sickness* and *Death*, we have it in our *Power*, if not to *shun*, at least to turn the * *Edge* of the keenest *Misfortunes*: Most of the *Evils* we suffer

* *Adhibe rationem difficultatibus, possunt & dura molliri, & angusta laxari, & gravia scite ferentes minùs premere, — Seneca de Tranq. An.*

suffer we bring upon *ourselves*, and such as are the necessary *Appendages* of our very *Being*, we aggravate by our *Impatience*. To avoid this, we must learn to use our *Prosperity* with more *Moderation*, and to bear *Adversity* with more *Firmness* and *Temper*: By a suitable *Behaviour* even the *latter* may be improved into a *Blessing*, while, too often, the *former* degenerates into a *Curse*. We must maintain the *Balance* of our *Passions*, not try to *extinguish* them: We must strive to *regulate*, and entirely to *subdue* those *Affections* of the *Mind*, which are implanted in us for the *wisest* and *best* Purposes: Far be it from *Infinite*, *Absolute*, *Essential Goodness*, to have exhibited this wonderful *Scene* of *Earthly Enjoyments*; to have scattered abroad such a *Profusion* of *Delights*, fitted to regale our *Senses*, and, at the same Time, made it our * *Duty* to renounce them. We may, doubtless, have

* That sociable *Virtue*, and that fine *Humanity*, by which the better Part of Mankind are *distinguish'd*, and which consists not in a *cold Indifference*, but in *well-order'd Passions*, cannot but appear more *beautiful* in the Eye of the *All-wise*

have our *softer Minutes*, and more *devout Seasons*, tho' we neither *riot* with the *Debauchee*, nor mortify with the *Anchorite* -- 'tis as requisite to use *Diversions*, for the Health of the *Body*, as to have recourse to *Books*, for the Improvement of the *Mind* — and tho' *Solitude* may justly be stiled the *Nurse of Sense*, 'tis highly expedient, at proper *Intervals*, to * associate with our *Fellow Creatures*, and wear off our *Rust* in a *Croud*.

IN short — *Man* is of a *mix'd Nature* — a *Compound* of *Matter* and *Spirit* — indued with *Powers* and *Faculties*, *Inclinations* and *Passions*, nicely adapted to their several *Exercises* and *Enjoyments*, which for that very
Reason;

All-wise Being, than the *ullen Obedience* of the most rigid *Philosopher*. Whoever pretends to be without *Passions*, censures the *Wisdom* of that *Power* which made him. — See Hughes's Works. Vol. II. p. 328. —

* *Miscenda & alternanda sunt Solitudo & Frequentia: Illa, nobis faciet Hominum desiderium; hæc, nostri: & erit altera alterius Remedium. Odium Turbæ sanabit Solitudo, tædium Solitudinis Turba: Nec in eâdem intentione æqualiter retinenda Mens est, sed ad Jocos revocanda — Sen. de Tranq. An.*

Reason, he is formed to partake of in a certain *Degree*: The *Love of Ourselves* — the *Gratification* of our * *sensual Appetites*, is no less proper to our *Mortal*, than our *Duty to God*, and our *Neighbour*, our *Longings* after a more perfect *Fruition*, are to our *Spiritual* and *Immortal Nature* — nor is the one so wholly to *possess* our *Minds*, as to make us utterly *renounce* the *other*. To moderate these *Extremes*, is the peculiar *Province* of *Reason*, and were her *Dictates* duly attended to, 'twere impossible for us to *err* in this Point — on right *Notions* of which, and a *Conduct* regulated by them, (*wrangle* as long as we will, and *refine* ever so much) our *chief Good*, that is to say, our *Happiness*, entirely depends. Does *Religion* enjoin such *Eagerness* in the Pursuit of *intellectual Enjoyments*,

* To spend part of our Time in *Recreations* — to love the *Pleasures* of the *Senses*, even when the *Use* of our *Senses* is necessary, is in the Judgment of *some*, to be a *Carnal Man*, and to live like a *Beast*: But can a *rational Man* think that a *Good and Wise God* is displeased with us, when we live agreeably to the *Nature* he has given us? — See Croufaz Logic. Vol. I. p. 396. —

joyments, and the Exercises of *Devotion*, as to make us forget the *Relation* we stand in to our *Fellow-Creatures*? And yet, what *Numbers* of Wretches have fallen into this sad *Delusion* — who live in *Caves* sequester'd from Mankind — who devoutly *tear* and *macerate* their very *Flesh*, at particular Seasons, and voluntarily *condemn* Themselves to a perpetual State of *Mortification*, and *Self-denial*? What is *this*, but a sort of *religious Madness* — a *pious Frenzy* — that nothing can recommend to *Heaven*, but the *Uprightness* of the *Intention*, and *Sincerity* of Heart? On the other Hand; *soberly* and *thankfully* to enjoy the *Good Things* of this Life; to persevere in a regular *Discharge* of all *Social Duties*, as well as *Acts* of *Devotion* — to make both *Ourselves*, and *Others*, as happy as our frail Condition is capable of — is *Virtue* — and consequently, the very Foundation of *true Religion*.

FROM what has been said, there seems to arise one strong *Inference* — that there cannot be (consider'd *abstractedly*) any such thing

thing as *Sin* in the World — I mean, in the *Abstract* — but that all *Vice* is neither more, nor less, than a pernicious *Extreme* — a *virtuous*, or *indifferent* Action, carried to an *Excess* — or a *Passion*, harmless in itself, directed to a *wrong Object*. This being allowed, our *Passions* are no longer *Snares* for our *Souls*, but the *Source* of every *rational Delight* and *Satisfaction* —

As *Fruits* ungrateful to the *Planter's* Care
On savage *Stocks* inserted, learn to bear,
The surest *Virtues* thus from *Passions* shoot,
Wild Nature's *Vigour* working at the *Root*.

POPE. *Essay on Man*.

Providence is cleared of every hard *Imputation* — Our *Pleasure* and our *Duty*, are but one, and the same — nor can any *Act* be a *Breach* of the *Divine Law*, that is not naturally destructive of *human Happiness* — Gracious *God!* who, in *Pity* to Man's *Weakness*, has made a due *Regard* to our *Temporal Interests*, the easy *Price* of our *Eternal Welfare!*



On * CHANCE.

*Nullum Numen habes, si sit Prudentia, nos Te
Nos facimus, Fortuna, Deam, cæloq; locamus.*

JUVENAL:

— *Ea maximè conducunt, quæ sunt
rectissima.*

CIC.

TO ascribe to *Chance*, *Fortune*, or *Acci-*
dent, any *Direction* or *Government* in
the Affairs of this World, must proceed from
a very weak *Head*, or corrupt *Heart* —

'Tis

* This *Essay* was originally design'd for an *Answer* to a
Letter publish'd in the *Champion*, when that Paper first
came out.

'Tis a *Doctrine* that instead of promoting *Virtue* and *Prudence*, sets us loose from *Both*, by giving us to understand, that after our most laudable *Endeavours*, we may be wholly *indebted* to *Chance* for our *Success*.
 — That *Wisdom* and *Probity* (with regard to this World, at least) can promise us no *Advantage* beyond *Vice* and *Folly* — the Consequences of which *Doctrine*, are too *shocking* to mention.

THE *Instances* brought to shew that many strange and unforeseen *Accidents* often *concur* to bring about great *Events*, by no means *prove* what the *Advocates* for *Chance* wou'd have them. If mighty *Armies* have (thro' want of *Conduct* in their *Commander*, *Courage* in the *Soldiery*, or *Disadvantage* of *Ground*) been sometimes *subdued* by a very *inferior Force* — If sudden *Pannics* have decided the *Fate* of a *Battle* — are we to think with
 * *Montaigne* “ *That good and ill Fortune are*

* See *Essays* Vol. III. P. 179.

“ *two Sovereign Powers — that Wisdom,*
 “ *itself, and the wisest Consultations, for the*
 “ *most part, commit Themselves to Chance?*”

To urge that the *best* concerted *Schemes* are often *defeated*, and the very *worst* remarkably *successful*, is saying nothing to the Purpose: All this may, and often does happen thro’ the more prevailing Influence of *Craft* and *Intrigue*, and yet the *ordinary Course* of Things as *regular* and *constant* as ever. A *Bowl* (contrary to the fix’d *Laws* of *Motion*) may by the *Impulse* of some *external Force*, move *obliquely*, instead of *preserving* its first *Direction*, by going on in a *Right Line* — A Dose of *Poison*, taken by *Mistake*, may promote a critical *Discharge*, and save a Man’s *Life*, when all the regular *Methods* of *Art* have *fail’d* — But when we admit all This, what is it more than to *confess* (as we must do) that short-sighted *Dependant Beings*, as we are, cannot *look thro’* the grand *Scheme* of *Providence*, nor be *aware* of all possible *Contingencies*: ’Twere egregious *Folly* to conclude from hence the Doctrine of *Chance* — to *rely* upon inferior
Numbers

Numbers — or neglect the ordinary *Helps* of *Physic*, because they will not at all Times afford us the *Relief* we naturally expect, and usually receive from them.

SCRIPTURE abundantly confirms what found *Philosophy* teaches, that there is no such Thing as mere * *Chance* or *Accident* — that every *Event* is derived from the settled *Order* of Things, establish'd and directed by the Finger of *Providence*, who in a manner no less secret, than wonderful, disposes and governs all the *Productions* and *Operations* of *second Causes*: If he sometimes baffles the wisest *Projects*, 'tis, no doubt, for the wisest *Purposes* — to manifest his Almighty Power — to secure our *Faith* in him, and to fix our *Dependance* upon him — to convince us how weak our best concerted *Measures* are,

U 3

without

* This Word has no *Sense*, but when it is used to denote a *Cause*, which is not sufficiently known to foresee its *Effects*. In that Sense, to say, *Chance has done it* — is the same as to say — *I cannot tell how it came to pass*. *Crousaz*. Vol. I. P. 447.

without his *Aid* and *Assistance*. To suppose any thing the mere *Effect* of blind *Chance* is to suppose an *Effect* without a *Cause*, for the *Term Chance*, can with no *Propriety* be said to mean any thing that really *Exists*; any thing capable of *producing* the most trivial *Events*, but rather our own † *Blindness* with respect to the true *efficient Cause* of them, and the *Manner* in which they are brought about. There is unquestionably an adequate *Cause* for the *Production* of every Thing; every thing must proceed from some *active Principle* that has a real *Existence*; *Chance* is a mere *Nothing*; when we see, therefore, any unexpected *Turns* of Affairs, for which we assign

† Though *material Causes* always act without *Knowledge*, and do every Thing *necessarily*, and according to the whole *Extent* of their *Power*; yet, when an *Effect* depends upon a very *hidden Cause*, or an uncommon *Combination*, the *Uncertainty* we are in about that *Event*, moves us to call that *material Cause*, though it be *necessary*, *Chance*, or a *Contingent Cause*. Our *Ignorance* about that *Cause* makes the *Prediction* of its *Effect* as *uncertain*, as if it was a *free Cause*. Wherefore that *Name* goes from the *Free Cause* to the *necessary Cause*, not because they are *alike*, but because we are equally *uncertain* about their *future Effects* — See *Ibidem*.

assign no other *Cause* but *Accident*, we reason *absurdly*; they are all the while as much the *Effect* of *Natural Causes*, as the most *regular* and *ordinary* Course of Things, and 'tis our *Ignorance* alone that makes us judge otherwise.

CARDINAL Richlieu (whose *Prudence* cou'd be equal'd by nothing but the *Success* which always attended it) used to say, "*that Misfortunes and Imprudence were but two Words for the same Thing*" — This is carrying the Matter *too far* — yet if all about us be not mere *Whim*, *Idea*, and *Chimæra* — *Virtue*, *Wisdom*, *Prudence* and *Valour*, must upon the whole, be calculated to *procure* us more certain *Advantages*, than *Vice*, *Folly*, *Indiscretion* and *Cowardice*: To check our *Vanity* — to awaken in us a just *Sense* of his over-ruling *Power*, Providence may sometimes *defeat* our most hopeful *Enterprizes*; but in *Attestation* of his *Wisdom* and *Goodness*, must oftner crown them with *Success*. Whilst *Rome* (as has often been observ'd) maintain'd her *Virtue*, and

U 4

adher'd

adher'd to a wise and uniform *Policy*, she was a *Match* for the *whole World*, but when she *deviated* from their *Precepts*, she soon became a *Prey* to the first *Invader*. Tho' the wisest *Means* are not always attended with suitable *Success*, this can *prove* no more than that many unforeseen *Accidents*, (which are no *other* than the *Dispensations* of God's *Providence*) *interpose* for that *Time*, and quite *change* the ordinary *Course* of *Things*.
 “ *Fortuna, Fatum, Natura, omnia ejusdem*
 “ *Dei Nomina, variè suâ Potestate utentis.*”
 — Thus reasons *Seneca*, and to maintain otherwise, is wretched *Philosophy* — bad *Politics* — and worse *Divinity*.





ON
FEMALE EDUCATION.

Quid verum atque decens, curo & rogo, —
HOR.

IN Imitation of *Nature*, (whose settled Order is *Uniformity* in *Variety*) a Distinction of *Character* ought always to be *preserved*. The two *Sexes*, in general, are no less distinguished by their different *Talents*, *Powers*, and *Propensities*, than by their outward *Frame* and *Figure*; which plainly point out to us their respective *Duties*, and the different *Employments* for which *each* was originally *designed*.

THAT

THAT *Women* (at least, *some* of them) are endued with *Faculties* which enable them to *shine* in the *Republic* of Letters, and *fit* them for the sublimest *Attainments*, cannot be denied — Madam *Dacier* is the latest, and most remarkable *Instance* of this Sort, to omit *Others* that might be mentioned — The surprising *Progress* she made in several Branches of *Learning* and *Erudition*, proves plainly that a *Difference* of *Sex* has not in itself *distorted*, or made the least *Disparity* in their *Understandings*; but, from a like *Capacity* of *Improvement*, can it reasonably be *inferred*, that *Women* ought to be *educated* in the same *Manner*, as *Men*? Were this to be *allowed*, it wou'd necessarily *follow*, that being equally *qualified*, they ought equally to *share* the same *Offices* and *Employments* — and how far this wou'd be to *depart* from the invariable Rule of *Nature*, in her wiser *Institutions*, and tend to *subvert* the established *Order* of all *Civil Government*, I leave to the *Advocates* of *Female Learning*. On the other Hand, to allow them all the *Advantages*

vantages of a *liberal Education*, and yet to restrain them within the *Exercise of Family Duties*, is so *contradictory*, and full of *Abjurdity*, that the bare mention of such a *Proceeding* is abundantly sufficient to *expose* it.

THAT *Softness*, that *Delicacy* of Frame, peculiar to the *Fair Sex*, strongly mark out those *Duties* for which they were designed, and naturally confine them to *Domestic Offices*. 'Tis in the prudent *Conduet* of her *Family*, that *Aspasia*, is seen to the best *Advantage* — *Aspasia* shines in her proper *Sphere*, while in the tender *Relations* of *Daughter*, *Sister*, *Wife* and *Mother*, she exercises every *Female Virtue* — Who but loves, esteems, and admires *Aspasia*? ever *busied*, and *unwearied* in the regular *Discharge* of *Duties*, less *painful*, indeed, but not less *useful*, or *amiable*, than those of a *Judge*, *Statesman*, *Hero*, or *Divine*? While *Honorio* is gathering *Laurels* abroad, and risking a *Life*, in Defence of his *Country*, much *dearer* to her than *her Own*, *Aspasia's* Task, and only *Delight*,

300 ESSAYS *and* LETTERS.

light, is to plant every *Perfection* in the Minds of his *Children*, at Home — not by slavish *Fear* and *Terror*, but by the milder Arts of *Reason*, *Persuasion*, and *Tenderness* — not so much by *Precept*, as by the *Rectitude* of her own excellent *Example*.

*'Tis thus the Gods divide our Mortal Cares ;
Each fitted to his Strength, his Burthen bears :
Thus All are useful, in their proper Arts ;
The Whole wou'd suffer -- shou'd they change
their Parts,*

ANON.

While their several *Talents* are thus properly directed, the *Prudence*, *Sympathy*, and *Tenderness* of the One, is no less *serviceable*, than the *Firmness*, *Strength* and *Vigour* of the Other — They differ only in the *Means*, while *Both* equally conspire to fulfil the same grand *Scheme* of Providence ; or in other Words, to promote the *Public Good*, as well as their own *private Happiness*!

IN

IN prescribing certain *Limits* to *Female Knowledge*, I wou'd not be understood to shut up all the *Avenues* to Science: There is a large Field of *Improvement* which the *Ladies* may freely range in, with great *Advantage* to Themselves, very *consistently* with *Family Concerns*, and to the *Delight* of Others. It will surely be granted me, that *Learning* and *Wisdom* are very different *Accomplishments*, having no more *Relation* to each other, than the Knowledge of *Words* and *Things* — As *Woman*, the *Former* is at best, *useless*; while, as *rational Creatures*, the *latter* ought to be the Object of their *Pursuit*. 'Tis a great *Misfortune* that a due *Regard* is not paid to this *Distinction* — that the *Female Part* of our *Species* are not only denied the *Knowledge* of the *Greek* and *Latin* Languages, but even the requisite *Accomplishment* of being well instructed in *their Own* — that even their *Reason* is left to take Care of *itself*, by not being *disciplined* as it ought to be: Hence *Coldness*, *Indifference* and *Contempt* succeed to the tenderest *Endearments* — hence we are

too

too often brought to *despise* whom, but now, we *deoted upon*, and fondly *solicited*, with the most passionate *Courtship* — Unhappy, injured *Woman!* the *Object* of our looser *Wishes* — the *Idol* of a *Month*, perhaps, but of a *Day* — who wert born to be the *Solace* of our whole *Lives!*

As the *Female World* are by Nature *exempted* from the *Toils* and *Cares* of *public Employments*, they are properly *exempted* too from the *Severity* of those *Studies*, which are indeed of no other *Use* than to fit *Men* for them: But, at the same *Time*, *Care* shou'd be *taken* that every other *Means* of *Instruction* be freely *dispensed* to them: If we plead *Prescription* for a *Monopoly* of *Learning*, *Wisdom*, surely, ought to be a *free Trade* — A *Traffic* which, for *our own Sakes*, we shou'd allow them an equal *Share* in, who are naturally the *Pride*, the *Comfort*, and *Ornament* of *Domestic Life* — from whom we promise our selves all our home-felt *Enjoyments* — whose *Province* it will be to *rear*, and *sow* the *first* *Seeds* of *Knowledge*,
in

in the next Generation. *Sophronia* is *Wise*, *Virtuous*, *Sober* and *Discreet* — every one admires her — and yet *Sophronia* is no *Scholar*, *Philosopher*, or *Critic* — but who wou'd not *despise* her, were her *Mind* rude and uncultivated, as *Coquetilla's*, or *Vanetta's* — who place their little *Pride* in a few trifling, transitory *Graces*, and tinsel *Ornaments* — who exert the utmost of their *Skill* in the Choice of a *Birth-day Suit* — in the Sortment of a *Ribband*, or a *Top-Knot*?

*Who twirl a Fan, to please some empty Beau,
And sing an idle Song — the most they know --*

HUGHES.

Dreadful *Void*! where are those *Sentiments* which ought to render their *Converse*, as entertaining, as their *Persons* are lovely? Whence are they to derive those *Lessons* of unaffected *Modesty*, *Prudence*, and *Discretion*, which shou'd one Day season the *Minds* of their tender *Offspring*? What *Fund* have they treasured up for *Self-Reflection*, that
Best

Best of Instructors! — What *Notions* of the *true Estimate* of Things, to compensate for the *Loss* of those *Fugitives*, *Youth* and *Beauty*? to smoothe the wrinkled *Brow* of *Age* — to command *Respect* and *Esteem*, when they are no longer the *Objects* of *Love* and *Admiration*?

IN order to guard against the deplorable Consequences of such *intellectual Darkness*, and *Impotence*, that *Those* who are undoubtedly the *Fairest*, may not be the most *contemptible* Part of the *Species* — let graver *History* be called in to supply the Place of loose *Tales* and *Novels* — hence their *Understandings* will be *enlightened*, and their *Minds* stocked with *real Events*, instead of *romantick Adventures*, or *amorous Intrigues* — From tracing the Fate of particular *Families*, as well as *Kingdoms*, they will insensibly contract a *Passion* for *Virtue*, not only as their *Ornament*, but *Security* — the never-failing *Source* of *private*, as well as *public Happiness*. The more effectually to regulate their *Manners*, and chastise their *Notions*, *Morality*

lity ought to be diligently and early *inculcated* — hence they will be taught to subdue every irregular; vicious and trifling *Affection*, by placing their *Happiness* in Things *truly valuable*. Arithmetic, (the *Basis* of *Oeconomy*,) falls properly within their *Sphere*, who, one Time or other, must be *entrusted* with the Care of *Family Concerns*. The easier Branches of *Natural Philosophy* wou'd greatly contribute to *enlarge* their *Minds*, by filling them with clear and instructive *Ideas*, and wou'd at all times *engage* by the *Pleasure* that attends the least *Familiarity* with the amazing *Harmony* and *Contrivance*, the *Nature*, *Design*, and *Beauty* of so many *Objects* that surround us — were they but moderately acquainted with the *Connection* between *Physical Causes*, and *Effects*, they wou'd no longer start at *Shadows*, nor be exposed to those slavish *Pannics* which seize them at the first *Appearance* of whatever happens out of the *ordinary Course* of *Nature*. But above all, *Religion* shou'd hold the chief *Place*, that while we are shielding them from a childish *Superstition*, we may not

stifle the Seeds of *true Piety* and *Devotion* — that while they are *contemplating* the regular Productions of *Second Causes*, they may not lose sight of the *FIRST*.

To *these*, when I have added *Poetry*, *Dancing*, and *Musick*, I have taken in the whole Compass of *Female Education* — Particular *Geniuses*, amongst Persons of superior *Rank*, *Birth*, and *Fortunes*, may be indulged a much larger *Scope* — but a few *Exceptions*, rather *confirm*, than *invalidate* the Rule; which is, that the *Ladies*, regularly, have nothing to do with *Learning*, *Arts*, or *Sciences* — To make a sufficient *Progress* in them, wou'd engross too much of their *Time*; while a *superficial Knowledge* is worse than *None*; as it wou'd naturally degenerate into *Affectation*, and *Arrogance* — a trifling *Impertinence*, and *Self-Conceit*.





On JUDICIAL IMPARTIALITY.

Ante omnia Integritas, Judicium quasi portio est, virtusque propria.

BACON's Essays.

AMONGST many other sorts of *Corruption*, which taint the *Hearts*, and bias the *Judgments* of Men, there is none so *specious* as that which flows from *Friendship* and *personal Regard* — 'Tis a subtle *Prejudice* which very often mixes with our *Councils* and *Determinations*, without our attending to it, or being sensible of its *Influence* — It wears the Form of *Pity* and *Compassion*, which prevents our seeing its *Deformity* — It has the Air of *Good-Nature*, and is most likely to prevail over the *better sort* of Men;

yet 'tis *sinful*, as 'tis foreign to the *Merits* of the *Cause*, the due *Consideration* of which is what alone lies upon the *Judge*, and ought to be the *Measure* of his *Decrees*. In short — whatever tends to *pervert Right*, is of most mischievous Consequence, and ought to be as much guarded against as the most daring *Violation* of it.

TRUTH is the plain and honest *Nature* of Things, as they are in *Themselves* — void of all false *Colours* and *Distinctions*, which the *Art* and *Policy* of Mortals too often *disguise* her with — She wages eternal *War* with *Fraud* and *Deceit* — She abhors all mean *Attachments* to *Times* or *Seasons*, *Persons* or *Places* — She is but little acquainted with *worldly Wisdom*, but seldom fails to enlighten the Minds of her honest *Votaries* — No *Opinions*, however venerable by the *Rust* of *Antiquity*, or back'd by the Consent of *Ages*, can stand in *Competition* with *her* — no human *Laws*, however solemnly *enacted*, can be of any *Price* or *Estimation*, unless *she* fixes their *Value*: How
sordid

sordid are the *Decrees* of *Courts*, *Councils* and *Senates*, that are not *founded* upon this *Basis*! She dwelt from *Eternity* in, and will finally be the unerring *Standard* of that *Supreme Goodness*, who is *Truth* itself.

JUSTICE, I mean *Natural Justice*, as it ought to be the *Rule* of human *Actions*, requires a strict *Conformity* to this heavenly *Pattern* — whenever we *deviate* from it, tho' *influenc'd* only by a too partial *Tenderness*, or too rigid a *Regard* to *Precedent*, we in that *Instance* forfeit our *Integrity*, and rightly consider'd, are no less *corrupt*, than when aw'd by *Fears* — betray'd by *Promises* — or seduced by a sordid *Thirst* after *Gain*. In the common *Concerns*, and the ordinary *Relations* of *Life*, 'tis *unnatural* not to prefer the *Interests* of those we *love* or have *Obligations* to, or whose *Characters* we most *admire*, to all others: 'Tis a glorious *Weakness* (if it be one) even to *overrate* the good *Qualities*, and be *blind* to the *Failings* of our *Friends* and *Benefactors* — But, surely, to suffer ourselves to be *misled*

by any of these *Prejudices*, where Matter of *Right* ought only to be consider'd — Cou'd *Courts* of *Justice* lie under such unhappy *Influences*, as to be mov'd by *Favour*, more than the honest *Merits* of the Case, the *Evil* were too rank to escape without the most public Marks of *Infamy* and *Detestation*. The *private Dealings* of Mankind (says Lord Bacon) are aptly compared to small *Rivulets* — but the *Public Behaviour* of *Judges* to their *Fountain-Heads*, which once *mudded*, soon contaminate the *Whole*.

WE need not have recourse to *Livy* and *Plutarch* for eminent *Patterns* of that *judicial Firmness* here recommended, while our own *Age* and *Nation* boast no less shining *Examples* in a *S—m—rs*, *H—rc—t*, *C—p—r* and *T—lb—t* : Nor need we stop *here*, [but that the *Mouths* of *Posterity* will loudly do the same equal *Justice* to One now *living*, when he is out of the *Reach* of *Envy*, as well as *Flattery*. Of *such* will it ever be

be said to their *Immortal Honour* —
 “ * *Indulgebant Amicis, sed quatenus lice-*
 “ *bat integrâ Judicis Opinione* — The very
 “ *Friendship* they indulg’d, engrossing but
 “ their *Tenderness*, left them wholly in
 “ *Possession* of a Judge’s firmest *Impar-*
 “ *tiality.*”

* An Encomium of *Erasmus* upon the steady Virtue of
Philip, King of Macedon.





On QUOTATIONS.

Being the SUBSTANCE of a LETTER to a young CLERGYMAN.

NOTHING is more common amongst Gentlemen of your Profession, or gives more Offence to a judicious Hearer, than the imprudent Use of Quotations: Both Ancients and Moderns are press'd into the Service to defend Doctrines that have been established in the Minds of Men ever since the Flood; as if Authorities were of more Weight than Common Sense, and every Days Experience. It puts one in Mind of Boniface in the Play, who tacks — “as the Saying is,” — even to Yes, or No, and a thousand

sand other Matters of equal *Importance*. The *Absurdity* of this *Practice* is obvious; for either what we *advance* is *true*, or *false* — Now since *Truth* cannot become more *true* by *Authorities*, on the one Hand, so neither can *Falseness* change its *Nature*, or become *less false*, by the *Weight* of them, on the other: What Occasion can there be to call in the *Living* and the *Dead*, to ransack the *Works* of *Authors*, Sacred and Prophane, to prove *What*? “ That *Life* is *short* — That “ *Riches* are in themselves *vain* and *unsatisfactory*, &c.” *Truths* that ought frequently to be inculcated, but so *plain* and *Self-evident*, that One would think the bare *Mention* of them *sufficient*, without appealing to *Plato*, or *Solomon*.

HOWEVER it be, the *Practice* of many of your Order is very *faulty* in this particular — They take every little Occasion of shewing their *Learning*, or rather *Reading*, by a Multiplicity of *Quotations* — The *Instruction* of *others* they seem not to have so much at *Heart*, as their own *Fame* and *Reputation*; but I wou’d advise

advise such to *consider*, that this is not the way to win *Applause* from the rightly judging *few*, which, to an ingenuous *Mind*, is of more *Worth* than the senseless *Commendations* of all the *Fools*, and *Pedants* in the *Universe*.

IN Points of *Speculation*, indeed, we ought to make some *Allowances*, as well as in *Doctrinal* Points of *Divinity* — In both these, *Authorities*, judiciously *chosen*, and not too much *multiplied*, have their *Use* — For Instance, in all *Philosophical* Enquiries, where the Matter in *Issue* is *doubtful* and *problematical*, we may with great *Propriety* support our own *Reasonings* and *Opinions* with *Those* of more *eminent Men*, who have trod the *Path* before us; whose laborious *Researches* have *encourag'd* us to join our *Endeavours* to reduce *That* to *Certainty*, which they have left *founded* on mere *probable* Evidence. Were I to touch upon the *Phænomena* of *Light* and *Colours*, I shou'd act wisely by *intrenching* my self within those *impregnable Principles* and *Discoveries*, which do so much

Honour

Honour to the Name and Memory of the
Great Sir *Isaac Newton*.

THUS far, then, all is right — where *Revelation*, too, is concern'd, 'tis still more necessary, as the *Truths* therein contain'd are of infinitely greater *Concernment* than the most boasted *Maxims* drawn from *Human Science*. Points of *Faith* can only be proved by Texts of *Scripture* — They are, with respect to *Mysteries*, what is said of *Faith* it self, the *Evidence*, the only possible *Evidence* of Things not seen, nor knowable by unassisted *Reason* — To which we submit as deriv'd from the very *Fountain* of *Truth*, who cannot be deceived *Himself*, neither can he deceive *Others*. I say, in these special *Instances*, *Authorities* may be absolutely necessary — nay even, in *moral Duties*, (tho' one wou'd think they were sufficiently impress'd upon us by the *Voice* of *Nature* and *right Reason*) they must not be quite rejected, as they are very requisite *Sanctions* to enforce our *Arguments* upon such *Topics*: But even in these allow'd *Cases*, there are certain *Limits*

mits which our best *Preachers* never *pass*, and I am pleas'd to find even our *Country Clergy* grow more *sparing*, who formerly stuff'd their *Discourses* so unmercifully with Texts of *Scripture*, to *prove* what every *honest Man* wou'd have taken their bare *Word* for. I take this fulsom *Practice* amongst them to have *sprung up* in the Days of *Church Tyranny* and *Ignorance*, which *Custom* sanctified, and Barrenness of *Invention* has continued down to us ever since.

BE it your Care to *avoid* this *Rock* upon which so many of your *Fellow-Labourers* split, and when the *Duties* of your *Function* call upon you to plead the Cause of *Virtue* and *good Sense*, *weaken* not their *Credit*, by *relying* too much on any other *Authorities* than the *intrinsic Worth*, and *Value* of *Both*,





*The SENTIMENTS of an ADULT
before Confirmation, concerning Faith.*

In the Form of a Prayer.

O Almighty *Author* and *Disposer* of the
Universe! Thou *first Eternal Cause* of
every Thing that *was, is, and ever shall be!*
Let thy Gracious *Majesty*, I most humbly
beseech Thee, look favourably on thy *Crea-*
ture, who now prostrates Himself before
Thee to adore thy unspeakable *Goodness*, and
to implore thy *Divine Assistance* — Thou
hast, O God, out of thy unbounded *Good-*
ness distinguish'd thy *Creature Man* by thy
inestimable Gift of *Reason* — By this on-
ly I know that *I am* — and that *I am from*
Thee:

318 ESSAYS and LETTERS.

Thee: By *this* Thou hast vouchsafed to *discover* part of thy *Will* to me; whence I am assured that it is thy *Will*, that *this* shou'd guide me to *Happiness*. All other *Guides*, that shall pretend to come from *Thee*, must be try'd by this *true One*, which Thou hast made a *Part* of my *Nature* — If thy *Divine Wisdom* has plac'd me in a World incompass'd with *Doubt*, thy *Goodness* has given me a *Guide* to conduct me thro' the *Mazes* of it, and thy *Justice* will not *disapprove* me, if I follow her whithersoever she will lead me — if thy *infinite Bounty* has been pleas'd to give me any other *Guides*, besides *this*, they cannot *contradict* *this*, by which only I know that *Thou art*; for that wou'd be to *confound*, and not to *guide* thy *Creatures*: They cannot be more *sure* than *this*; for then wou'd the *Knowledge* by which I *know Thee*, be less *certain* than *that* by which I know what came from *Thee*. But that can no more be, than Thou canst not be what *Thou art* — *infinite Perfection*!

THIS

THIS *Guide* within me directs me to adore
Thee her *Author*, and to implore *Thee* to be
 her *Preserver* — This she prompts me to
 do in every *Enquiry* of my *Life*, but in a
 more extraordinary manner, in all such as
 relate to the *Will* of thy most *Glorious Ma-*
jesty. But Thou knowest, O *God*, that to
 those of thy *Creatures* on *Earth* to whom
 Thou hast given the largest *Portion* of thy
Cælestial Light, thou hast also for thy good
Purpose, given *Passions* and *Infirmities*: These
 may deceive me, and lead me from the
Knowledge of *Thee* to *Unhappiness*, if Thou
 forsakest me: But Thou wilt not forsake me
 whilst I love and adore *Thee*; for thy *Good-*
ness O *God*, is as Infinite, as thy *Power*.
 Thou art a *God of Truth*, as well as of every
 other *Perfection*, and therefore canst not
 but love all such as *diligently seek it*, and ac-
 cept such as *innocently miss it*. In confidence
 of this, and in Hopes of thy *heavenly As-*
sistance, I will apply myself carefully to seek
 it — Be graciously pleas'd therefore, O
God, to preserve and aid my *Reason*, whilst

I examine those *Books* that are said to come from *Thee* ; from whom Nothing can come that is not *pure* ; Nothing that is not *holy*. Free me, I beseech *Thee*, in this *Search*, from all *Levity*, *Vanity*, and every other human *Passion* and *Infirmity*, that may *misguide* and *deceive* me in my *Way to Truth*. Grant, O *God*, that whatever be the *Determination* of my *Understanding*, my *Will* may be *right* ! and that however I may *err*, I may not *sin* in this *Enquiry*. Grant I beseech *Thee*, that if the *Books* which my *Fellow Creatures*, whom *Thou* hast made as *fallible* as *myself*, assure me to have been inspired by *Thee*, shall not, after the most deliberate, humble, and unprejudic'd *Search* I am capable of making, appear to me to come from *Thee*, that I may express such an *Abhorrence* of their *Falseness*, as may be pleasing to *Thee*, the *God of Truth*. But if it shall appear to me that *Thou* my *Creator* art their *Author*, dispose me then, I most humbly implore *Thee*, to receive them with such *Joy* and *Gratitude*, as become the *meanest* of thy *Rational Creatures*.

I am sensible, O God, that in this Search, I must depend very much upon *Human Testimony* — upon *Human Veracity*. I am sensible that the greatest *external Proof* I can have in this important *Concern* cannot exceed the Height of *Human Probability*: And tho' I shall always be content with *this* or any other less *Degree of Knowledge* which *Infinite Wisdom* shall vouchsafe to honour me with; yet *Reason* tells me I can never so *certainly* know the *Truth* concerning these *Books*, as I know what she *dictates* to me concerning *Thee*: I can never be so *certain* that *they* are from *Thee*, as that *Thou* art my *Creator* — that *Thou* art *all Perfection*!

GRANT, therefore, O most bounteous *Creator*! that these *Truths* may be ever present in my *Mind*; to admonish me of my unlimited *Obligations* to *Thee*; to urge me to find out *Thy Will*, and to *inspire* me with firm and constant *Resolutions* to obey it.



An E X T R A C T *from a*
L E T T E R *to a* F R I E N D .

C O N T A I N I N G

Some R E M A R K S *on* C I C E R O , *and*
Dr. MIDDLETON's Account of Him.

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * * And now, my dear Sir,
I shall with great *Freedom*, give you my plain
Thoughts of *Dr. Middleton's Life of Cicero*
—— I have read it over and over with in-
finite *Delight*, and I think, without the
least *Prejudice* or *Partiality*: Upon the whole,
it certainly deserves the very great *Encomium*
you are pleased to bestow upon it —— but
still

Still I see, or fancy I see, some indelible Spots in Cicero's Character which all the Doctor's Varnish has not been able to disguise — like all other Biographers, he has labour'd rather to give the World a finish'd Picture, than a just Portrait — He seems to have consulted Beauty, more than Truth — not contented to allow Cicero his due Praise (which as Livy observes, wou'd require the Pen of another Cicero) he has endeavour'd to rescue him from the Imputation of any the least Weakness, or human Frailty — In a word; to all the Virtues of a Man, he has added the Perfections of an Angel, and has done That for him, which he once modestly intended to have done for Himself.

THERE are two Faults that till now this Great Man has been universally charg'd with; I mean, Vanity, and Cowardice — and notwithstanding the Gloss that Dr. Middleton has so artfully thrown upon those Actions which hitherto have supported this Accusation, I think he may justly be convicted of Both. The First, (it may be said, indeed)

can hardly be imputed to him as a *Crime*, which ought rather to be consider'd as the *Virtue* of a *Pagan* — 'Twas, doubtless, this immoderate Thirst of *Fame* that inspired all their greatest and best *Actions* — It answer'd all the good *Ends* of the most disinterested *Probity*, and fulfill'd the moral Scheme of *Providence* till eclipsed by a more perfect *Dispensation*: *Christianity*, indeed, has exalted our *Principles*, by extending our *Views* to more solid and lasting *Rewards* in another Life — Hence, and hence only, we are actuated by less sordid *Motives*, and taught to prefer the home-felt, silent *Applauses* of a good *Conscience*, to all the tumultuous *Acclamations* of a *Triumph*.

BUT to return to *Cicero's* Vanity — I have read somewhere that *Demosthenes* wou'd stand a *Tip-toe* to hear his *Praises* sung by an old *Basket Woman*, and may not his *Rival* be allow'd to pant after the *Eulogies* of a whole *Roman People*? What are the — *Ore legar Populi*, of *Ovid* — and the — *Exegi Monumentum* — of *Horace* — but so many

ny glaring *Proofs* that *Vanity* was the *Source* of every *Pagan Excellence*?

AND yet, after all that can be urg'd to *extenuate* this noble *Infirmity*, it must be confessed that *Cicero* carried it to the most vicious *Excess*. With what vehemence, and sharpness, does he reprove his Friend *Brutus* for calling him only — an *excellent Consul* — *Quis enim* (says he) *jejunius dixit INIMICUS*? — How impatient to be *celebrated*, and to recommend himself to *Posterity*, when he form'd the preposterous *Design* of writing the *History of Rome*, from its *Foundation*, by beginning at his own *Consulate*, and ending with *Romulus* — when he beg'd it as an *Alms* of all his Friends, the *Historians*, to remember, and make honourable mention of so illustrious an *Æra*? — Is this that * *Principle of true Glory*, which the *Doctor* says, is one of the *noblest* that can *inspire* a human Breast; implanted by *God* in

Y 3

our

* See *Life Cic.* Vol. II. P. 519.

our *Nature*, to *dignify* and *exalt* it; and always found the *strongest* in the *best* and most *elevated Minds*, &c. ? No, surely — *Vanity*, then, was too plainly *Cicero's* weak Side — His *Action* against *Catiline* may be said to have ruin'd the *Consul* — This betray'd him into those mean Applications to *Cæsar* after his *Victory*, which purchas'd him the Name of a *Time-server* — This made his *Virtue* so suspected by his *Friends*, that *Bru-tus*, whom of all Men, he adored, refus'd him a Place in his *Conspiracy*. In short, *Cicero* wou'd be *prais'd*, *flatter'd*, and *employ'd* — *Cæsar* knew this, and overwhelm'd him with continual *Civilities*; nay, called him his *Father*; and seem'd to do nothing without his *Advice* — In return, what does *Cicero* do, but fulsomly extol him, tho' in *Arms* against his *Country* — procure him the most fatal *Privileges*, and extraordinary *Honours* — crying out, in the midst of the *Senate* “ *Sunt Facta ejus (Cæsaris) Im-*
“ *mortalitatis, non Ætatis; multa memini,*
“ *multa audiui, multa legi: nihil tale cognovi.*”
This, with *Dr. Middleton*, may pass for one
of

of * those gentle *Compliances* — that next *Road* to what was *Right* — which *Cicero* (he tells us) *recommended*, and maintained to be sometimes as *necessary* in *Politics*, as in *Morality* — 'Twas no more than gratifying *Cæsar's* Thirst of *Power* by *voluntary Grants* of it, as the best way to moderate his *Ambition*, and reclaim him from *desperate Councils* :
 † This he *advis'd* it seems, and this he *practis'd* — but the *Virtue* of a *Cato*, or a *Brutus*, cou'd sooner part with *Life*, than stoop to such base *Flattery*, which the honestest *Purpose* cou'd neither *justify*, nor even *palliate* — Their rigid *Philosophy* made them *Strangers* to such gross *Daubings* — Their *Probity* knew none of those *Political Refinements* — Their *Conduct* uniform in the *Wreck*, as in the more prosperous *Condition* of the *Republic* — nor did their *Politics* take their *Hue* from the *Complexion* of the *Times*.

Y 4

HAVING

* See *Life Cic.* Vol. II. P. 567, 8.

† I beg Leave to observe that those *Principles* can be none of the *best* which may be urged to defend *Vice* as well as *Virtue*: *Cicero's* seem to have been of this Sort.

HAVING expatiated so much on this Head of *Accusation*, I shall say the less on the next — namely, *Cicero's Cowardice* —
 “ He suffer'd *Banishment* ; (says *Plutarch*) —
 “ He liv'd to see the *Ruin* of the *Party* he
 “ had espoused ; He had the *Misfortune* to
 “ lose a *Daughter* he lov'd most tenderly ;
 “ but of all his *Calamities*, his own *tragi-*
 “ *cal End* was the only one he bore like a
 “ *Man*” — 'Twas an unhappy *Mixture*
 of *Cowardice* and *Vanity* that corrupted his
Politics ; distorted his natural *Integrity* ; and
 dispos'd him to feed the bold *Ambition* of
 young *Octavius*, to the *Destruction* of that
Country, he had before so remarkably *pre-*
serv'd : If it be said (which is all that is
 pretended) that *Cicero* so warmly embrac'd
 the *Party* of *Cæsar*, in hopes of surmount-
 ing by his *Interest* the *Party* of *Anthony* his
Enemy, and of restoring *Liberty* by this
 Means, tho' quite the contrary fell out, can
 we sufficiently lament his *Blindness* to the
Future, or enough extol the *Sagacity* of *Bru-*
tus,

tus, who foresaw every thing just as it *happen'd*?

UPON the whole matter, whatever *Cicero's* Views were, we may fairly conclude with *Livy*, that set the *Good* against the *Ill*, and *Cicero* was undoubtedly a very *Great Man*; of a most extensive *Genius*, and deserving the *Admiration* of all *Ages* — This, Sir, —

—— *Invita fatebitur usq;*
Invidia ——

and had *Dr. Middleton* plac'd him in this equal *Light*, you wou'd not have been troubled with these hasty and loose *Thoughts* from,

SIR,

Yours, &c. &c.





A LETTER.

*To a Young Gentleman at OXFORD
upon the Death of his Father.*

SINCE you have had the Misfortune to lose a *Father*, at the very *Crisis* of your Life, when you stood most in need of his *Counsel* and *Authority*, the *Advice* of a very good *Friend*, and near *Relation*, may not be *unseasonable*. I am sensible, from *Self-Experience*, that we are most apt to *despise* Instruction at an Age when we most *want* it; but I hope and believe better Things of *You*, who *inherit* what derives more *Lustre* on the *Possessor* than the most *opulent* *Fortune*,

tune, an honest *Disposition*, and a good share of *Understanding*. I shall confine what I have to say to a few principal *Rules*, which if duly *observed*, cannot fail of making you *Happy in yourself* — an *Ornament* to your *Family* — and *respected* by all that *know* you.

LET not the genteel *Income* you are shortly to be Master of, betray you into an *idle* and *unprofitable* Course of Life; rather look upon it as a *Talent* given you to *improve*, by following some liberal *Profession*, than a *Fund* to supply you with the means of *Waste* and *Extravagance*. *Oeconomy* suits the largest *Revenues*, but is absolutely requisite in more moderate *Circumstances* — Be sure to remember that Nothing counts so few *Friends* as *Adversity*, nor are any so much *despis'd* as those who *beggar* Themselves by *Profuseness* and *Prodigality* — None so completely *wretched* — for they are *deserted* even by *those* who share in the *Spoil*, and conspir'd to *push* them on their *Ruin*.

DEVOTE

DEVOTE not too much of your *Time* to the fashionable *Diversions* of the Age, for besides the *Expence* which attends them, (too great for you to sustain) they serve only to *dissipate* the *Mind*, and render it unfit for every rational *Entertainment*, or sober *Exercise*. — But above all, indulge not those *Exercises* which are the proper *Employments* of the *lowest* of Mankind, nor seek to establish your *Fame* by such *Accomplishments* as constitute the *Worth* of your *Coachman*, or *Postilion*. There are many *Diversions* (enough to fill up all a *Gentleman's* spare *Time*) that are very consistent with the gravest *Profession*, the brightest *Talents*, and most finish'd *Character*: *Hunting*, *Shooting*, &c. at proper *Intervals*, are laudable *Resources*, as they tend to promote the *Health* of the *Body* and *Mind*; but these are to be us'd under certain *Restrictions*, nor are they to be made the chief *Happiness* of a *Soul* that is *Immortal*.

If you are too *contracted* in your *Desires* to pant after *Honours* and *Preferments*, or the
Increase

Increase of your *Substance*; of too *contemplative* a *Cast*, and *retir'd* *Disposition*, to engage in *Business* and the *Bustle* of the *World*; let it be your *Care*, at least, to make the most of what you have, by all *honourable Means* — not by racking your *Tenants* — not by living *sordidly* and *inhospitably*, — but by a steady *Temperance* and wise *Frugality*: Let those *Abilities*, that *Worth* which you affect not to *display* in a *public Station*, be the more eminently *distinguish'd* in the *private Relations* of *Husband*, *Father*, *Son*, and *Brother*.

CONTRACT an early *Familiarity* with the best *Authors*; imbibe their *Sentiments*; and copy out their fairest *Precepts* in your *Life* and *Actions*; but at the same time you cannot be too much upon your *Guard*, lest in these commendable *Pursuits*, you insensibly acquire a certain *supercilious Air*, and *dogmatical Stile* of *Conversation*, which are too often the *Foibles* of those who are less acquainted with *Men*, than *Books* — Adapt your *Knowledge*, and manner of *Address* to the

the *Times*, and the *Age* you live in — Be *affable*, be *courteous*; for that *Wisdom* (if it may be so call'd) which makes no *Allowance* for common *Prejudices*, and the *Frailties* of *others*; that renders us *ill-natured*, *unmannerly*, *haughty* and *unsociable*, is infinitely less *amiable*, than a *modest Ignorance*.

ENGAGE not in too many *Friendships*; be the *Company* you keep of the *best Sort*; let it consist of such as are, at least, *equal*, if not *superior* to your own *Rank*: By this means you will avoid a *Rock* upon which many have *split*, that of being *duped* by needy *Sycophants* — maintain a profitable *Intercourse* with *Men* and *Things* — preserve your own *Peace* — support the *Honour* of your *Family* — and improve the *Dignity* of your *Nature*.

LET me in the next Place earnestly recommend to you, my dear Nephew, an utter *Abhorrence* of all *Party Names* and *Distinctions*: *Truth*, *Justice*, *National Honour*, and *Integrity*, are neither *Whig* nor *Tory*, but
result

result from the *Nature* of Things, the particular *Frame* of the *Constitution*, and the *Exigencies* of *Government*; never imagine that the *Welfare* of your *Country* depends upon the *Rise*, or *Ruin* of *this*, or *that Faction*. In short — let the *Public Good* be your whole *Aim*: Be a Friend to *Liberty*, in the proper *Sense* of the *Word*; which (whatever *Fools* may *think*, and *Knaves* may *suggest*) is as much an *Enemy* to *Anarchy* and *Rebellion*, as it is to *Slavery*, and *Arbitrary Power*.

MEDITATE often, and devoutly, on the Great *Author* of your *Being*: *First* and *last*, recommend yourself *fervently* to his *Care* and *Protection*. Be you sure (in the rapturous *Stile* of the *Psalmist*) that the “ *Lord* he is
“ *God* — Go into his *Gates* with *Thank-*
“ *giving*, and into his *Courts* with *Praise*:
“ Be *thankful* unto him, and speak *Good* of
“ his *Name*.”

TREAT the *Difficulties* which occur in the awful *Mysteries* of *Christianity* with that *Reverence* which so *interesting* a *Subject* deserves,

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serves, nor dare to think *lightly of*, much less expose to *Ridicule*, Doctrines which involve in them all your *Hopes hereafter*, your *Eternal Salvation*.

I have now done, and shall detain you no longer than just to assure you, (tho' I hope by this time 'tis *needleless*,) that I am, with all possible *Truth and Sincerity*,

Your most Affectionate Uncle, &c.





A

GENUINE LETTER.

Written by Dr. ATTERBURY,
Bishop of ROCHESTER, *to his Son*
at Oxford.

Dear OBBY,

I THANK you for your *Letter*, because there are manifest *Signs* in it of your endeavouring to excel *yourself*, and by consequence to please *me*; you have succeeded in both respects; and will always succeed, if you think it worth your while to consider *what* you write, and to *whom*, and let Nothing, tho' of a *trifling* Nature, pass thro' your Pen *negligently*: Get but the way of

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writing

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writing *correctly* and *justly*, *Time* and *Use* will teach you to write *readily* afterwards: Not but that too much *Care* may give a *Stiffness* to your *Stile*, which ought in *Letters*, by all means, to be *avoided*. The *Turn* of them shou'd be always *natural* and *easy*, for they are an *Image* of private and familiar *Conversation*. I mention this with respect to the four or five first Lines of yours, which have an *Air* of *Poetry*, and do naturally resolve themselves into *Blank Verse*. I send you the Letter again, that you *yourself* may now make the same *Observation*; but you took the *Hint* of the Thought from a *Poem*, and 'tis no wonder therefore if you have *heighten'd* your *Phrase* a little, when you were expressing it. The rest is as it shou'd be, and particularly there is an *Air* of *Duty* and *Sincerity* in it, that if it comes from the *Heart*, is the most acceptable *Present* you can make me; with these good *Qualities*, an *incorrect* Letter wou'd please me, and, without them, the *finest* Thoughts and Language wou'd make no lasting *Impression* upon me. The *Great Being* says, (you know) " my Son, give

" me

“ *me thy Heart —*” implying, that without it all other *Gifts* signify nothing: Let me conjure you, therefore, never to *say* any thing either in a *Letter*, or common *Conversation*, that you do not *think*, but always let your *Mind* and your *Words* go together, even on the most *slight* and *trivial* Occasions. Shelter not the least degree of *Insincerity* under the Notion of a *Compliment*, which (as far it deserves to be *practis’d* by a Man of *Probity*) is only the most *civil* and *obliging* way of *saying* what you really *mean*; and whoever employs it otherwise throws away *Truth* for good *Breeding*; I need not tell you how little his *Character* gets by such an *Exchange*. I say not this as if I suspected that in any part of your *Letter* you intended only to write what was *proper*, without any regard to what was *true*, for I am resolved to believe that you were in good *earnest* from the *Beginning* to the *End* of it, as much even as I am, when I tell you that I am,

Your loving Father

FRAN. ROFFEN.

Z 2



* ABU-ZELIM to SELIMA.
A LETTER.

In Imitation of the TURKISH SPY.

'TIS with the most profound *Humility*
that I venture to interrupt thy sacred
Contemplations, thou *Darling* of *Providence*!
whose Mind is irradiated with a *Beam* of his
own Infinite *Wisdom*! Thou'lt pardon me,
spotless *Purity*! if after the manner of *some*,
I

* *This, and the four following Letters, are juvenile Exercises, and were first written above 20 Years ago. Those who are conversant with the excellent Pieces they were design'd to imitate, will set some Value on the Copy (tho' but faintly executed) for the Sake of the Original.*

I did not wash myself *seven Times*, nor smiting my *Breast*, bow'd *three Times* towards the *East*, which thou knowest, with *those* who call Themselves the *Faithful*, is the favourite *Point* of the *Compass*, from whence they say all *Good* cometh. Thou knowest our less rigid *Scheme* exacts not from us such *Fooleries*, tho' it obliges us to act some of another kind. To say the *Truth* (pardon the *Blindness* of my *Heart*) all *Religions*, amongst the *Vulgar*, subsist more or less by *Grimace*, and our *Mother Church* cou'd no more be supported, without a few exterior *Ceremonies*, than a *Quack* thrive without a *Nostrum*. The greatest *Hardship* a good *Christian* labours under is the Necessity of believing whatever a *Priest* delivers as true, in Points wherein no *three* of them are agreed, or think alike; nay, they go so far as comfortably to warrant our *Damnation*, if Things which they own are *incomprehensible*, are not to us equally *Objects* of *Faith* with those that are as *clear* as the *Sun*; as if *Human Reason* was given us for *nought*, and they cou'd find out no fitter *Sacrifice* for

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the *Altar* of Infinite *Wisdom* than that of our *Five Senses*. No, *Abu-Zelim*, better be plung'd ten thousand *fathoms* deep in the *Stygian Lake*, than merit *Heaven* by leveling thy self with the *Brutes*, and swallowing more *Absurdities* than are to be met with, in the *Talmud*. Think not, divine *Selima*! that because I talk thus *warmly* of some *Articles* of our *Faith*, I have abandon'd all *Principles* of *Religion*, and like the darken'd *Infidel* enjoy not the clear *Light of Revelation*: Yes, *Selima*, I feel its kindly *Warmth*, and am *persuaded* that in the *next World Providence* will enlarge our *reasoning Faculties*, in proportion to the free and noble *Use* we have made of them in *this*: Every *Step* we take to find out *Truth here*, will entitle us to a fuller *Enjoyment* of it *hereafter*. Suppose that what we are told is *true*; that while we are in our *mortal State*, all our *Searches* after it are *deceitful*, for as some doughty *Sophs* maintain, we can be sure of *Nothing*; that we pursue the beauteous *Fugitive* in vain, still made the *Sport* of *Error*, and mock'd in our most earnest *Enquiries*;
the

the Joys of *Possession* must, (as in some other
 Cases) be *heighten'd* by the *length* of the *Chace*,
 and the frequent *Disappointments* we met
 with in it. Methinks I see thy *Sister God-*
dess, attended by *Hope*, with uplifted Eye
 supporting *Patience*, *Love* follow'd by *Cha-*
rity, and *Virtue* hand in hand with ever-
 blooming *Honour*, all hailing Thee to the
Banks of Elyzium, and crowning thy *Heap*
 with a never-fading *Chaplet of Roses*: With
 open, smiling *Face* she welcomes Thee *ashore*,
 and owns each kindred *Feature* — “ *Wel-*
 “ *come*, says she, from a Land of *Ignorance*
 “ and *Sorrow*, to these blisful *Regions* of
 “ *Wisdom* and *Joy*! you are too well ac-
 “ *quainted* with us to wonder at our being
 “ thus *transported* with thy *Arrival*, which
 “ was the only Thing we *wanted* to com-
 “ *pleat* the *Happiness* of the *Place*; thy
 “ *Soul* is already *fraught* with every chaste
 “ *Affection* that is necessary to fit Thee for
 “ the *Enjoyment* of so perfect a *State*; but
 “ come along with me, I will bring Thee
 “ *acquainted* with some Things which were
 “ only *denied* to thy *Mortality*, and know

“ *Selima*, thy exalted *Lot* shall be for ever
 “ to *contemplate* those bright *Originals*, which
 “ you so faithfully *copied* when on *Earth*.”

BUT to return — let us consider another Thing; if *Truth* be so difficult of *Access*, is that an *Argument* why I must believe *Impossibilities*? and yet so monstrous is the *Doctrine* of our *Teachers*, who instruct us to doubt what is *plain* and *obvious* to our *Senses*, and believe nothing so *devoutly* as what is a direct *Contradiction* to them — a Man may as well tell me that because my *Eyes* are *dim*, I shou’d see much *better*, or walk more *securely* without *any*. I tell thee, *Selima*, I cou’d as soon revere the Divine *Odours* of a stinking *Leek*; pay my Morning *Oraisons* to a *Stock* or *Stone*; or worship the *Iron Spurs*, which by the wond’rous Law of *Attraction*, are so fix’d over *Mahomet’s Tomb*, that no human *Strength* can remove them; or fall down in low *Obeysance* at the Sight of what we vulgarly call, a *falling Star*, which thou knowest is nothing but a kindled *Exhalation*; much sooner cou’d I adore the *Sun*, that in-
 exhaustible

exhaustible *Luminary!* than be thus hood-
wink'd in the clear *Light* of the *Gospel*, and
 be forced to believe all our *Doctors* tell me
Say, is there one *Word* in that sacred *Volume*,
 which we are assur'd was written by the
Finger of the *Deity*, or his *Secretary Michael*,
 about seeing without *Eyes*, or what amounts
 to the same thing, seeing in the *Dark*? Even
there, indeed, I meet with some Things
 that startle my *Reason*, and perplex my
Faith; I have been in restless *Disquietudes*
 concerning the Eternal *Duration* of *Hell-*
Torments; nay, have sometimes almost ques-
 tion'd, whether there can be any such
 Thing as a State of *Damnation*, or no —
 I cannot but think that even *Divine Ven-*
geance it self must be *appeas'd* some time or
 other, and give way to the *Exercise* of *In-*
finite Mercy — and yet, whenever I dip
 into some of our most eminent *Authors* con-
 cerning it, I am quite choked with *Fire* and
Brimstone, and am made to *tremble* at the
 Thoughts of everlasting *Burnings*. O teach
 me to reconcile *Infinite Mercy* with *Infinite*
Malice, for without it I can be no true *Be-*
liever!

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liever! Ease my Mind of these *Scruples*, for I am rack'd with endless *Uncertainties*.

I have observ'd (as, no doubt, *Selima* has done, for nothing can 'scape her *Observation*,) that *Priests* and *Politicians* have in all *Ages* clothed the *Deity* with every thing that can create *Terror* and *Astonishment* — where one *Word* has been utter'd about the Throne of *Grace*, or *Mercy-Seat*, whole *Volumes* have been written about the *Day of Wrath*; they touch but lightly upon his *Goodness*, but enforce with great *Energy* his *Infinite Power*. The *Reason* seems to be this — the *Nature* of *Man* is such, that the wiser and honefter *Few* cou'd find no way so *effectual* to regulate it as by applying to their *Fears*; I say, *Selima*, *Priests* and *Politicians* perceiving how apt *Men* are to shelter themselves from the *Justice* of an offended *Deity*, by having recourse to his *Mercy*, have arm'd it with all the *Terrors* of *Omnipotence*, that *such* may be aw'd by a *Dread* of the *one*, as are not to be mov'd by a more generous *Sense* of the
other.

other. But, surely, we are not all to be *banter'd* out of our *Senses*, and some of us, I hope, are *wise* enough to be allow'd the *Privilege* of going to *Heaven* with our *Eyes open*. Infinite *Power* can only be an infinite *Power* to do *Good*, and can only *exercise* itself in Acts of unbounded *Mercy*. If these *Attributes* are thus essentially *united*, whatever our *Zealots* may pretend, or pious *Fraud* may suggest, they must necessarily exclude all degrees of *Revenge* or *Malice*, and the *Powers* of *Darkness* cannot hurt us.

CHIDE, me not, thou wonderful *Adept* in all *Science*! for presuming to *reason* upon these *sublime Subjects* — 'Tis to thy superior *Insight* into these profound *Mysteries*, that I beg to *submit* these free *Thoughts*, in hopes thou wilt deign to rectify my *Errors*, and correct my *Mistakes*: Thy Voice is like the fragrant *Dew* of the *Morning* — Happy *Selima*, *Heaven* has entrusted Thee with its deepest *Arcana*! Thou art admitted to a more intimate *Acquaintance* with these important

Secrets;

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Secrets; and this is the more extraordinary in one of thy *Sex*, which has never been very famous for *keeping* them. But say, can it be for the *Honour* of the *Supreme*, that we shou'd believe *Impossibilities*? Is it necessary for mine, or any Man's *Salvation*, to swallow all the *Absurdities* which our *Legends* are stuff'd with? Does poor *Abu-Zelim* deny the Infinite *Power* of the *Deity*, because he asserts that it cannot work *Contradictions*? Is it the least *Diminution* of God's *Glory* to maintain that the *Eternal* and *Unalterable* Law of *Reason* is the *Limit* which even Infinite *Wisdom* cannot pass? Can the *Fountain* of *Truth* and *Justice* alter the *Nature* of *Right* and *Wrong*? Can he *metamorphose* the essential *Difference* between *Good* and *Evil*? Can *Pity* be stain'd with the *Blood* of *Millions*, and *Cruelty* become the *Temple* of *Innocence*? Can a greater *Number* be the *same* as a *less*, or a *less* be *equal* to a *greater*? And yet I am booted at as an *Atheist*, because I cannot *reconcile* such *Inconsistencies*, and make them the *Rule* of my *Faith*. Is it *Blasphemy* to
say,

say, that a *Being*, necessarily *Good*, cannot do *Ill*; nay, is not a *Power* to do *Hurt*, the allow'd *Characteristic* of *Devils*? and the one may as reasonably be conceiv'd to *consult* the *Benefit* of Mankind, as the *other* to do any *Act* that is *grievous* to his *Creatures*.

BUT to tire thee no longer with these vain *Speculations*, that serve more to exercise our *Fancy*, than improve our *Morals*, I must hasten to tell thee with what *eagerness* I *devour'd* thy last precious *Manuscript*, dictated, no doubt, by the Angel GABRIEL, and full of wise *Instruction*: Each Word distill'd upon my *Soul* like Drops of *Amber*, and the very Paper sent forth a *Perfume* beyond the richest *Gums* of *Arabia* — How did I *dwell* upon each sage *Remark*, from whence I derive more *Knowledge* than is to be gather'd from all the boasted *Lumber* of the *VATICAN*! I was ravish'd with thy *Description* of *Contentment*, and have ever since envied those happy *Lunatics*, who (thou sayst) are *blest'd* with so large a *Portion* of it; I have a thousand

sand times wish'd my self in a *Mad-house*,
 and even languish'd to be *enthron'd* upon a
 Bundle of *Straw*. The Enquiry of Greek
 and *Roman Philosophers* after *Contentment* was
 vain and abortive; till *thou*, fair *Selima*!
 didst arise, and point out the *Region* where
 she *dwells*; they sought for her in peaceful
Solitude, but thou only couldst trace her
Footsteps amidst *Frenzy* and *Distraction*; she
 has *Wisdom* no longer for her *Handmaid*; and
Reason is her mortal *Foe*; to be *mad* is the
 only Road to *Contentment*, and *Contentment*,
 in whatever *Shape* it appears, is but another
Name for *Happiness*. The *Wise* and *Sedate*
 are apt to *scan* Things with too much *Nicety*,
 and the more *refin'd* their *Notions* are, the
 more fulsom and detestable they must ap-
 pear, so that their *Wisdom* in being *superior*
 to that of *others*, only serves to *make* them
 the more compleatly *wretched*. To be *con-*
tented with all our Senses *perfect*, is a gaudy
 and delicious *Notion*, but Alas! 'tis the Off-
 spring of *Pride*, and never *existed* but in the
Brains of a parcel of poor, proud *Philoso-*
phers,

phers, that cou'd not bear to be thought so miserable as they really were. — O *Selima* ! there is a vast *Difference* between the artificial, outward *show* of *Satisfaction*, and inward, true *Content* ; they had master'd their *Passions* so far as to give no *external* Proofs of their *Disquiet* ; whilst the galling Load lay *rankling* at their *Hearts*. For my part, to be as *wise* as *SOCRATES*, I wou'd not stake my *Peace of Mind* in the Hands of a *XANTIPPE* : The most we can reasonably say of him is, that he was not quite so *outrageous* as a less *prudent* Man might have been under the like *Circumstances* : But the greatest *Jest* of all is, that the Great, the Good, the Wise *SENECA*, that Miracle of *Patience*, and Pattern of *Heroism*, was worth near a *MILLION* of *MONEY*. No, *Selima*, there is no such Thing as uninterrupted *Contentment*, and without it no real *Happiness*, on this side the *Grave*. The Man of *Tenderness* and *Compassion*, shall bear the Stings of *Poverty*, with an amazing *Composure* of *Mind*, but let a *Bosom Friend*, or a near *Relation*, or what is nearer still,

some

some darling *She* be torn from him, and he shall soon feel all the *Transports* of *Despair*: Let the *Miser* enjoy his *Hord*, and he shall ask no more of *Heaven*; but plunder him of *that*, and the *Light* of the *Sun* shall grow *painful* to him: Give the *Ambitious* Wretch absolute *Sway*, and he shall bustle thro' the *World* with a tolerable *Grace*; but let *Fortune* shift the *Scene*, let him be *supplanted* by some prosperous *Rival*, and he shall soon confess the most abject *Weakness*: the *Benevolent* shall pine away at the *Misfortunes* of his *Neighbours*, whilst the *Envious* shall sicken at their *Prosperity*: The mighty *Alexander* blubber'd like a *Boy* when he had no more *Worlds* to conquer, and *ARISTOTLE* died like a * *RAT*, because he cou'd not discover the *Cause* of the *Flux* and *Reflux* of the *Tide*; but for all that, *ARISTOTLE* was the *PRINCE* of *PHILOSOPHERS*.

ADIEU,

* 'Tis said he flung himself into the *Sea*.

ADIEU, O Illustrious *Selima*! and believe that *Abu-Zelim* reveres thy *Instructions* as much as *Moses* did the *Law* which was deliver'd to him upon *Mount Sinai*, and reverences the very *Dust* in the *Closet* where *thou* fittest, to meditate on these *Things*.



SELIMA *to* ABU-ZELIM.

HAD not our frequent *Discourses* on the *Subject* of thy *Epistle*, and its *Direction* to me at this *Place*, convinc'd me I was meant by *Selima*, I cou'd not, O *Abu-Zelim*! have suppos'd myself that *Person* with all the *Ornaments* thou hast given her; I cou'd never have imagin'd thou wouldst *address* thy self to *me*, to be inform'd in *Matters* of so *excellent* a *Nature*, as those of *Religion*. Must I be forc'd to own that the *Learning*, the *Wisdom*, and the *Virtues* thou givest to *Selima*, belong as little to her, and make her as little to be known, as if thou hadst dress'd her with all the rich *Stuffs* and
Jewels

Jewels of our Great Princess *Ganzada* — yes, *Selima*! own thy self what thou art; to thy God *offending*; of *Learning* *ignorant*; *unserviceable* to thy *Fellow Creatures*; and as *contemptible* as the *Worm* that *crawleth* *useless* on the *Face* of the *Earth*.

IF I *differ* with Thee, think not I shall dare to give the wise *Abu-Zelim* my imperfect *Notions*; forgive me, but were my *Knowledge* as exalted and extensive as *Thine*, I shou'd not dare to *search* into the *Ways* of *Providence* — *Infinite Wisdom*, *Mercy*, and *Power*, are Words by which thou wouldst endeavour to describe the *Being* superior to every thing — but even *these* can give Thee a very faint *Idea* only of what that *Being* is, since the *Extent* of *Infinite* is what Thou canst have no *adequate Knowledge* of — Of what *Use*, then, will thy *Reason*, or thy *Five Senses* prove to thee, if 'Thou employ'st them in *scanning* the *Designs* and *Actions* which flow from the *Exercise* of such boundless *Perfections*? Retreat in Time — *Selima* requests it of Thee — give over a *Pursuit*,

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which will too surely lead Thee into melancholly *Error* and *Distraction*; let thy *Doubts* alone, and believe that *Nothing* is *impossible* with *God*. I have said too much — these *Discourses* are too high for me — cloath my *Meaning* in thy own beautiful Expression, and teach thy self that thy *Thirst* after unbounded *Wisdom*, tho' a glorious *Ambition*, may lead Thee into *Disquietudes*.

THE *Mind*, in its present imperfect *State*, seems to me to be under the same *Circumstances* with our *Sight*, which *loses* itself in a very *distant Prospect* — more resembling they are, if we will suppose the *Sun* the *Object* on which we fix our *Eyes*; the *Sight* cannot bear its *Splendor*; we can never see its *Form*, but when its *Glories* are *darken'd*; even the *Glasses* we make use of to view it are *smoked*, to obstruct the *Passage* of those *Rays* which are too *bright* to look on — such is *Truth* to the *Mind*; to know her at all, we must *darken* her with *Error*. How *unhappy* wou'd this be, if the *Soul* had not an *Expectation* of being *capacitated* hereafter to see

see her, in *unclouded Brightness*! We shall, O *Abu-Zelim*! and then, perhaps, even *Selima* shall bear her dazzling *Charms* as well as *Thou* shalt, and her *Knowledge* equal *Thine*, which is now as inferior to it, as a *Drop of Water* to the *Great River* that enriches and adorns our plenteous *City*.

THOU whose *Studies* have been great and laborious — Thou who hast held *Conversation* with *learned Men* — make use of thy *Reason*, and enjoy thy *Notions* in *Freedom* — *Selima* will not desire thee to submit them to those of thy *Fellow-Creatures* — But whatever thou *thinkest*, let it be still with an humble *Acknowledgement* of thy own *Imperfection*, and the infinitely *perfect Nature* of our *God* — After having submitted every thing to that *Perfection*, what it imports thy *Good* most to know is *Virtue*, and this thou mayst attain to: There are *Actions* that the most *Wicked* cannot but *approve*, tho' they dare not *applaud*; *Justice*, and *Benevolence* to all Mankind, *Patience* under Misfortunes, *Constancy* and *Disinterestedness*, these, thy *Soul*

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teacheth thee, are *Virtues*, and the *Practice* of them, her greatest *Felicity*. Regulate thy *Conduct* by the strictest Rules of *Justice*, and *Mercy*; it shall establish thy *Quiet*; if upon this *Foundation* thou buildest it, *nothing* shall *shake* it; if upon *This* thou fixest thy *Hope*, that *Hope* shall not *forsake* Thee, when the *Terrors* of *Death* shall *assail* Thee in thy last *Sickness*.

I fear I have *tired* Thee — If Thou art not *afraid* of being troubled with my *Impertinence*, when thou comest to this *City*, let me see Thee — Thou shalt be welcome to such *Fare* as thro' the *Mercy* of *God* I can afford thee — What I can give thee to eat (tho' *cheap*, and without *variety*) shall be *clean* and *wholsome*; in *quantity* sufficient to satisfy thy *Hunger*; which to *me* is enough, who think a *Profusion* of *Dishes* a proper *Entertainment* for *those* only whose *Intemperance* shou'd be *punish'd* with *Ill-Health*.

FAREWELL! I *prostrate* my self with the most dutiful *Regard* at the *Feet* of thy *Mother*,

ther, Cara-Zelim; I salute the Edge of the Garment which thy adorable Sister weareth; and to Thee, Abu-Zelim, Selima boweth her Head, with the Affection Thou by Kindred, and the Esteem Thou by thy Virtues claimeſt of Her.





A

SECOND LETTER

FROM

ABU-ZELIM to SELIMA.

PARDON me, thou bright *Compound* of all human *Excellence*! for interrupting once more thy severe *Disquisitions*, and breaking in thus abruptly upon thy most *retired* Thoughts; *suspend* for a Moment thy divine *Speculations*; lay aside the *Sages* of *Greece* and *Rome*, *Philosophers* and *Moralists*, many of whom taught more than they *believ'd*; but the best of them more than they *practis'd*:

practis'd: Witness, *Socrates*, the *Pride* of
Antiquity, and *Prodigy* of the *Pagan World*!
 That *Paragon* of every *moral Virtue*! If
 thou'lt credit some *Writers* — and yet
Xenophon will tell Thee, who was his *Pupil*,
 that he had a *Colt's Tooth* in his Head, and
 was always dangling after *Theodota*, that *A-*
thenian Drab! to satiate his Eyes with her
Beauty, and teach her such lewd Arts, to in-
 veigle her *Admirers*, as the *Devil* was but too
 ready to *instruct* her in, without his *Assistance*.

— I say, wave thy painful *Researches* af-
 ter *Truth*, for a while, and let down thy
Understanding to the plain, but *honest* Senti-
 ments of an humble *Friend*. 'Tis *Abu-Ze-*
lim that begs *Admittance* into thy *Presence*
 — That *Abu-Zelim* who dares to face *Death*
 in any Shape, but loses all his *Firmness*, and
 sinks a *Coward* under the *Loss* of thy *Esteem*
 — who dreads thy *Displeasure* more than the
Terrors of an *Inquisition*, or, what is worse, a
base Action — That very *Abu-Zelim*, who
 wou'd *forfeit* any thing, but his *Honour*, to
 preserve thy good *Opinion*; whose single si-
 lent *Approbation* is of far more *Price* to him,
 than

than the joint *Acclamations* of the whole *Herd* of other *Mortals*, the splendid *Trophies* of a public *Triumph*, or all the *Wealth* which *Pompey* is said to have found in the *Temple* of *Jerusalem*; and thou knowest, That has been *computed* by some *Writers* at more than *Thirty-eight Millions*. Don't mistake me, *Selima*, I say only that he *found* it, for all *Historians* agree, he had the *Grace* to leave it behind him — An *Example* much *wonder'd at*, and *admir'd*, but never *imitated* by any of his *Successors*, who have liv'd in more *enlighten'd* Ages. 'Tis a *Question*, indeed, whether it wou'd become true *Believers* to copy out the vain-glorious, affected *Disinterestedness* of a blind *Pagan*. Some are inclin'd to think, (who have recourse to *Religion* for the Solution of all *Difficulties*) that the *Finger* of the *Great Allah!* was *discernable* in this remarkable Instance of *Moderation*, and that *Providence* so dispos'd the *Heart* of this mighty *Conqueror*, as to deter him from *imbez'ling* what had been *consecrated* to the *Use* and *Service* of the *Altar*: If so, the *Action* loses much of its *Merit*, being
necessitated

necessitated by an over-ruling Power — but throw aside this *Consideration*, which is *Conjecture* and *Superstition*, and where was the *Guilt*, if he had *rifled* them of these *holy Trinkets* — this immense, useless *Treasure* — and *scatter'd* it abroad again amongst God's *Creatures*, from whom it had been piously *extorted* by the *Cunning* and *Artifice* of avaricious *Priests*, who are very *thrifty* of their own, but *mighty liberal* of the *Purses* of the *Laity*? 'Twas lawful *Plunder*, and those very *Jews* whom he *favour'd* in this Instance, might have taught him more *Wit*, who either by secret *Fraud*, or open *Violence*, made themselves absolute *Masters* of every thing they cou'd lay their *Hands* on, and grounded their *Title* upon the *Will* of *Heaven*, by whose immediate *Direction*, *Moses* will tell you, they went forth, and *conquer'd* — A Nation of *Pickpockets*! *Vagabonds*! who having no fix'd *Settlement* of their own, serv'd the poor *Canaanites*, as *Foxes* are said to do the *Badgers*, made *Palestine* too hot to hold them, and very honestly took *Possession* of it *themselves*. But thou'lt say, they
were

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were God's *chosen People*, and the *Ministers* of his just *Vengeance* to root out *Idolatry*, for which reason, no *Actions* of theirs can have the least Taint of *Iniquity*, tho' some of the *best* of them were such as without a special *Commission* from *Above*, an *honest Man* wou'd have *blush'd at*. Thou'lt say, *God* has an undoubted *Right* to *supercede* his own *Laws*, for his own wise *Purposes*; 'tis true, *Selima*, and under this *Sbiel'd* the sacred *Volumes* may well be *defended*, every seeming *Difficulty* remov'd, and *Confusion* of Face belong only to *Unbelievers*. Perish *Abu-Zelim*! if he is not quite *tired* with the vain *Babblings* of our modern *Free-Thinkers* — Their *Principles* are more *slavish* than those of the narrowest minded *Bigots*; *Superstition* itself cannot *degrade* the *Majesty* of the *Supreme Being* more than some of those arrogant *Doctrines* with which they *intoxicate* the *Brains* of their too credulous *Disciples*. To think *freely* (that noblest *Use* of our noblest *Faculty*!) with *them* means no more, nor less, than to renounce in the *Lump* all those *Articles* of *Faith* which their *Doctors* teach, or *Scripture*

ture enjoins them to *believe*, merely because they are *taught* and *enjoin'd* to believe them — The surest way to make such Men good *Christians* wou'd be to establish *Infidelity* by a *Law*.

BUT to put their Case in the fairest *Light* — Is the *whole* to be *rejected*, because *some* Things will not bear the *Touchstone* of *Reason*? that *Reason* which tho' our best and only *Guide* in *Secular* Affairs, can never lead us to the *secret* Ways and Workings of that *Universal Intelligence*, who is *Wisdom itself* — from whose *Eternal Source*, like *Rays* from the *Sun's Center*, are deriv'd the *scanty Portions* of *Human Understanding*. The best Jest of all is, these very Men who are hourly at *Cuffs* with the *Orthodox*, for endeavouring to maintain *Unity* of *Opinion* in the establish'd *Church*, and proclaim it *impossible*, think nothing more *rational*, or *practicable*, than that all *Mankind* shou'd be brought to agree in *theirs*. I wou'd ask these wonderful *Adepts* in the Art of *Reasoning*, whether a Man may not possibly think as *freely* on the *side* of *Christianity*,

Christianity, as against it? Whether *Locke* and *Tillotson* were not *Free-Thinkers* because they endeavour'd to support a *Divine Revelation*? Are *Themselves* only able to walk alone, and do all the rest of the *World* wear *Leading-strings*? Have *Toland*, *Collins*, *Tindal*, (those shining *Lights* in their *Hemisphere*) discover'd *Truth*, whilst *Clarke* and others, spite of all their learned and laborious *Pursuits*, groped away their *Lives* in the thick *Mists* of *Ignorance* and *Error*? Away with the selfish, narrow *Notions* of these *Latitudinarians*, these *Sciolists*, these *Urchin-Philosophers*! Let you and I uphold, to the last, that *Truth* (whoever has had the good *Luck* to find it) can never dwell in any *Extreme*, that she attaches herself to no *Party*, *Sect*, or *Persuasion*, but equally *illuminates* the *Minds* of all who humbly and diligently seek her. In short, *Selima*, 'tis my *Opinion*, that she as often shrouds herself under a black *Cloke*, as the *Prelate's Lawn* — is no more averse to a broad brimm'd *Hat*, than a *Mitre*, and may be found in a *Conventicle*,
when

when she is not to be met with in *St. Paul's Cathedral*.

LET us, however, agree with these *Scep-tics*, that *God* cannot *confound* the Nature of *Good* and *Evil*, nor remove the everlasting *Boundaries* of *Right* and *Wrong* — This were to destroy his own *Essence*, annihilate his most darling *Attributes*, and entirely subvert the whole *Moral System*. But what then? Can he not, for a *Trial* of our *Faith* and *Obedience*, or to make us the *Scourge* of *Evil-doers*, step aside from the establish'd *Rules* of strict *Justice* and *Equity*? This does not alter the *Nature* of *Things*, which remains as *unchangeable* as it was before, but only *cancels* its *moral Obligation* for a *Season*, in order to *compass* the *wisest* and *best Ends*; an unquestionable, and glorious *Branch* of the *Divine Prerogative*!

HERE then, *Selima*, we have a safe *Clue* to guide us thro' the perplex'd *Mazes* of *Providence* — All *Darkness* vanishes before this *Light* — Upon this sound *Distinction*,
 whatever

whatever baffled our *Understandings*, and seem'd *repugnant* to the *Divine Goodness* becomes not only *reconcilable* to it, but every way *worthy* of that *adorable Being* of whom no *Mortal* can have any *positive Idea*; who can only be *sketch'd* out by *Negatives*, and is best *known* when we deny him to be any thing that we either *see*, or *know* — *Pure, Immortal Spirit!* with whom to *Will*, and to *Do*, is one and the same *Act*, and who cannot but *Will*, and *Do*, every Thing that is *best* for his *Creatures*, from the mere *moral Necessity* of his own infinitely *perfect Nature!* who measur'd the *Earth*, as with a *Compass*, and weigh'd the *Hills*, as in a *Balance* — whose unerring *Glance* pervades the whole *Universe* — whose *Immensify* can only be compriz'd in *Infinite Space* — Whose *Knowledge* cannot be *bounded* by the remotest *Contingencies* — at whose all-creative *Nod* Millions of *Worlds* start out of *Nothing* — at whose *Displeasure* they vanish like *Smoke!*

TELL me, my *Selima*, if these *Notions* are agreeable to thy own just way of *thinking*, and
what

what *Course* thou wou'dst have me *steer*, to preserve my *Rank* amongst *rational* Creatures, and recommend myself to *his Favour*, who *delights* not in the *Sacrifice* of *Fools*.

ADIEU, thou least *Frail* of thy *Sex*! retire into thy *Closet*, and give *Abu-Zelim* thy undisguis'd *Thoughts* upon these Matters, for know that I am as *forlorn* as those *Ghosts* which are reported to haunt the *Vaults*, and *Catacombs* of *Ægypt*, 'till I hear from Thee,





ABU-ZELIM to DNEGHT OGLOU.

IF thou art *alive*, dear *Dneght*, *Health* attend thee, and *Peace* be in all thy *Ways* — if *dead*, (as thy not writing to me makes me believe thou art) *Charon* be favourable, and ferry thee over sooner than other *Mortals*: Thy *Soul* visited the Banks of *Styx* more pure than those of other Men, nor wanted so much *bleaching* — thou hadst no vicious *Habits*, nor sordid *Affections* to be purged off — no filthy *Lusts*, nor *Passions* to render it unfit for the chaste *Delights* of *Elyzium*: Thou hadst nothing to do but to pay thy *Penny*, waft a kind *Wish* or two to thy *Friends*, and whip over to the *Fields* of *Eternal Day*. There, silent and alone,

on

on *Banks* of never-fading *Verdure*, thou lovest thy self in *Divine Resveries* — now, mingling with the *Patriot Throng*, thou listen'st enamour'd to *Locke*, *Hampden*, or *Cato* — then turning to *Nassau* and *Alexander*, art no less *ravish'd* with the Godlike *Atchievements* at the *BOYNE* and *GRANICUS*.

WHAT illustrious *Shades* are these! O how I long to make *one* amidst the shining *Band* — thus, thus to rove, still fresh to new *Delights*, and quaff full *Draughts* of ever-varied *Bliss*! Not that I shou'd always associate with these grave *Dons*, or moralize with that *Soph*, *Seneca*, whom I shou'd often quit to unbend with *Virgil*, *Addisen*, or *Horace* — nay, when merrily disposed, I shou'd like to crack a *Joke* or two with honest *Martial*, and, in a graver *Mood*, to sooth my *Spleen* with the soft Strains of *Tibullus*.

I tell thee, 'tis above *two Moons* since I wrote to thee, according to my *Promise*, and as yet have received no *Answer*; I am

strangely puzzled to *unriddle* this dogged *Humour* of thine, and shou'd not be more *astonish'd* to see a *Courtier* keep his Word — a *Miser* charitable — or one of our *Doctors* serve the *Deity*, *gratis* — than to find the least *Diffimulation*, or *Fickleness* in thy *Temper* : By the One Great Supreme, who stiles himself in our *Alcoran*, the *Ancient of Days* ! I cou'd sooner *account* for the *Excentric Motions* of a *Comet*, or trace the *Flight* of an *Eagle*, than explain such a *Phænomenon* — at thine everlasting *Peril* be it, *Dnegt*, if thou hast a *Soul* capable of *forgetting* an old *Friend* — thou art, in that Case, *incapacitated* for those blisful *Regions* where I just now placed thee — *Hypocrisy* cannot breathe so pure an *Æther* — *Falshood* and *Deceit* are far removed from thence, and veil'd with *Confusion* give place to the more *illustrious Train* of *Social Virtues* — *Love*, *Friendship* and *Sincerity*, with the rest of the benevolent *Affections*, dwell there, and hold eternal *Commerce* in those chaste *Abodes*.

I know not what to think — thy late Conduct, *Dnegt*, has almost tempted me to renounce my own *Species*; and to free my self at once from the vile *Contagion* of *Mortals* — but I will not judge too rashly of thy *Neglect*; nor will I suffer my self to think thou *despise*st me — No, thou hast given up thy *Time* entirely to *Books*, and thy *Head* is full of *Axioms* and *Problems*: I do not blame thee for exercising thy rational *Faculties*; far be it from me, to arraign thy *Thirst* after *Knowledge*; but, prithee, my dear *Friend*, (for I still delight to call thee so) do not indulge these severe *Studies* with too intense *Application*, nor keep thy *Mind* always at its full *Stretch*. 'Tis recorded of *Scotus*, (a profound *Mathematician*, tho' no better than a *Wise-acre*,) that he read and scribbled *Theorems* till his *Eyes* dropp'd out of his *Head*; and you'll say, after this, he made but *blind* Work on't.

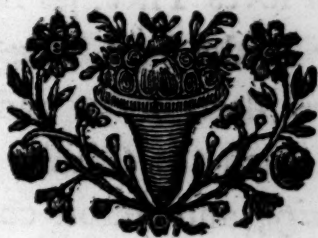
O *Dnegt*! believe me, the most consummate *Knowledge*, or Skill in the *Sciences*, is

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far from being a *Compensation* for the *Loss* of one's *Eyes* — Be not so fond of the *Dead* — bestow more of your *Time* in conversing with the *Living* — and you will answer the End of your *Being* much better than by continually *poring* over old musty *Volumes* — True *Wisdom* consists in knowing *Men* and *Things* — in *acting*, not in *reasoning wisely* — To read *much*, is not so properly our *Concern*, as to digest well the *little* that we read; and 'tis infinitely more *advantageous* to understand the *World* as it is *now*, than as it was *two thousand Years ago*.

ADIEU, my dear *Dnegt*! love thy *Friend* above all Things, and let me now and then *bear* from Thee — *Adhere* strictly to thy *Reason*, and make that *Particle* of the Great *Allah*! the Rule of thy *Actions*. When thou takest thy leave of this idle, busy Scene of *Vanity* and *Folly*, this Vale of *Misery*, be assur'd Thou wilt either *not be*, or be *happy*: Whether we shall sit shouting, at the *Right Hand* of the *Messias*, as the *Christians* believe; or enjoy black-ey'd *Damsels*, as the *Mahometans*

Mahometans expect; or become *Aerial Spirits*, and sport it in the *mid Heaven*; or be *metamorphosed* into *Stars*, we know not — 'tis impossible to *fathom* the deep *Resolves* of *Providence* — that *Soul* of the *Universe*! who, no doubt, will *dispose* of us as he *thinks fit*.



ABU-ZELIM *to* RICA.

WHEREVER thou art, O *illustrious Rica*! (for nothing is so uncertain as the Place of thy *Abode*) know that thy *Abu-Zelim* loves Thee, as he does the *Apple* of his *Eye* — the least *Glimpse* of thy serene *Physiognomy* darts more radiance upon my *Soul* than even the *Glories* which encircled the *Divinity*, and almost confounded the *Intellect* of our Prophet *Moses* on Mount *Sinai* — The balmy *Odour* of thy friendly *Correspondence* is more grateful than the richest *Gums* or *Spices* — the *Dew* thereof more refreshing than kindly *Rains* when they distil on the parch'd Plains of *Æthiopia*.

IN the Name of *Myriads* of *Angels*, whence comes it that I have not heard from Thee
these

these twelve *Moons* — Dost think *Abu-Zelim*, whose *Heart* is replete with every friendly *Wish* for thy Welfare, and is proud of the deep *Impression* it bears of thy illustrious *Image*, whose *Mind* boasts no *Treasure* so precious as thy invaluable *Dictates*; I say, canst thou think *Abu-Zelim* who is thy *second self*, regardless of thy *Affairs*, and that it matters not to *him* whether thou art *alive* or *dead*, turn'd *Jew*, *Turk*, or *Infidel* (for I think thy *Stomach* has been long too *squeamish* to digest the *Prejudices* of thy *Education*) whether thou art once more fertilizing the delicious *Pastures* of *Berkemza*, or riding upon the surly *Billows* in thy Passage to *Grand Cairo*? I swear by thy *Faith* and mine, a false *Friend*, a brauling *Wife*, or the smell of a *Fox*, is not more hateful to me than this reserv'd Temper of thine — Prithee, write — for I tell thee nothing pierces so deep as the *Dart* of *Suspense*.

PERHAPS thou wilt tell me that nothing *remarkable*, or worth communicating, has happen'd since we saw one another last —
 Do

Do not trifle with me in this manner — To a *Friend*, the minutest *Concerns* of a *Friend* are of *Consequence* — I wou'd know whether *all* or *any* of thy hopeful *Progeny* are no more; or yet live to glad thy *Bosom* with their filial *Converse* — I wou'd know what *Curiosities* thou hast lately added to thy *Heap* — what are the newest and neatest *Patterns* for * *Shoe-Buckles* — whether † *Kirbeck* remains unrival'd in the *Turn* and *Temper* of his *Hooks* — or this *mechanic Age* glories in a still more ingenious *Device* to draw out a *Cork*, than either the *Moboc*, or common *Bottle-Screw* — In short, whether thy sole *Delight* at present be a *Snuff-box*, or a *Tobacco-stopper*.

O my *Rica*! I wou'd know thy inmost *Thoughts*, *sleeping* or *waking*, tho' they are pretty much the same thing; for to say the *Truth*, *thy Life*, like *mine*, is but as it were

a

* From hence 'tis to be understood that *Rica* was a great Lover and Purchaser of *Nick-nacks* —

† Or *Kirby* — A Man famous for making *Hooks* for *Fishing*. —

a *Dream* — I languish to be inform'd whether thou art fix'd in any particular *Place*, or art still rambling about the *Earth* like the *wandering Jew*, who 'tis said, at times, had visited every *Creek* and *Corner* of the *Globe*. To be plain with thee, thou art much blamed by *some* for this unsettled, roving Temper of thine; but thy *Abu-Zelim* loves Thee, and values Thee the more for it — To grow in one *Spot* is more like a *Shrub* than a *Man* — the whole *Earth* scarce affords Thee *Elbow Room*, nor art Thou such a *Slave* as to truckle to the least *Order* or *Regularity* — No; let the poor-spirited *Planets* jog on in one uniform *Circle*, while *Comet-like*, Thou astonishest Mankind with thy *Excentric Motions*.

O that I were with Thee, as aforetime, snuffing up the *Fragrancy* of the *Morning*, upon some beautiful *Parterre*, or winding thro' the mazy *Thickets* in quest of *Sylvan Sports*! The raging *Dog-star* shot his *Beams* in vain, while under the friendly *shelter* of thy *Alcove*, reclin'd we lay, mingling the
sprightly

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sprightly *Jest* with our severer *Discourse*, and sometimes *ventilating* our Minds with many curious *Reflections* on the *Nature*, and immense *Advantages* of *Trade*. By *Heavens!* I am sincere when I tell Thee, *Abu-Zelim*, in Partnership with *Thee*, wou'd prefer the humblest *Cot* to the proud *Palaces*, and pendent *Gardens* of *Semiramis*, so celebrated among the ancient *Greeks*, who in those early *Times* affected nothing so much as the *wonderful*, and regardless of the *simple Plans* of *Nature*, exhausted all their *Art* to make People *stare*: I need not tell Thee, that these *Gardens* were carried up into the *Air*, supported upon vast *Arches*, and strengthen'd all round by a *Wall* of twenty-two Feet *thickness* — Thou art well read in *Strabo*, and *Quintus Curtius*, who are very copious on this *Subject*.

THAT Being whose *Eye* can trace the *Flight* of an *Eagle*, and find out the spicy *Phœnix* in her *Haunts* — that can (in the Opinion of *some*) reconcile *Contradictions* —
keep

keep due *watch* over *Thee* and thy *Affairs*;
— And mayst *Thou*, whose *Judgment* is pe-
netrating as the *Point* of a *Needle*, and sub-
tile as *Quick-silver*, know that I burn for the
Continuance of thy *Friendship*.



ONESIMUS



ONESIMUS a CHRISTIAN,
to ELEASAR a JEWISH RABBI,

THOU art still wandering in the Desert of *Superstition*, darkened in thy *Understanding*, and hardened in thy *Heart*, as all thy *Fathers* were. Though thou sojourneſt in a Land where ſtrong, meridian Light beams around thee, yet are thy Eyes cloſed againſt it, and thou laboureſt to lead *others*, as others have led *thee*, into the Snares of palpable *Error*, and out of the way of ſelf-apparent *Truth*. Thou glorieſt in the *Ignominy of Servitude*: Thou art delighted with the Miſeries of *Exile*: Thou art not touched with a Senſe of thoſe *Judgments* which thy own wicked Heart has drawn
on

on thy own weak Head. That Yoke of *Rites* and *Ceremonies* which was once imposed on thy *People* for wise Purposes, and which they now submit to without Reason, thou not only bearest with a *Camel-like Patience*, but thou kickest at every one who would ease thee of thy *Load*. Happy is it that thou art thus contented with thy wretched Lot, which would justly entitle thee to the *Compassion* of *Onesimus*, was it not the Effect of *Eleasar's* perverse *Choice*.

BUT why wouldst thou persuade me to be *circumcised*, and to become obedient to thy rigorous *Law*? Dost think that the Almighty is propitiated by *Foreskins*, or that these are *Sacrifices* with which he is *pleased*? Allowing that this painful *Rite* was formerly prescribed by the God of *Israel* for a Memorial of the *Covenant* between him and the Children of *Israel*, and as a Mark to distinguish them from the idolatrous Nations, yet the Reasons for such a *Prescription* have long ago ceased, and a *Deliverer* has been sent to release you from the *Curse* of the
Law,

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Law, though your People are such foolish and such abject *Slaves* as not to accept of *Deliverance*.

LET me see Thee, according to thy Word, in the Month of * *Adar* : But let me not see Thee as a *Rabbi*, nor armed with thy Instruments of *Circumcision*. If thou comest unto me as a *Brother*, as a *Son* of the same common *Father*, and as the *Servant* of him who is *Lord* of the *Universe*, who commands all his Servants to love one another, and has made them all for no other End but to promote mutual *Happiness*, not only my *Gates*, but my *Heart* shall be set open to Thee, nor shall any one amongst the Sons of Men be more welcome to *Onesimus* than his dear *Eleasar*.

* The Twelfth Month of the *Jewish Ecclesiastical Year*, and answers to our *February*.



SILVA-



SILVANUS, *a* RECLUSE, to
his Friend URBAN.

I READ thy *Letter* as I stood on the
Summit of a *Mountain*. The *Sun* had
just withdrawn the *Veil of Night* from the
Face of the *Earth*, and had covered it with
all the *Beauties of the Morning*. *Nature* re-
joiced to see the *God of Day*, and the whole
feather'd *Quire* congratulated his *Return*.
Wide was the *Horizon*, and stretched to
unmeasured *Bounds*. There I beheld the
humble *Cottage* where *Contentment* ever
dwells: There I looked down on the proud
Palace overthronged with *Cares*. *Rivers* and
Woods, and *Hills*, and *Plains*, with num-
berless *Objects* in regular *Confusion* were cast
under my *Feet*. With *Transport* I survey'd

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the gay, lovely *Scene*; but yet I sighed when I considered that such *Transports* as these are what *Urban* never feels.

WRETCHED is the *Man*, said I, beginning my daily *Soliloquies*, who is ignorant of the *Pleasures* which *Contemplation* yields: *Wretched* is he who is not accustomed to *Solitude*, who is not a *Frequent*er of rural *Retreats*. It's here that the *Soul* rises on it's Wings to supernatural Heighths: Here it is that *Reason* trims its *Lamp*: Here *Imagination* collects its *Wealth*. In all the Paths of *Contemplation* I meet a *Deity*: I discern a *Sovereign*, all-ruling *Mind*: I trace out the Footsteps of a *Being*, who is infinitely wise and good. As all Things are created by him for benevolent Purposes, for the Use, and Support, and Pleasure of Life, he has the first Claim to *Gratitude* and *Love*; he is most deserving of *Honour* and *Praise*. The Light of *Reason* which discovers an all-perfect *Being*, informs me that my *Duty* consists in imitating such a *Being*, and the Voice of *Conscience* assures me that what *Reason* dictates must be his *Will*. Here then I rest in searching after

ter a *Rule* for the measure of *Action*, for the
Guidance of *Life*. Its easily found in the
 Track of *Contemplation*, without the Bene-
 fit of human *Converse*, without Recourse to fo-
 reign *Guides*, without the needless Assistance
 and Instruction of *Books*. Whilst I imitate the
 most perfect *Being*, I am void of *Malevolence*;
 I never am hurtful or injurious to my *Fellow-
 Creatures*; I am always studious and active
 for their *Good*. Whilst I look on *Mankind*,
 as now on the busy *Swarms* which cover the
Globe, and are just returned from the Rest
 of *Sleep* to their waking *Labours*, I look on
 them all as united in *Duty*, as united in *In-
 terest*, having the same *Wants* and the same
Desires, together with the same common
 Claim to the Bounty of *Heaven*, which
 ought to be enjoyed in common by all.
 Shall I then attempt to deprive them of *Be-
 ing*, to invade their just *Possessions*, and to
 seize the due *Rewards* of their *Industry* and
Toil? Shall I be accused by the *Widow* and
 the *Orphan*, and by innocent *Families*, as
 the *Source* of their *Tears*, as the *Author* of
 their *Distress*? Far be it from me, who

would not be content to bear such *Treatment*, and who could not reflect on it without the utmost *Detestation* and *Abhorrence* of its *Guilt*. As I cannot subsist in a *solitary State*, and as *social Aid* is necessary for the *Happiness* and *Security* of Life, shall I not rather endeavour by kind and friendly *Offices*, to endear my self to my *Species*, to engage their *Favour*, and to merit their *Esteem*? Besides, since Man, tho' benevolent and harmless by Nature, is fierce and impatient under *Wrongs*; and since the weakest when provoked, has Strength sufficient to inflict *Punishment*, ought not I in *prudence* to decline all Occasions of *Provocation* and *Offence*, and so to watch over my *Words* and *Actions*, that I never may stir up *Anger*, or kindle *Revenge*?

You see, my dear *Urban*, that the foregoing *Soliloquy* is spun into a System of *Religion* and *Morality*, more concise, and perhaps not less clear than what is preached from the *Pulpit*, or taught in the *Schools*. It's thus that I usually begin the *Day*, and dispose

dispose of some of my earliest Hours. I then return to an agreeable *Villa*, where I decline no becoming Part in cheerful *Conversation*, nor deny my self any innocent Share of *domestick Joys*.

FOR imagine not, *Urban*, that *Silvanus* is averse to his *Species*, or that his Soul is distorted by any unnatural or unsocial Bent. He is no Stranger to *Mankind*; no Enemy to *Joy*; no Censurer of *Mirth*. As mere a *Recluse* as he is, he can be captivated by *Beauty*, and can be charmed by *Wit*. It is true, he loves *Solitude*, but it is not *Solitude only* that he loves. If the private Concerns of Life demand Attention: If *Company* cloy, or *Impertinence* or *Ill-nature* intrude into it, he chooses *Solitude* as the most convenient *Situation*, he flies to it for *Refuge*, as to a *Harbour* from *Storms*. But if ever *Silvanus* wished for *Solitude* when *Urban* was present; or if ever he preferr'd any *Amusement* to the free and sincere Conversation of a *Friend*, or has not always esteemed it as the choicest Ingredient to sweeten the bitter Cup of Life,

may he roam an *Exile* from *Society* in some cheerless *Desart*, where he never can see the Face or Footsteps of *Men*.

UNTHINKING *Urban* ! you scoff at *Solitude*, and traduce *Reflection*, calling one *the Nurse of Dulness*, and the other *the Mother of Woe*. We cannot *know* ourselves but by *conversing* with ourselves : We can no where acquire a true Relish for *Society*, but in a *solitary State*. We discover *within*, what becomes us *without* : We see in private *Speculation* what is right in publick *Practice* : We are fitted, when alone, for *Conversation* with others, and for all the Duties of *social Life*. Believe it, *Urban*, *Solitude* is the *Nurse of Reflection*, and *Reflection* is the *Mother of Wisdom and Content*. He who never *reflects* is never at *Peace* ; is a Stranger to Self-Satisfaction and Serenity of Mind. All within his Breast is *Confusion and Disorder*, is *Tumult and War*. *Reflection* is the Pilot of our *Conduct*. Without its *Guidance* we run a doubtful and dangerous Course on the *Ocean of Life*, driven by every Wave of *Passion* on

Shallows

Shallows of *Folly*, and into Whirlpools of *Vice*, or split upon Rocks of *Disappointment* and *ill Success*.

BUT inform me, *Urban*, for I yet am uninformed, from whence it is that Company is so much coveted, so much extolled. If we seek for *Clamour* and *Contradiction*, for *Anger* and *Outrage*, it's in Company only where these are to be found. Its here that *Folly* triumphs: Its here that *Impertinence* delights to dwell. When we meet together why is it we meet, but to tell one another what we think, what we have done, or what have been our *Dreams*, either waking, or asleep? And are our *Thoughts* worth knowing? Are our *Deeds* worth recounting? Is not the whole *History* of our *Lives*--an idle and a foolish *Tale*?

TIME and *Experience* are wondrous in their *Effects*, and will even reconcile *Urban* to *Solitude* and *Reflection*. Pass but a few Years, and thou wilt find thy self *transformed* into another *Person*. Thy *future self* will despise thy *former self*: Thou wilt wonder when *changed*, that thou ever couldst *change*;

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that thy *Tastes* and *Inclinations* were not always the *same*. As *Day* succeeds *Day*, so will one Set of *Notions* succeed another, till thy *Judgment* is cleared from the Mists of *Youth*; till the *Blossoms* of thy *Understanding* are ripened into *Fruit*; till thy *Mind* shall attain to its full *Stature*; till thou art perfected for *this World*; till thou art qualified for the *next*.

DEAREST *Urban*, the most happy *Transition* is the last we are to make, from *Death* to *Immortality*, from *Pain* to *Pleasure*, from *Darkness* to *Light*.

Adieu.



The



* *The* TRIFLER. Numb. II.

Nugis addere pondus.

A Well-chosen *Title* is generally no less effectual to draw in Readers to a *Paper*, than a well-devised *Sign* to invite Travellers to an *Inn*. But as the *Traveller* frequently meets with the worst *Entertainment*, where a splendid *Sign* bids him hope for the best, so does it too often fare with the deluded *Reader*. Living Witnesses of this melancholy *Truth* are all such Persons as happen to peruse a certain weekly Paper, entitled *The Free-thinker*. The Undertaker
of

* Published amongst several other Papers under this Title in the Year 1721.

of this Work, durst not have appeared so long in Publick, was not he, like several other undone People, under the Protection of a *Title*.

BUT lest the *Reader* should suspect my *Courage*, or my *Good-nature* for attacking an *Author* who is more the Object of *Compassion* than *Severity*, I shall shake Hands with this my *Brother Trifler*, and shall pursue my first Design, which was to speak about the *Titles* of half-sheet *Performances*, published like mine, if their *Writers* are to be credited, merely to edify and entertain the *Town*.

IT greatly concerns every *Writer* of this Sort, to proceed with exact *Caution* in determining on the *Title* which is to usher his *Lucubrations* into the World. For it very often happens to these *Productions*, as to many other *Mortals*, that the good or ill Success of their whole Lives is owing to the *Names* imposed on them in their helpless *Infancy*. How many Men have been raised to *Honours* and *Estates*! and how many have
been

been sunk into *Poverty* and *Disgrace* merely for their *Name's-sake*! How many *Ladies* have refused *Husbands*! and how many have been refused on the very same Account!

BESIDES, the first thing in a Paper that's liable to the Remarks of a Coffee-house *Critick*, is its *Title*. Long he dwells on the Top of this *Paper Building*, and like an *Augur* on an *Eminence*, from curious *Observations* and shrewd *Conjectures*, he demonstrates future *Events*, and peremptorily fixes the *Fate* of the *lucky* or *disastrous Writer*.

WITHOUT the Faculty of *Divination*, I can easily foretel that one of these *Criticks*, when he first lays his Hands on *the Trifler*, will deliver the Thoughts of his Heart to his attentive *Brethren*, in some such Words as these.

“ Pray now, Gentlemen, what can you
 “ conceive this Fellow means by calling
 “ himself the Trifler? Does he intend to
 “ be arch on himself, or his Readers? As I
 “ take

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“ *take it, a Trifler is one who speaks or*
 “ *writes on Subjects of no moment. Conse-*
 “ *quently, whatever is great, or serious, or use-*
 “ *ful, is altogether excluded out of this Paper.*
 “ *The Freeholders, the Tatlers, the Specta-*
 “ *tors were admirable ; and indeed some of the*
 “ *Free-thinkers are worth reading. But as*
 “ *for this Trifler — Here take it away —*
 “ *it must be mere Stuff.*”

To prevent any unfavourable *Impressions*
 which Persons well-disposed to read, may
 possibly receive from the foregoing weighty
Speech, the Trifler intreats their *Attention* to
 what he has here to answer in his own *De-*
fence.

Its wrong to imagine that *the Trifler* is
 cramped in Matter, or cannot write with as
 large a Scope as any of his *Predecessors*. He
 is capable of treating all Subjects in whatever
 manner he thinks fit, and can describe Per-
 sons and Things of every kind with such va-
 riety of Stile as is fuitable to the Things and
 Persons he describes. He can talk like an
Apothe-

Apothecary, or a *Physician*; like a *Lawyer*, or a *Divine*. He can represent a *Judge*, or a *Justice of Peace*: He can personate a *Lord*, or a *Country-Squire*. He can be a learned, or illiterate; a loose, or a religious; a merry, or a solemn *Trifler*. When Occasion serves he can be a *Tatler*, a *Spectator*, a *Freeholder*, and sometimes too (with Shame he confesses it) a *Free-thinker*.

THE *Trifler* has a Place at *Court*, and is employed in the most considerable Offices of *State*. He is heard at the *Council-Board*, in the *Senate*, and at the *Bar*. He regularly attends the *Drawing-room*, and the *Levees* of *Great Men*. He frequents the *Opera* and the *Playhouse*; is every Day seen in the *Park*, or on the *Exchange*; and never fails to make one in every large *Assembly*. Thus qualified, he can give his Readers a most exact Account of all foreign and domestick, of publick and private *Transactions*, and of every thing relating to the *Business*, or the *Diversion* of Mankind.

No less able is he to conduct his Readers into the *learned*, the *contemplative*, and the *sedentary*, than into the *polite*, the *busy* and the *active World*. He can put on the Air and the Habit of a *Scholar*, and a *Philosopher*, without departing in the least from the Character of a *Trifler*. With the same *Self-Consistency* he can be a subtle *Logician*, or a profound *Casuis*t; an *Expounder* of what others have written, or a Writer of what others will one Day *expound*.

THE *Trifler* is a Person of no small reading. He has taken the highest Degrees in both the *Universities*, and is a Fellow of the *Royal Society*. He has purchased a very large *Library*, together with an invaluable Cabinet of *Medals*, and a compleat *Collection* of natural and artificial *Curiosities*. He is a genuine *Virtuoso*, and an universal *Linguist*. Having made the Tour of *Europe*, he has made himself *Master* of every *polite Art*, and has perfected his Taste in *Architecture*,
in

in *Musick*, in *Sculpture*, in *Painting*, in *Cookery*, in *Dress*.

As for *Poetry*, it's the peculiar *Delight* and *Profession* of the *Trifler*. The Reader therefore will often find him on the Summit of *Parnassus*, paying his Devotions to *Apollo*, and making his Court to the *Muses*. He was born with a *Talent*, not only for composing, but also for judging of every Composition in Verse, and for restraining the Licentiousness of *Poets* by proper *Laws*; so that he can lay open all the Faults and Blemishes of a Poem, and can be to his Readers, if his *Readers* can bear to have him so, a very *Dennis* in *Criticism*.

To the *fair Sex*, the *Trifler* of all Creatures breathing, is the most *agreeable*. What Marks of *Favour* he has received from the *Ladies*, his singular *Modesty* will scarce suffer him to say. But it can't be concealed that no one besides is so much admired and caressed in the Female World. Being an entire Confident to every *Belle* about the
Town,

Town, he is capable of disclosing the whole *Secret History* of Womankind. He can oblige the *Ladies* with ten thousand Stories about *Amours* and *Intrigues*; and to tempt them all to be Readers of the *Trifler*, he has it in his Power to talk as much *Scandal*, and to abuse as many *Noble Families*, as the celebrated *Author* of the *New Atalantis*.

WHAT he now has been saying, he hopes is a sufficient and satisfactory Answer to any *Objections* against the *Title* of this *Paper*. Should it prove otherwise, he must farther insist on a modest Claim to the Protection of all his *Readers*, on account of that near *Relation* which he bears to them all. For the Truth of it is, all Men are *Triflers* even on the most serious Occasions, and in Affairs of the utmost *Importance* and *Concern*. Let the other *Names* by which they are dignified and distinguished be what they please, the *Trifler* is their first and most proper *Title*.

AND

AND this is a Title befitting a Creature whose *Actions* and *Passions*, whose *Aversions* and *Desires*, whose *Hopes* and *Fears* are always placed upon *Trifles*. For these we make *War*, and for these we make *Peace*: For these we live, and for these we frequently *sacrifice* our *Lives*.

EVEN *Life itself*, on which we set so immoderate a Value, what is it but a *Trifle*, when compared with *Immortal Existence*?

WHAT is this *Globe of Earth*, the *Stage* on which we rant, and strut, and act our trifling Parts, with respect to the *Universe*? 'Tis but a *Point in Space* — a dark *Speck of Matter* — a mere *Trifle*. What then are those smaller *Parcels of Earth*, which we call *Empires*, and *Kingdoms*, and great *Estates*, but smaller *Trifles*? As for *Pre-eminences*, *Honours*, *Coats of Arms*, and *Garters*, what are they else but *splendide nugæ*, which every Man would naturally *despise*, if every Man was not naturally---a *Trifler*.



TWO LETTERS.

*To a Gentleman on his Travels through
Italy from One who had never been
Abroad.*

LETTER I.

W—r Feb. 1, 17 $\frac{32}{40}$

DEAR SIR,

HAVING enquired much, and heard
nothing of you, since I returned out
of *Wiltshire*; and being full of Uncertainty
and Inquietude on this Account, it gave me
the greatest Pleasure to be informed by
your

your self, that you have passed all *Difficulties* and *Dangers* in climbing the *Alps*, and are now safe and well at *Turin*. Your Letter after taking a Round from *W—r* found me with — at —. I have there had a *Fellow-feeling* of what you must suffer, unless you have fled into a warmer *Climate*, and are removed far from the Neighbourhood of those horrid *Mountains* where *Winter* keeps its *Residence* the whole *Year*. Never have I smarted more from *Cold* than during a most rigorous *Frost*, that has lasted above five Weeks, and still continues to be the Subject of the daily Complaint. Its first *Affault* was with so much *Violence*, that the most hardy People could scarce stand the *Shock* of it. But I am now inured to Sufferings of this sort, and am sensible of little *Pain*, except what I feel from the Apprehensions of your much greater *Distress* in a much more inconvenient Situation. From this *Uneasiness* I cannot be relieved till you are so good as to send me *Relief*, by writing to me again, and by as-

furing me that you have escaped unhurt to
Venice, or to some other Place of *Refuge*.
 My *Wishes* for your *Health* and *Safety* will
 ever bear you *Company* from Place to
 Place, and without stirring out of my *Stu-*
dy, I shall make the Tour of *Italy* with
 you by the Help of *Imagination*, taking the
 following *Route* on the Wings of *Fancy*,
 whilst you are jumbling through it in a *Post-*
Chaise.

CURIOSITY will tempt me strongly to
 see *Venice*, situated in so singular and sur-
 prising a manner, and deserving of a *Visit*
 on other Accounts. But I don't find my
 self disposed to receive much Pleasure from
 the Diversions of a *Carnival*. So much
Mummery and *Masquerade*; so much *Chil-*
dren's Play, and so much old-womanish
Dotage as abounds in that City, during its
 yearly fit of *Frenzy* and *Infatuation*, are
 Subjects from which I would choose to
 turn away my Thoughts. Was I in the
 least inclined to contemplate human Nature
 under

under so much Disgrace, I could figure to my self what is done in the Cells of *Bedlam*, or at *Masquerades*, and other *polite Assemblies*, without running over the *Extravagances* which a *Carnival* brings to light.

FROM *Venice* I shall hasten to *Rome*. What Transports shall I feel when I view the *Remains* of that renowned *City*, which once held numberless *Cities* in *Subjection*, and was once the Seat of *Empire* and *Arts*, of *Liberty* and *Learning*, and of all Things great and good, whilst her *Senate* was uncorrupt; whilst her *Arms* were a Terror to *Tyrants* and *Oppressors* only; and were not employed to *oppress* and *enslave* Mankind. How has she since been disfigured? how is her *Beauty* and her *Strength* at present impaired by *Age*? The *Magnificence* of her *Buildings*, together with that Perfection of *Skill* which is seen in her *Pictures* and *Statues*, are what no one can see without enthusiastick *Admiration* and *Delight*.

But looking down from the proud *Eminencies* on which she stands on the wide-stretched Country around her, I shall not look down with *Envy*, but with the utmost *Indignation*, on the *Pomp* and *Power*, the *Wealth* and *Luxury* of those *Spiritual Cæsars*, those worse than *Heathen Emperors*, who have dispeopled the most populous Places, and have spread *Desolation* and *Misery* over Regions which formerly overflowed with *Plenty*, and wantoned in *Ease*.

WOULD any one learn how destructive *Superstition* is to *Liberty*, to *Virtue*, and to all *social Good*, let *Rome* be his *School*. He will there soon be informed, that the only End of *Ecclesiastical Power*, as directed by the *popish Clergy*, is to subvert *Civil Right*, and to reduce every State under absolute *Subjection* and *Dependance* on the *Church*. He will also learn on what *Motives* it is that *Dominions* which are poor and thinly peopled are preferred at *Rome*

to

to those which swarm with *Inhabitants*, and abound with *Wealth*. The pontifical *Sovereignty*, supported by *Fraud*, and by the *Terrors of Superstition*, as well as by a *standing Army of Ecclesiasticks*, raised to keep the *Laity* under *Servitude*, and maintained at the *Expence* of the *Laity*, neither wants, nor wishes for a greater Number of *Subjects* than is sufficient to supply the *Exigencies of Luxury*, to bear the *Burthen of Labour*, and to discharge such servile *Offices* as are imposed on them for the *Ease and Convenience* of their *Spiritual Lords*. A greater Number than these, with any considerable Share of *Property* in their Hands, would be apt to concert Measures for rendering their *Property* secure; would grow weary of a *Government* under which *Security* is not to be enjoyed; would be less tame under *Oppression*, and less passive than the present degenerate *People of Rome* under the *Insults and Exactions of despotick Power*.

FOR *Relief* after such a painful *Survey*, and such serious *Reflections* as these, I shall gladly transport my self from the soft Sunshine of *Rome* to the Snows of *St. Marino*, if *Freedom* still sits smiling on its barren *Rocks*, and inspires that poor *Republick* with *Contentment* and *Cheerfulness* in the midst of perpetual *Rigour* and *Distress*. But if what *Fame* has lately divulged is true, and a turbulent and tyrannical *Prelate* has driven *Liberty* from the only *Sanctuary* that was left her in *Italy*, I shall stay no longer at *St. Marina* than to execrate the *Author* of such shocking *Sacrilege* as would not have been tolerated by *Heathen Rome*.

MY next *Excursion*, which seems the pleasantest I can take, will be to *Naples*. I could dwell for ever on a most delicious *Prospect* presented me by the *Carthusians* di *S. Martino*, which is seen from a *Gallery* in the Apartments of their *Prior*, and will

will again be seen with greater Advantage by going a few Miles from *Naples* to visit the Hermits of *Camaldoli*. Taking my Stand in their Garden, I shall there look down on the magnificent Monastery of *S. Martino*, the Castle of *St. Elmo*, the whole City and Bay of *Naples*, *Pozzuoli*, *Baiæ*, *Cumæ*, the Promontory of *Misenum*, and the adjacent *Islands*, with a delightful Variety of *Sea* and *Land*, *Hills* and *Valleys*, fine *Edifices* and venerable *Ruins*, fruitful *Vineyards* and flowery *Fields*. Rambling over this *classick Ground*, this enchanting Country, to *Puteoli*, to *Cumæ*, to *Baiæ*, mentioned with so much Esteem by *Horace*, I shall go back with Regret towards *Rome*, that from thence I may make other Visits, not to be omitted, to *Frescati*, where *Tully* enjoyed *Otium cum dignitate* at his *Tusculum* — to *Albano*, where the modern *Albani Patres*, in their *Convents* deliciously situated, *pelliculam curant* ; — to *Tivoli*, where I scarce can forbear wishing with *Horace*, *Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ*,
and

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and where the *Domus Albunæ resonantis*, & *præceps Anio*, & *Tiburni lucus*, & *uda mobilibus pomaria rivis*, will afford me Entertainment not to be expressed.

PASSING through *Tuscany*, I shall stop to see *Florence*, *Pisa* and *Leghorn*.

WHEN I have quitted these Regions of gross *Superstition* and *Servitude*, how much will it refresh me, during the *Summer's Heats*, to survey the *Republicks* scattered amongst the *Alps*; to breathe the pure Air of *Freedom* at *Geneva*; and to place my self on the high raised *Walks* adjoining to the Cathedral at *Bern*, and from thence to carry my Eyes over cool, verdant *Plains*, till I rest them on a vast Range of *Mountains* buried under other *Mountains* of never-melting *Snows*.

MAY you enjoy much greater Satisfaction from real Objects presented to your View, than it's possible for me to have
from

from such visionary Scenes. May no displeasing *Incidents* occur to you : May none occur which are so pleasing as to tempt you to stay longer abroad than the Time you fix for your *Return*. Till I see you again, I cannot be quite at *Ease*, since I cannot be wholly free from *Apprehensions* for you. Come back as soon as possible to that snug Retreat on the fair Banks of *Severne*, which as long as it's mine, you may call your own. *Fessum latus depone sub lauru meâ*, and join with me, if not in commending our *Climate*, yet in giving due *Praise* to the *Constitution* of our *Government*, which secures to us every *Pleasure* and *Privilege* of *Life*.

WHILST we are so far separated from each other, you cannot give me more desirable *Proofs* of your *Friendship*, than in giving me frequent *Accounts* of your *Health*, and of every thing worth Observation in your *Travels*, in such a kind and agreeable manner as you have done in
your

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your last Letter. You may always be assured, that wherever you are, either *abroad*, or at *home*, you can meet with no one who is more sincerely your *Friend*, or is with greater *Esteem* than I am, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.



LETTER



LETTER II.

W——r, Oct. 20, 1740.

DEAR SIR,

THERE are so many *Dangers* to be encountered in *Travelling*, especially in such a *Winter* as the last, which almost deluged *Europe*, and *terruit gentes grave ne rediret seculum Pyrrhæ*, that I have not been free from *Apprehensions* till your kind *Letter* assured me that you are got safe again to *Turin*. You are not only safe in that agreeable *Place*, but what adds to my *Satisfaction*, you are so far on your *Way home*, and have so far made *Advances* towards *W——r*. Much *Solicitude*, and many *anxious Thoughts* are now shorten'd, and nearer
Hopes

Hopes are given me of that long wished for *Day* when we shall meet and rejoice together on the Banks of *Severne*. You will there find, what you scarce have found on the Banks of *Po*, or *Tiber*, a peaceful *Hermitage*, with a sincere *Friend*, who can never be happier than when you are under his *Roof*. Though the Hermits of *Camaldoli* may boast of a more diversified *Prospect* than my *Gallery* affords, yet am I far from envying their *Situation*, and cannot but think the *Advantage* is on my Side, since I here look down on a populous *City*, that's not groaning under *arbitrary Power*; on ever-verdant *Fields*, which are not blasted by the *Breath of Superstition*; on a far-extended *Country*, where *Freedom* and *Property* are secured from every lawless *Attempt*.

As you are now sitting down to rest after no small *Fatigue*, you are at leisure to look back on the *People* you have lately parted with, and to enjoy those useful *Reflections* which the *Places* you have passed through must

must present to your *Mind*. Your *Thoughts*,
 as I imagine, will soon return to *Rome*, the
 imperial Seat of *Superstition*, where all the
 Powers of *human Reason* formerly triumph'd,
 and where they now lie vanquished, in *Dark-*
ness and *Disgrace*. With how much *Indig-*
nation will you there behold a *Multitude* of
 Men, not unqualified to act the highest and
 most becoming *Parts*, stooping to the lowest
Employments; devoting all their *Time* and
 their *Talents* to the Service of their own *Am-*
bition, or *Avarice*; and endeavouring by
 means of *Religion*, which ought to trans-
 form Men into the *Image* of the best and
 wisest *Being*, to render them more foolish
 and more mischievous, more abject and more
 miserable than *Beasts*! As the *Roman Clergy*
 live upon the *Spoils* of other People's *Industry*,
 without bringing any Accession of *Wealth* or
Strength into a Country; and as all that they
 acquire is acquired by *Fraud*, which must
 ever be supported by *Force*, how dreadful
 must *Sovereign Power* appear when lodged
 in their *Hands*! and how wretched must
 that

that *Country* be, where such Men as these have the sole *Direction* of *Civil Affairs*, and are become *independent* on *Lay Magistrates*, and on *Secular Laws*!

AND yet if we turn our Eyes from *Rome*, to any of the neighbouring *States*, *Government* will not be found much more a *Blessing* when exercised by *Laymen*, nor will *Subjects* there be seen under a less unjust or less cruel *Yoke*. For too true it is, that *Princes* are apt to look on *Government*, not as an *Office* and a *Trust*, instituted by common *Consent* for the *common Good*, but as a *Patrimony* and *Inheritance*, transmitted to them for their own *private Advantage*, and entailed on their *Successors* for the same *sordid End*. Possessed with these narrow and false *Notions*, its no wonder that *Governors* prefer the *Interest* of *themselves* and their *Families* to that of their *People*, who are regarded only as *Flocks* or *Herds*; as needful *Instruments* of ambitious and vain-glorious *Purposes*; as *Slaves* depending on the uncontrollable and
unli-

unlimited *Will* of their *Prince*. In order to establish *Tyranny*, and to enforce *Servitude*, *Tyrants* are never wanting to call in the Assistance of the *Clergy*, who are too often tempted to abandon the Cause of *Freedom*, and to sacrifice the *Rights* of their *Fellow-Subjects* to their own mercenary *Views*. For though *Priests* may sometimes corrupt *Princes* by Flattery and false Doctrines, yet *Princes* have ever corrupted *Priests* by granting them excessive *Immunities* and *Donations*; by admitting them to divide the *Spoils of Oppression*, and to gratify their wanton *Lust* after lawless *Power*.

Travel where you will, and examine as near as you can into the *Manners* and *Minds* of People, you will find that a *Principle of Selfishness*, is the reigning *Principle* of almost every *Breast*. The *Plebeian Subject* and the *prophane Layman* discover as small a Portion of *publick Spirit* as *Princes* and *Priests*. The *Interest* of a *Señt*, or *Party*; of a *Cabal*, or *Corporation*; of a particular *Family*,

or even of a *single Person*, is what the Generality of Mankind pursue, whilst the *common Interest* is pretended to be their only *Pursuit*. So little is it considered, that *publick* and *private Good* are not to be *separated*, and that the *Happiness* of *Individuals*, as well as of the whole *human Species*, must be built on the same *Foundation*; must spring from *social Virtue*, which is the only genuine *Source* of each.

Forgive me, dear Sir, for quitting the Stile of a *Letter*, and running into the *Formality* of a *Pulpit-Discourse*. My *Thoughts* are too apt to exceed the Bounds of *Regularity* and *Temperance* on such a *Subject* as this. It is a serious and important *Subject*, and happy would it be, was it always considered with that *Seriousness* and *Attention* which the *Importance* of it *deserves*. The World would then appear with a fairer *Face* than at present, and *Religion* and *Government* would be seen in much more lovely
Forms

Farms than you have any where seen them in the whole Course of your *Tour*.

Should you chuse after the Time you set apart for *Rest* and *Recollection* of past *Occurrences*, to launch out into new *Excursions*, your next Excursion be to GENEVA, where *Liberty* and *Contentment*, expelled from every neighbouring *Monarchy*, have taken *Sanctuary* in a wise and virtuous *Republick*. You will there see, on the *Banks* of a delightful *Lake*, a well-situated, a well-constituted, and a well-governed *City*. You will there too see, that the *Clergy* are not disqualified, when they are not corrupted by over-large *Allotments* of *Wealth* or *Power*, to be *Preachers* of publick *Peace*, and *Promoters* of publick *Good*. You will farther see that a small *Commonwealth*, sollicitous only for its own *Preservation*, and not seeking to enlarge its *Territories* by Foreign *Conquests*, may out-last the most extensive *Kingdoms*, which are soon brought to Ruin by the *Am-*
E e 2
bition,

bition, or Avarice; by the Vices, or Follies of Kings.

Was I to be your *Guide* on your leaving *Geneva*, I would detain you no longer in *Switzerland* than to make a Visit to *Bern* and *Zurich*. From thence I would carry you into *Germany*, and conduct you to the City and Court of *Munich*. After paying your Compliments to the *Elect*or of *Bavaria*, our *Route* should be through *Augsberg* to *Strasburg*, for the sake of seeing some delicious Places bordering on the *Rhine*. As *Bishop Burnet* tells me that the Way from *Heildeberg* to *Francfort*, for the first twelve or fifteen Miles, is the most beautiful Piece of Ground that can be imagined, I should be tempted to take both *Manheim* and *Heidelberg* in our Way to *Francfort*, where its possible we might be present at the ensuing *Mock - Solemnity* of electing an *Emperor*. From thence I should continue our Journey through *Mentz*, *Bacharach*, *Coblentz*, and *Cologne* to *Cleve*, which according to *Burnet's* Account,

Account, is a delicious Place, with a charming *Situation* and *Prospect*, and in a pure *Air*. A few Hours travelling would carry us on to *Nimwegen*. Here I should prevail with you to set out again on another *Circuit*, to take a View of the peculiar *Beauties* of *Holland* in the Summer-Season, and of the many entertaining Subjects of *Curiosity*, which would every where occur to us in the *Dutch* Provinces, particularly at *Utretcht*, at *Amsterdam*, at *Leyden*, at *Harlem*, and at the *Hague*. Even *Helvoetsluys* itself would yield me more *Pleasure* than the loveliest *Landscape* on the Banks of the *Rhine*, since I there would hurry you aboard the first *Vessel* bound for *England*, and would not part with you till I had landed and lodged you safe under my *Roof*.

Having pleased myself with concluding our fanciful *Tour* in so successful a Manner, I shall endeavour to make it in some Measure agreeable to you, by making it the *Conclusion* of a tiresome *Letter*, to which I shall
not

not venture to add any Thing more than repeated *Wishes* for your *Welfare*, and sincere *Assurances* that no one has your *Welfare* more at *Heart* than, *Dear Sir*,

Yours, &c.





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